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MADEMOISELLE OLYMPE ZABRISKI.

A PIECE OF CLUB GOSSIP.

WE are accustomed to speak with a certain light irony of the tendency which women have to gossip, as if the sin itself, if it is a sin, were of the gentler sex, and could by no chance be a masculine peccadillo. So far as my observation goes, men are as much given to small talk as women, and it is undeniable that we have produced the highest type of gossipier extant. Where will you find, in or out of literature, such another droll, delightful, chatty busybody as Samuel Pepys, Esq., "Secretary to the Admiralty in the reigns of those fortunate gentlemen Charles II. and James II. of England? He is the king of tattlers, as Shakespeare is the king of poets.

If it came to a matter of pure gossip, I would back Our Club against the Sorosis or any women's club in existence. Whenever you see in our drawing-room four or five young fellows lounging in easy-chairs, cegar in hand, and now and then bringing their heads together over the small round Japanese table which is always the pivot of

these social circles, you may be sure they are discussing Tom's engagement, or Dick's extravagance, or Harry's hopeless passion for the younger Miss Fleurdelys. It is here that old Tiptleton gets execrated for that everlasting *bon mot* of his which was quite a success at dinner-parties forty years ago; it is here the belle of the season passes under the scalpels of merciless young surgeons; it is here B's financial condition is handled in a way that would make B's hair stand on end; it is here, in short, that everything is canvassed, — everything that happens in our set, I mean, much that never happens, and a great deal that could not possibly happen. It was at Our Club that I learned the particulars of the Van Twiller affair.

It was great entertainment to Our Club, the Van Twiller affair, though it was rather a joyless thing, I fancy, for Van Twiller. To understand the case fully, it should be understood that Ralph Van Twiller is one of the proudest and most sensitive men living. He is a lineal descendant of

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VOL. XXXII. — NO. 192.

25

Wouter Van Twiller, the famous old Dutch governor of New York, — Nieuw Amsterdam, as it was then; his ancestors have always been burgomasters or admirals or generals, and his mother is the Mrs. Vanrensselaer Vanzandt Van Twiller whose magnificent place will be pointed out to you on the right bank of the Hudson, as you pass up the historic river towards Idlewild. Ralph is about twenty-five years old. Birth made him a gentleman, and the rise of real estate — some of it in the family since the old governor's time — made him a millionaire. It was a kindly fairy that stepped in and made him a good fellow also. Fortune, I take it, was in her most jocund mood when she heaped her gifts in this fashion on Van Twiller, who was, and will be again, when this cloud blows over, the flower of Our Club.

About a year ago there came a whisper — if the word "whisper" is not too harsh a term to apply to what seemed a mere breath floating gently through the atmosphere of the billiard-room — imparting the intelligence that Van Twiller was in some kind of trouble. Just as everybody suddenly takes to wearing square-toed boots, or to drawing his neckscarf through a ring, so it became all at once the fashion, without any preconcerted agreement, for everybody to speak of Van Twiller as a man in some way under a cloud. But what the cloud was, and how he got under it, and why he did not get away from it, were points that lifted themselves into the realm of pure conjecture. There was no man in the club with strong enough wing to his imagination to soar to the supposition that Van Twiller was embarrassed in money matters. Was he in love? That appeared nearly as impossible; for if he had been in love all the world — that is, perhaps a hundred first families — would have known all about it instantly.

"He has the symptoms," said Delaney, laughing. "I remember once when Jack Flemming —"

"Ned!" cried Flemming, "I pro-

test against any allusion to that business."

This was one night when Van Twiller had wandered into the club, turned over the magazines absently in the reading-room, and wandered out again without speaking ten words. The most careless eye would have remarked the great change that had come over Van Twiller. Now and then he would play a game of billiards with Bret Harte or John Hay, or stop to chat a moment in the vestibule with Whitelaw Reid; but he was an altered man. When at the club, he was usually to be found in the small smoking-room up stairs, seated on a fauteuil fast asleep, with the last number of *The Nation* in his hand. Once if you went to two or three places of an evening, you were certain to meet Van Twiller at them all. You seldom met him in society now.

By and by came whisper number two, a whisper more emphatic than number one, but still untraceable to any tangible mouth-piece. This time the whisper said Van Twiller *was* in love. But with whom? The list of possible Mrs. Van Twillers was carefully examined by experienced hands, and a check placed against a fine old Knickerbocker name here and there, but nothing satisfactory arrived at. Then that same still small voice of rumor, but now with an easily detected staccato sharpness to it, said that Van Twiller was in love — with an actress! Van Twiller, whom it had taken all these years and all this waste of raw material in the way of ancestors to bring to perfection, — Ralph Van Twiller, the net result and flower of his race, the descendant of Wouter, the son of Mrs. Vanrensselaer Vanzandt Van Twiller, — in love with an actress! That was too ridiculous to be believed, — and so everybody believed it.

Six or seven members of the club abruptly discovered in themselves an unsuspected latent passion for the histrionic art. In squads of two or three they stormed successively all the theatres in town, — Booth's, Wallack's, Daly's Fifth Avenue (not burnt down

then), and the Grand Opera House. Even the shabby homes of the drama over in the Bowery, where the Germanic Theatropus has not taken out his naturalization papers, underwent rigid exploration. But no clew was found to Van Twiller's mysterious attachment. The *opéra bouffé*, which promised the widest field for investigation, produced absolutely nothing, not even a crop of suspicions. One night, after several weeks of this, Delaney and I fancied we caught a glimpse of Van Twiller in the private box of an up-town theatre, where some thrilling trapeze performance was going on, which we did not care to sit through; but we concluded afterwards it was only somebody that looked like him. Delaney, by the way, was unusually active in this search. I dare say he never quite forgave Van Twiller for calling him Muslin Delaney. Ned is fond of ladies' society, and that's a fact.

The Cimmerian darkness which surrounded Van Twiller's inamorata left us free to indulge in the wildest conjectures. Whether she was black-tressed Melpomene, with bowl and dagger, or Thalia, with the fair hair and the laughing face, was only to be guessed at. It was popularly conceded, however, that Van Twiller was on the point of forming a dreadful *mésalliance*.

Up to this period he had visited the club regularly. Suddenly he ceased to appear. He was not to be seen on Broadway, or in the Central Park, or at the houses he generally frequented. His chambers—and mighty comfortable ones they were—on Thirty-fourth Street were deserted. He had dropped out of the world, shot like a bright particular star from his orbit in the heaven of the best society.

"Where's Van Twiller?"

"Who's seen Van Twiller?"

"What has become of Van Twiller?"

Delaney picked up the Evening Post, and read,—with a solemnity that betrayed young Firkins into exclaiming, "By Jove now!"—

"Married, on the 10th instant, by the Rev. Friar Laurence, at the residence of the bride's uncle, Montague Capulet, Esq., Miss Adrienne Le Couvreur to Mr. Ralph Van Twiller, both of this city. No cards."

"It strikes me," said Frank Livingstone, who had been ruffling the leaves of a magazine at the other end of the table, "that you fellows are in a great fever about Van Twiller."

"So we are."

"Well, he has simply gone out of town."

"Where?"

"Up to the old homestead on the Hudson."

"It's an odd time of year for a fellow to go into the country."

"He has gone to visit his mother," said Livingstone.

"In February?"

"I did n't know, Delaney, there was any statute in force prohibiting a man from visiting his mother in February if he wants to."

Delaney made some light remark about the pleasure of communing with Nature with a cold in her head, and the topic was dropped.

Livingstone was hand in glove with Van Twiller, and if any man shared his confidence it was Livingstone. He was aware of the gossip and speculation that had been rife in the club, but he either was not at liberty, or did not think it worth while, to relieve our curiosity. In the course of a week or two it was reported that Van Twiller was going to Europe; and go he did. A dozen of us went down to the Scotia to see him off. It was refreshing to have something as positive as the fact that Van Twiller had sailed.

Shortly after Van Twiller's departure the whole thing came out. Whether Livingstone found the secret too heavy a burden, or whether it transpired through some indiscretion on the part of Mrs. Vanrensselaer Vanzandt Van Twiller, I cannot say; but one evening the entire story was in the possession of the club.

Van Twiller had actually been very deeply interested, — not in an actress, for the legitimate drama was not her humble walk in life, but — in Mademoiselle Olympe Zabriski, whose really perilous feats on the trapeze had astonished New York the year before, though they had failed to attract Delaney and me the night we wandered into the up-town theatre on the trail of Van Twiller's mystery.

That a man like Van Twiller should be fascinated for an instant by a common circus-girl seems incredible; but it is always the incredible thing that happens. Besides, Mademoiselle Olympe was not a common circus-girl; she was a most daring and startling gymnaste, with a beauty and a grace of movement that gave to her audacious performance almost an air of prudery. Watching her wondrous dexterity and pliant strength, both exercised without apparent effort, it seemed the most natural proceeding in the world that she should do those unpardonable things. She had a way of melting from one graceful posture into another, like the dissolving figures thrown from a stereopticon. She was like a lithe, radiant shape out of the Grecian mythology, now poised up there above the gas-lights, and now gleaming through the air like a slender gilt arrow.

I am describing Mademoiselle Olympe as she appeared to Van Twiller on the first occasion when he strolled into the theatre where she was performing. To me she was a girl of eighteen or twenty years of age (maybe she was much older, for pearl-powder and distance keep these people perpetually young), slightly but exquisitely built, with sinews of silver wire; rather pretty, perhaps, after a manner, but showing plainly the effects of the exhaustive drafts she was making on her physical vitality. Now, Van Twiller was an enthusiast on the subject of calisthenics. "If I had a daughter," Van Twiller used to say, "I would n't send her to a boarding-school, or a nunnery; I'd send her to a gymnasium for the first five years.

Our American women have no physique. They are lilies, pallid, pretty, — and perishable. You marry an American woman, and what do you marry? A headache. Look at English girls. They are at least roses, and last the season through."

Walking home from the theatre that first night, it flitted through Van Twiller's mind that if he could give this girl's set of nerves and muscles to any one of the two hundred high-bred women he knew, he would marry her on the spot and worship her forever.

The following evening he went to see Mademoiselle Olympe again. "Olympe Zabriski," he thought, as he sauntered through the lobby, "what a queer name! Olympe is French, and Zabriski is Polish. It is her *nom de guerre*, of course; her real name is probably Sarah Jones. What kind of creature can she be in private life, I wonder? I wonder if she wears that costume all the time, and if she springs to her meals from a horizontal bar. Of course she rocks the baby to sleep on the trapeze." And Van Twiller went on making comical domestic tableaux of Mademoiselle Zabriski, like the clever, satirical dog he was, until the curtain rose.

This was on a Friday. There was a *matinée* the next day, and he attended that, though he had secured a seat for the usual evening entertainment. Then it became a habit of Van Twiller's to drop into the theatre for half an hour or so every night, to assist at the interlude, in which she appeared. He cared only for her part of the programme, and timed his visits accordingly. It was a surprise to himself when he reflected, one morning, that he had not missed a single performance of Mademoiselle Olympe for two weeks.

"This will never do," said Van Twiller. "Olympe" — he called her Olympe, as if she were an old acquaintance, and so she might have been considered by that time — "is a wonderful creature; but this will never do. Van, my boy, you must reform this altogether."

But half past nine that night saw him in his accustomed orchestra chair, and so on for another week. A habit leads a man so gently in the beginning that he does not perceive he is led, — with what silken threads and down what pleasant avenues it leads him! By and by the soft silk threads become iron chains, and the pleasant avenues, *Avernus*!

Quite a new element had lately entered into Van Twiller's enjoyment of *Mademoiselle Olympe's* ingenious feats, — a vaguely born apprehension that she might slip from that swinging bar, that one of the thin cords supporting it might snap, and let her go headlong from the dizzy height. Now and then, for a terrible instant, he would imagine her lying a glittering, palpitating heap at the foot-lights, with no color in her lips! Sometimes it seemed as if the girl were tempting this kind of fate. It was a hard, bitter life, and nothing but poverty and sordid misery at home could have driven her to it. What if she should end it all some night, by just unclasping that little hand? It looked so small and white from where Van Twiller sat!

This frightful idea fascinated while it chilled him, and helped to make it nearly impossible for him to keep away from the theatre. In the beginning his attendance had not interfered with his social duties or pleasures; but now he came to find it distasteful after dinner to do anything but read, or walk the streets aimlessly, until it was time to go to the play. When that was over, he was in no mood to go anywhere but to his rooms. So he dropped away by insensible degrees from his habitual haunts, was missed, and began to be talked about at the club. Catching some intimation of this, he ventured no more in the orchestra stalls, but shrouded himself behind the draperies of the private box in which Delaney and I thought we saw him on one occasion.

Now, I find it very perplexing to explain what Van Twiller was wholly unable to explain to himself. He was

not in love with *Mademoiselle Olympe*. He had no wish to speak to her, or to hear her speak. Nothing could have been easier, and nothing further from his desire, than to know her personally. A Van Twiller personally acquainted with a strolling female acrobat! Good heavens! That was something possible only with the discovery of perpetual motion. Taken from her theatrical setting, from her lofty perch, so to say, on the trapeze-bar, and *Olympe Zabriski* would have shocked every aristocratic fibre in Van Twiller's body. He was simply fascinated by her marvellous grace and *élan*, and the magnetic recklessness of the girl. It was very young in him and very weak, and no member of the *Sorosis*, or all the *Sorosisters* together, could have been more severe on Van Twiller than he was on himself. To be weak, and to know it, is something of a punishment for a proud man. Van Twiller took his punishment, and went to the theatre, regularly.

"When her engagement comes to an end," he meditated, "that will finish the business."

Mademoiselle Olympe's engagement finally did come to an end, and she departed. But her engagement had been highly beneficial to the treasury-chest of the up-town theatre, and before Van Twiller could get over missing her, she had returned from a short Western tour, and her immediate reappearance was underlined on the play-bills.

On a dead-wall opposite the windows of Van Twiller's sleeping-room there appeared, as if by magic, an aggressive poster with *MADemoiselle OLYMPE ZABRISKI* on it in letters at least a foot high. This thing stared him in the face when he woke up, one morning. It gave him a sensation as if she had called on him overnight, and left her card.

From time to time through the day he regarded that poster with a sardonic eye. He had pitilessly resolved not to repeat the folly of the previous month. To say that this moral victory cost him nothing would be to deprive

it of merit. It cost him many internal struggles. It is a fine thing to see a man seizing his temptation by the throat, and wrestling with it, and trampling it under foot, like St. Anthony. This was the spectacle Van Twiller was exhibiting to the angels.

The evening Mademoiselle Olympe was to make her reappearance, Van Twiller, having dined at the club and feeling more like himself than he had felt for weeks, returned to his chamber, and, putting on dressing-gown and slippers, piled up the greater portion of his library about him, and fell to reading assiduously. There is nothing like a quiet evening at home with some slight intellectual occupation, after one's feathers have been stroked the wrong way.

When the lively French clock on the mantel-piece, — a base of malachite surmounted by a flying bronze Mercury with its arms spread gracefully on the air, and not remotely suggestive of Mademoiselle Olympe in the act of executing her grand flight from the trapeze, — when the clock, I repeat, struck nine, Van Twiller paid no attention to it. That was certainly a triumph. I am anxious to render Van Twiller all the justice I can, at this point of the narrative, inasmuch as when the half-hour sounded musically, like a crystal ball dropping into a silver bowl, he rose from the chair automatically, thrust his feet into his walking-shoes, threw his overcoat across his arm, and strode out of the room.

To be weak and to scorn your weakness, and not to be able to conquer it, is, as has been said, a hard thing; and I suspect it was not with unalloyed satisfaction that Van Twiller found himself taking his seat in the back part of the private box night after night during the second engagement of Mademoiselle Olympe. It was so easy not to stay away!

In this second edition of Van Twiller's fatuity, his case was even worse than before. He not only thought of Olympe quite a number of times between breakfast and dinner, he not

only attended the interlude regularly, but he began, in spite of himself, to occupy his leisure hours at night by dreaming of her. This was too much of a good thing, and Van Twiller regarded it so. Besides, the dream was always the same, — a harrowing dream, a dream singularly adapted to shattering the nerves of a man like Van Twiller. He would imagine himself seated at the theatre (with all the members of Our Club in the parquette), watching Mademoiselle Olympe as usual, when suddenly that young lady would launch herself desperately from the trapeze, and come flying through the air like a firebrand hurled at his private box. Then the unfortunate man would wake up with cold drops standing on his forehead.

There is one redeeming feature in this infatuation of Van Twiller's which the sober moralist will love to look upon, — the serene unconsciousness of the person who caused it. She went through her *rôle* with admirable aplomb, drew her salary, it may be assumed, punctually, and appears from first to last to have been ignorant that there was a miserable slave wearing her chains nightly in the left-hand proscenium-box.

That Van Twiller, haunting the theatre with the persistency of an ex-actor, conducted himself so discreetly as not to draw the fire of Mademoiselle Olympe's blue eyes, shows that Van Twiller, however deeply under a spell, was not in love. I say this, though I think if Van Twiller had not been Van Twiller, if he had been a man of no family and no position and no money, if New York had been Paris, and Thirty-fourth Street a street in the Latin Quarter — but it is useless to speculate on what might have happened. What did happen is sufficient.

It happened, then, in the second week of Queen Olympe's second unconscious reign, that an appalling Whisper floated up the Hudson, effected a landing at a point between Spuyten Duyvel Creek and Cold

Spring, and sought out a stately mansion of Dutch architecture standing on the bank of the river. The Whisper straightway informed the lady dwelling in this mansion that all was not well with the last of the Van Twillers, that he was gradually estranging himself from his peers, and wasting his nights in a play-house watching a misguided young woman turning unmaidenly summersaults on a piece of wood attached to two ropes.

Mrs. Vanrensselaer Vanzandt Van Twiller came down to town by the next train to look into this little matter.

She found the flower of the family taking an early breakfast, at 11 A. M., in his cosy apartments on Thirty-fourth Street. With the least possible circumlocution she confronted him with what rumor had reported of his pursuits, and was pleased, but not too much pleased, when he gave her an exact account of his relations with Mademoiselle Zabriski, neither concealing nor qualifying anything. As a confession, it was unique, and might have been a great deal less entertaining. Two or three times, in the course of the narrative, the matron had some difficulty in preserving the gravity of her countenance. After meditating a few minutes, she tapped Van Twiller softly on the arm with the tip of her parasol, and invited him to return with her the next day up the Hudson and make a brief visit at the home of his ancestors. He accepted the invitation with outward alacrity and inward reluctance.

When this was settled, and the worthy lady had withdrawn, Van Twiller went directly to the establishment of Messrs Ball, Black, and Company, and selected, with unerring taste, the finest diamond bracelet procurable. For his mother? Dear me, no! She had the family jewels.

I would not like to state the enormous sum Van Twiller paid for this bracelet. It was such a clasp of diamonds as would have hastened the pulsation of a patrician wrist. It was

such a bracelet as Prince Camaralzaman might have sent to the Princess Badoura, and the Princess Badoura — might have been very glad to get.

In the fragrant Levant morocco case, where these happy jewels lived when they were at home, Van Twiller thoughtfully placed his card, on the back of which he had written a line begging Mademoiselle Olympe Zabriski to accept the accompanying trifle from one who had witnessed her graceful performances with interest and pleasure. This was not done inconsiderately. "Of course I must enclose my card, as I would to any lady," Van Twiller had said to himself; "a Van Twiller can neither write an anonymous letter nor make an anonymous present." Blood entails its duties as well as its privileges.

The casket despatched to its destination, Van Twiller felt easier in his mind. He was under obligations to the girl for many an agreeable hour that might otherwise have passed heavily. He had paid the debt, and he had paid it *en prince*, as became a Van Twiller. He spent the rest of the day in looking at some pictures at Goupil's, and at the club, and in making a few purchases for his trip up the Hudson. A consciousness that this trip up the Hudson was a disorderly retreat came over him unpleasantly at intervals.

When he returned to his rooms late at night, he found a note lying on the writing-table. He started as his eye caught the words "— Theatre" stamped in carmine letters on one corner of the envelope. Van Twiller broke the seal with trembling fingers.

Now, this note some time afterwards fell into the hands of Livingstone, who showed it to Stuyvesant, who showed it to Delaney, who showed it to me, and I copied it as a literary curiosity. The note ran as follows: —

MR. VAN TWILLER, DEAR SIR: —
i am verry greatfull to you for that

Bracelett. it come just in the nic of
time for me. The Mademoiselle Za-
briski dodg is about plaid out. My
beard is getting to much for me. i
shall have to grow a mustash and take
to some other line of busyness, i dont
no what now, but will let you no. You
wont feel bad if i sell that Bracelett.
i have seen Abrahams Moss and he
says he will do the square thing. Pleas

accep my thanks for youre Beautifull
and Unexpected present.

Youre respectfull servant,
CHARLES MONTMORENCI WALTERS.

The next day Van Twiller neither
expressed nor felt any unwillingness to
spend a few weeks with his mother at
the old homestead.

And then he went abroad.

T. B. Aldrich.

THE OLD SURPRISE.

NOW what hath entered my loved woods,
And touched their green with sudden change?
What is this last of Nature's moods
That makes the roadside look so strange?

Who blanched my thistle's blushing face,
And gave the winds her silver hair?
Set golden-rod within her place,
And scattered asters everywhere?

Who splashed with red the sumach hedge,—
The sassafras with purple stain;
Gave ivy-leaves a ruby edge,
And painted all their stems again?

Lo! the change reaches high and wide,
Hath toned the sky to softer blue;
Hath crept along the river-side,
And trod the valleys through and through;

Discolored every hazel copse,
And stricken all the pasture lands;
Flung veils across the mountain-tops,
And bound their feet with yellow bands.

Is, then, September come so soon?
Full time doth summer ne'er abide?
While yet it seems but summer's noon,
We're floating down the autumn tide.

Eunice E. Comstock.

THOMAS JEFFERSON'S LAST YEARS.

AFTER his retirement from the Presidency, in 1809, Jefferson lived seventeen years. He was still the chief personage of the United States. Between himself and the President there was such a harmony of feeling and opinion that the inauguration of Madison did little more than change the signature to public documents. Madison consulted him on every important question; and Jefferson, besides writing frequently and at length, rode over to Orange every year, when the President was at home, and spent two or three weeks at his house. When there was dissension in the Cabinet, it was Jefferson who restored harmony. Monroe was in ill-humor, because Madison had been preferred before himself by the nominating caucus. It was Jefferson who healed the breach, and thus prevented one in the Republican party. During the gloom of 1812, many Republicans desired a candidate for the Presidency of more executive energy than Mr. Madison was then supposed to have, and Jefferson was himself solicited from many quarters to accept a nomination. He said, with convincing power: "What man can do will be done by Mr. Madison." In the same year the President proposed that he should return to the office of Secretary of State, and Monroe become Secretary of War; but he pleaded his sixty-nine years as an excuse for declining the invitation.

The success in public life of these two men, Madison and Monroe, whose early education he had assisted, as well as the bright career which his nephews and sons-in-law were enjoying, induced other young men to seek his advice and assistance. "A part of my occupation," he wrote to General Kosciuszko, in 1810, "and by no means the least pleasing, is the direction of the studies of such young men as ask it. They place themselves in the neighbor-

ing village, and have the use of my library and counsel, and make a part of my society. In advising the course of their reading, I endeavor to keep their attention fixed on the main objects of all science, the freedom and happiness of man. So that coming to bear a share in the councils and government of their country, they will keep ever in view the sole objects of all legitimate government."

Monticello¹ overflowed with guests during all these years. The circle of those who had a right to seek its hospitality was very large, and many foreigners of distinction felt their American experience incomplete until they had paid a pilgrimage to the author of the Declaration of Independence. But these were but a small portion of the throng of guests whom the custom of the country brought to Monticello during the summer months. His daughter, Mrs. Randolph, said once that she had been obliged to provide beds for as many as fifty inmates; and Mr. Randall tells us of one friend who came from abroad with a family of six persons, and remained at Monticello ten months. It fell to the manager, Mr. Edmund Bacon, to keep the mountaintop supplied with sustenance for this crowd of people, and the animals that carried and drew them. Mr. Bacon did not enjoy it, and he has since availed himself of an opportunity to relieve his mind.

"After Mr. Jefferson returned from Washington," he relates, "he was for years crowded with visitors, and they almost ate him out of house and home. They were there all times of the year; but about the middle of June the travel would commence from the lower part of the State to the Springs, and then there was a perfect throng of visitors. They travelled in their own carriages, and came in gangs, — the whole family, with carriage and riding horses and

servants; sometimes three or four such gangs at a time. We had thirty-six stalls for horses, and only used about ten of them for the stock we kept there. Very often all of the rest were full, and I had to send horses off to another place. I have often sent a wagon-load of hay up to the stable, and the next morning there would not be enough left to make a hen's-nest. I have killed a fine beef, and it would all be eaten in a day or two. There was no tavern in all that country that had so much company. Mrs. Randolph, who always lived with Mr. Jefferson after his return from Washington, and kept house for him, was very often greatly perplexed to entertain them. I have known her many and many a time to have every bed in the house full, and she would send to my wife and borrow all her beds — she had six spare beds — to accommodate her visitors. I finally told the servant who had charge of the stable to only give the visitors' horses half allowance. Somehow or other Mr. Jefferson heard of this; I never could tell how, unless it was through some of the visitors' servants. He countermanded my orders. One great reason why Mr. Jefferson built his house at Poplar Forest, in Bedford County, was that he might go there in the summer to get rid of entertaining so much company. He knew that it more than used up all his income from the plantation and everything else, but he was so kind and polite that he received all his visitors with a smile, and made them welcome. They pretended to come out of respect and regard to him, but *I think* that the fact that they saved a tavern bill had a good deal to do with it, with a good many of them. I can assure you I got tired of seeing them come, and waiting on them."

Such was the custom of old Virginia; and a very bad, cruel custom it was. The reader observes that even the manager's wife had "six spare beds." All this, too, at a period when non-intercourse and war had reduced the income of Virginia planters two

thirds, and when Mr. Jefferson had a Washington debt of many thousand dollars to provide for. But, among this multitude of visitors, there were a large number whose company he keenly enjoyed; nor would he permit his guests to rob him of his working-hours. From breakfast to dinner, he let them amuse themselves as best they could, while he toiled at his correspondence and rode over his farms. From dinner-time he gave himself up to social enjoyment. I may well speak of his correspondence as toil. One thousand and sixty-seven letters he received in one year, which was not more than the average. After his death, there were found among his papers twenty-six thousand letters addressed to him, and copies of sixteen thousand written by himself.

To complete his character as a personage, it should be mentioned that the Federalists still bestowed upon him the distinction of an animosity such as, perhaps, virtuous men never before entertained for one of their number. I look with wonder upon the publications spread out before me at this moment, issued during the time of non-intercourse and war, Jefferson being the theme. Here are two octavo volumes of vituperation, entitled "*Memoirs of the Hon. Thomas Jefferson*," published in New York several months after his retirement, and opening thus: "The illustrious Dr. Robertson, in a letter to Mr. Gibbon, gave it as his opinion that a historian ought to write as if he were giving evidence upon oath." Eight hundred and thirty-eight pages of innocent and tedious falsehood naturally follow this noble sentiment; and they end with a prophecy, that nothing would go well in the United States until the people had turned the Republicans out of office, and placed their affairs in the hands of "that man who more than any other resembles the Father of his Country," — General Charles Cotesworth Pinckney. The clergy of New England continued to revile the greatest Christian America has produced in terms surpassing

in violence those which the clergy of Palestine applied to the Founder of Christianity. He was an "atheist," Dr. David Osgood of Massachusetts remarked, and no better than "the race of demons" to whose service he had been devoted. By race of demons, this "last of the New England popes" meant the people of France. Young Edward Payson of Portland signalized his entrance into public life by delivering a Fourth of July oration, in which he observed that Jefferson, Madison, Gallatin, and their colleagues were men of a character so vile that "the most malicious ingenuity can invent nothing worse than the truth." The orator of twenty-three was as innocent as a lamb in saying this; for he was merely echoing what he had heard constantly asserted, from his youth up, by the men whom he held in veneration, — the clergy of Connecticut and the professors in Yale College. In 1809 appeared a second edition of William Cullen Bryant's *Embargo*, with a certificate to the effect, that "Mr. Bryant, the author," had arrived, in the month of November, 1808, at the age of fourteen years. A doubt had been intimated in the *Monthly Anthology*, whether a youth of thirteen could have been the author of this poem. The reader may be gratified to see a few lines from the earliest volume of a poet who has since, in so many ways, both served and honored his country. In this poem, too, lives the judgment of educated New England upon Mr. Jefferson's attempt to keep his country out of the maniac fight between Bonaparte and the coalition of kings; for this boy, gifted as he was, could only be a melodious echo of the talk he had heard in his native village: —

"Curse of our nation, source of countless woes,
From whose dark womb unreckoned misery flows:
Th' *Embargo* rages, like a sweeping wind,
Fear lowers before, and famine stalks behind.
What words, O Muse! can paint the mournful
scene,
The saddening street, the desolated green?
How hungry laborers leave their toil and sigh,
And sorrow droops in each desponding eye!

"See the bold sailor from the ocean torn,
His element, sink friendless and forlorn!
His suffering spouse the tear of anguish shed,
His starving children cry aloud for bread!
On the rough billows of misfortune tost,
Resources fail and all his hopes are lost;
To foreign climes for that relief he flies,
His native land ungratefully denies.

"In vain mechanics ply their curious art,
And bootless mourn the interdicted mart;
While our sage *Ruler's* diplomatic skill
Subjects our councils to his sovereign will;
His grand 'restrictive energies' employs,
And wisely regulating trade destroys.

"The farmer, since supporting trade is fled,
Leaves the rude joke, and cheerless hangs his head;
Misfortunes fall, an unremitting shower,
Debts follow debts, on taxes, taxes pour.
See in his stores his hoarded produce rot,
Or sheriff's sales his produce bring to naught;
Disheartening cares in thronging myriads flow,
Till down he sinks to poverty and woe.

"Ye who rely on Jeffersonian skill,
And say that fancy paints ideal ill;
Go, on the wing of observation fly,
Cast o'er the land a scrutinizing eye:
States, counties, towns, remark with keen review,
Let facts convince, and own the picture true!

"When shall this land, some courteous angel, say,
Throw off a weak and erring ruler's sway?
Rise, injured people, vindicate your cause!
And prove your love of liberty and laws;
O, wrest, sole refuge of a sinking land,
The sceptre from the slave's imbecile hand!
O, ne'er consent obsequious to advance,
The *willing vassal* of imperious France!
Correct that suffrage you misused before,
And lift your voice above a Congress roar.

"And thou, the scorn of every patriot's name,
Thy country's ruin, and her council's shame!
Poor servile thing! derision of the brave!
Who'erst from Tarlton fled to Carter's cave;
Thou, who, when menaced by perfidious Gaul,
Didst prostrate to her whiskered minion fall;
And when our cash her empty bags supplied,
Didst meanly strive the foul disgrace to hide;
Go, wretch, resign the Presidential chair,
Disclose thy secret measures, foul or fair.
Go, search with curious eyes for horned frogs,
'Mid the wild wastes of Louisianian bogs;
Or, where Ohio rolls his turbid stream,
Dig for huge bones, thy glory and thy theme.
Go, scan, Philosopher, thy . . . charms
And sink supinely in her sable arms;
But quit to abler hands the helm of state,
Nor image ruin on thy country's fate.

"As Johnson deep, as Addison refined,
And skilled to pour conviction o'er the mind,
O, might some patriot rise! the gloom dispel,
Chase error's mist, and break her magic spell!

"But vain the wish, for hark! the murmuring meed
Of hoarse applause from yonder shed proceed;
Enter, and view the thronging concourse there,
Intent, with gaping mouth, and stupid stare;

While in their midst the supple leader stands,
Harangues aloud, and flourishes his hands ;
To adulation tunes his servile throat,
And sues successful for each blockhead's vote."

The work contains nearly six hundred lines, several of which clearly announce the coming poet; but in these which I have chosen, it is the Federalist that speaks. The forming poet of the woods appears in a passage where the author of thirteen imagines Commerce starting to life again, amid the desolation of the Embargo, when at last the people had expelled from Washington the pimps of France:—

"Thus in a fallen tree, from sprouting roots,
With sudden growth a tender sapling shoots,
Improves from day to day, delights the eyes,
With strength and beauty, stateliness and size,
Puts forth robuster arms, and broader leaves,
And high in air its branching head upheaves."

It is interesting to discover that a poet who solaced his old age by translating Homer had, at thirteen, already begun to pay him the homage of imitation. The boy's prediction was fulfilled seven years later; not through the return of the Federalists to power, but by the treaty of Ghent, which ended the conflict for neutral rights.

Abuse and adulation were equally powerless to disturb the serenity of the lord of Monticello. "I have rode over the plantation, I reckon," reports the worthy Mr. Bacon, "a thousand times with Mr. Jefferson, and when he was not talking he was nearly always humming some tune, or singing in a low tone to himself." During his annual rides to Poplar Forest, ninety miles distant, he was usually accompanied by his daughter or by one of her children, and he often beguiled the tedium of the journey by singing an old song, alone or with his companion. His daughter, too, had what Mr. Bacon calls *the Jefferson temper*,—all music and sunshine. In the twenty years of his service, he declares that he never once saw her in ill-humor. She was nearly as tall as her father, he tells us, and had his bright, clear complexion and blue eyes; and as she went about the house she seemed always in a happy mood, and was "nearly always

humming a tune." The singularly sound health of the father was, no doubt, part of the secret of his festive existence. Mr. Bacon supplies another part of it:—

"Mr. Jefferson was the most industrious person I ever saw in my life. All the time I was with him I had full permission to visit his room whenever I thought it necessary to see him on any business. I knew how to get into his room at any time of day or night. I have sometimes gone into his room when he was in bed; but aside from that, I never went into it but twice, in the whole twenty years I was with him, that I did not find him employed. I never saw him sitting idle in his room but twice. Once he was suffering with the toothache; and once, in returning from his Bedford farm, he had slept in a room where some of the glass had been broken out of the window, and the wind had blown upon him and given him a kind of neuralgia. At all other times he was either reading, writing, talking, working upon some model, or doing something else. Mrs. Randolph was just like her father in this respect. She was always busy. If she was n't reading or writing, she was always doing something. She used to sit in Mr. Jefferson's room a great deal, and sew, or read, or talk, as he would be busy about something else. As her daughters grew up, she taught them to be industrious like herself. They used to take turns each day in giving out to the servants, and superintending the housekeeping."

These children were eleven in number, six daughters and five sons; to whom must be added Francis Eppes, a fine lad, the son of Maria Jefferson, to say nothing of a troop of schoolmates that one of the grandsons usually brought over from school at the next village, on Friday afternoons, to join in the sports of Saturday. Jefferson joined heartily in the pleasures of these children, but he was not the less a stickler for industry. One of the grandsons, named Merriwether Lewis, did not see the necessity of their doing

hard work, like Captain Bacon's boys, whose diligence Mr. Jefferson had been commending. "Why," said the boy, "if we should work like them, our hands would get so rough and sore that we could not hold our books. And we need not work so. We shall be rich, and all we want is a good education." Mr. Jefferson replied: "Ah! those that expect to get through the world without industry because they are rich will be greatly mistaken. The people that *do* work will soon get possession of their property." Mr. Bacon, with pleasing simplicity, remarks that he has thought of these words a thousand times. He might do so naturally enough; for he fulfilled the prophecy. At the end of his twenty years of faithful service he went off to Kentucky with three thousand dollars buckled round his waist. He bought a farm, grew rich, and was living there, in honor and abundance, upon his own estate, forty years after the inheritance of those boys had passed to strangers.

And here the reader must be informed that the usual proportion of ugly facts and discordant elements mingled with the elevated life of this family. Monticello was not Paradise. No man can keep himself wholly unaffected by the great faults of his time and place. I suppose Mr. Thackeray meant this when, in discoursing so wisely upon the snobs of England he said, that, no doubt, he should be himself elated on finding himself walking down Piccadilly arm-in-arm with a couple of dukes. Still less can any man escape his share of the *penalty* of a wrong which his community commits. Even upon the serene and smiling summit of Monticello, slavery was a blight. It blighted those young lives. It injured those admirable characters. It contracted those superior understandings. So intimately bound together are all the classes of a state; that the mere presence of a huge mass of human ignorance and stolidity makes a high and enduring civilization impossible to every family. The Five Points lower the Fifth Avenue.

British laborers' one-roomed hovels vulgarize the drawing-rooms of lords. Ignorant French peasants for ninety years kept scoundrels or imbeciles in the Tuileries. As well expect to have a calm and fertile brain while there is gout in the toe as to have your ruling class noble and safe while your laborers are ignorant and squalid. A commonwealth is an integer, wherein every man is bound by mere selfishness to become his brother's keeper; as truly so as the head is interested in having the feet sound.

See how slavery cursed those fine boys. One of them was William C. Rives, who afterwards filled honorable public stations. In the absence of Mr. Jefferson and his daughters, the manager would sometimes give the boys the key of the mansion, and let them stay there all night. It happened very often, Mr. Bacon reports, that, after the troop of boys had gone up, "Willie Rives" would return and spend the night at the house of the manager, at the foot of the mountain. Why this reappearance? "He did not like the doings of the other boys. The other boys were too intimate with the negro women to-suit him. He was always a very modest boy. I once heard one of the other boys make a vulgar remark. He said, 'Such talk as that ought not to be thought, much less spoken out.'"

The father of Mr. Jefferson's grandsons was a kind of man which can only be produced by the exercise of despotic power for successive generations. His name portrays him: he was a Randolph; that is, a gifted, eccentric, and ungovernable man. Bacon describes him as "tall, swarthy, raw-boned," of great strength, and afraid of nothing,—as strange a man as John Randolph, and as much like him as one steer of a well-matched pair is like another. "He had no control of his temper. I have seen him cane his son Jeff after he was a grown man. Jeff made no resistance, but got away from him as soon as he could. I have seen him knock down his son-in-law with an iron poker." This son-in-law,

Bankhead by name, was married to Jefferson's grand-daughter, Anne, whom Mr. Bacon describes as "a Jefferson in temper," and "a perfectly lovely woman." Bankhead, a handsome man, of wealth and lineage, was a terrible drunkard. "I have seen him," says Bacon, "ride his horse into the bar-room at Charlottesville and get a drink of liquor. I have seen his wife run from him when he was drunk and hide in a potato-hole to get out of danger. He once stabbed Jeff Randolph because he had said something about his abuse of his sister, and I think would have killed him, if I had not interfered and separated them."

Here is a scene which occurred at Monticello, in the absence of the master: "One night Bankhead was very drunk and made a great disturbance, because Burwell, who kept the keys, would not give him any more brandy. Mrs. Randolph could not manage him, and she sent for me. She would never call on Mr. Randolph at such a time, he was so excitable. But he heard the noise in the dining-room and rushed in to see what was the matter. He entered the room just as I did, and Bankhead, thinking he was Burwell, began to curse him. Seizing an iron poker that was standing by the fireplace, he knocked him down as quick as I ever saw a bullock fall. The blow peeled the skin off one side of his forehead and face, and he bled terribly." And the plain-spoken Bacon describes a fight which he witnessed between this Bankhead, when he was sober, and another fine Virginia gentleman named Gordon: "I never did see as even a match. I think they must have fought a half an hour, and both of them were as bloody as butchers, when I told Phil. Barbour it would never do for us to let them fight any longer; we must separate them. So he took hold of Gordon, and I took hold of Bankhead, and we just pulled them apart." Such gentlemen could not be very good managers of Virginia estates. For years they were in straits for money; and whenever the pinch

became severe past endurance, they could think of no resource better than to implore the steady-going Bacon to buy "a little girl" or "a female slave," from their negro quarters. When Randolph was governor of Virginia we find him writing to Bacon in this manner: "It is so absolutely necessary to me to have as much as \$ 150 by to-morrow evening, that I am forced, against my will, to importune you further with the offer of the little girl at Edgehill. Do you think it would be possible for us to borrow that money between us by three o'clock to-morrow? Could you prevail on your mother to lend as much money?"

At last, Randolph became bankrupt, lost all that he possessed, even his senses, and left his family a charge upon the drained and shrinking estate of his father-in-law. What a tale of horror is this! But these events, like those of most domestic tragedies, were spread over many years, and, probably, the worst aspects of the case were never exhibited to Mr. Jefferson. He and his daughter enjoyed long intervals of tranquil happiness. But, living as he did in the midst of slavery, it was impossible for him to avoid his personal share of the harm it wrought to every creature in the United States, even to those who hated it most, and opposed it always; for it made them intense and one-sided. He was an indulgent master, it is true; and he never lost a sense of the folly of a system of labor, of which the laborer got most of the good, and the master nearly all the evil. "He did not like slavery," remarks Mr. Bacon. "I have heard him talk a great deal about it. He thought it a bad system. I have heard him prophesy that we should have just such trouble with it as we are having now, in 1862." And yet his lifelong contact with slavery appears to have lessened his ability to think rationally concerning it. Long he cherished the dream of colonization, and fancied he saw in Liberia the beginning of a movement that would deliver the negroes of America from

slavery, and those of Africa from barbarism. He took it for granted that the two races could not live together, both being free. "We have the wolf by the ears," he wrote in 1820, "and we can neither hold him nor safely let him go. Justice is in one scale, and self-preservation in the other."

When the question arose of extending the area of slavery over Missouri, he showed a strange blending of keenness and dulness of vision; descrying the distant danger most clearly, as aged eyes are apt to do, but blind to the path immediately before him. "This momentous question," he wrote in April, 1820, "like a fire-bell in the night, awakened and filled me with terror." He thought it was "the knell of the Union." Since Bunker Hill, he said, we had never had so ominous a question, and he thanked Heaven that he should not live to see the issue. We now know that his worst forebodings came short of the mighty sum-total of evil and calamity which his country was to endure: first, forty years of an ignoble strife of words, one side insolent and infuriate, the other insincere and timorous; next, four years of carnage; then, ten of the beggar-on-horseback's demoralizing sway. But, with all this correctness of prophecy, the aged Jefferson thought the Northern members were wrong in wishing to keep slavery out of those lovely, fertile plains west of the Mississippi. He thought slavery would be weakened by being spread, and its final abolition made easier. Worse than this, he began to think it an evil for Southern youth to attend Northern colleges, "imbibing opinions and principles in discord with those of their own country"; and he was far from discerning that the opposition in the Northern States to the extension of slavery had any basis of disinterested conviction. "The Hartford Convention men," he wrote in 1821, "have had the address, by playing on the honest feelings of our former friends, to seduce them from their kindred spir-its, and to borrow their weight into the

Federal scale. Desperate of regaining power under political distinctions, they have adroitly wriggled into its seat under the auspices of morality, and are again in the ascendancy from which their sins had hurled them." Much is to be allowed to seventy-eight years. But even at seventy-eight so fine an intelligence as his could not, even for a moment, have shrunk to these limits in an atmosphere congenial with it. To become capable of thus misinterpreting the course of events was part of his share of the penalty of slavery.

But his conduct was wiser than his words; for he spent all his declining years in a singularly persistent endeavor to introduce into Virginia the institutions of New England. When a man finds himself a member of a community in which there is incorporated some all-pervading evil, — like slavery in old Virginia, like ill-distributed wealth in Great Britain now, — there are two ways in which he can attack it. One way is to cry aloud and spare not; place himself distinctly in opposition to the evil; show it no quarter; and take the chance of being a martyr or a conqueror. There are times and places when this heroic system is the only one admissible. The other method of attack is to set on foot measures, the fair working of which will infuse such health and vigor into the sick body politic as will enable it, at length, to cast out the disease. Thus we see that Yale, Harvard, and the common school have gone far toward rescuing the fine intelligence of New England from the blight of the Mathers and their hideous ideas; and we see the cheap press and the workingmen's lyceums and unions of Great Britain about to break up entail, primogeniture, and the rich preserves of an exclusive army, navy, India, and Church. In Virginia no other method but this was even possible to be attempted in Jefferson's time. If he had set free his slaves, and waged open war against slavery, he would not have improved their condition, nor mitigated the malady of which Virginia was dying. His

slaves would have become vagabonds, and himself an object of commiseration and derision. He made no such Quixotic attempts to serve his State, but directed his efforts to the gradual removal of what he felt to be the ally and main support of all the evil in the universe,—IGNORANCE. He made this his business during the last sixteen years of his life, and toiled at it as vigorous men toil for the ordinary objects of ambition.

And, happily, as in earlier days when the liberties of his country were menaced, he had in Madison a confidential ally, gifted with a parliamentary talent which nature had denied to himself, so now, when his object was to break up the great deep of Virginia ignorance, he found a most efficient and untiring co-operator in his friend, Joseph C. Cabell, a member of the senate of Virginia. They entered into a holy alliance to bring their State up to the level demanded by the age. What both had planned in the study, Cabell advocated in the Legislature; and when Cabell found the Legislature unmanageable, Jefferson would come to his aid with one of his exhaustive, vote-changing letters, which would find its way into a Richmond newspaper, and then go the rounds of the press.

A part of the letters which passed between these lovers of their country have been published in an octavo of five hundred and twenty-eight pages; and most of Jefferson's, long and elaborate as many of them are, were written when a page or two of manuscript cost him hours of painful exertion. Once, in 1822, when Cabell had urged him to write a number of letters to influential gentlemen in aid of one of their schemes, he replied: "You do not know, my dear sir, how great is my physical inability to write. The joints of my right wrist and fingers, in consequence of an ancient dislocation, are become so stiffened that I can write but at the pace of a snail. The copying our report and my letter lately sent to the governor being seven pages only, employed me laboriously a whole week.

The letter I am now writing you" (filling one large sheet) "has taken me two days. A letter of a page or two costs me a day of labor, and a painful labor."

But some of these letters were among the best he ever wrote. In his endeavors to reconcile the people of Virginia to the cost of maintaining a common school in each "ward" of every county, he showed all his old tact and skill. His "ward" was to be "so laid off as to comprehend the number of inhabitants necessary to furnish a captain's company of militia,"—five hundred persons of all ages and either sex. The great difficulty was to convince the average planter that he, the rich man of the ward, had an *interest* in contributing to the common school, the teacher of which was to receive a hundred and fifty dollars a year, and "board round." Jefferson met this objection in a letter that still possesses convincing power. And his argument comes home to the inhabitants of the great cities now rising everywhere, and destined to contain half of the population of this continent. What are they but a narrow rim of elegance and plenty around a vast and deep abyss of squalor, into which a certain portion of the dainty children of the smiling verge are sure to slide at last? How eloquent are these quiet words of Jefferson, when we apply them to our own city! Would that I could give them wings that would carry round the world a passage so simple, so humane, so wise, and so adroit!

"And will the wealthy individual have no retribution? And what will this be? 1. The peopling his neighborhood with honest, useful, and enlightened citizens, understanding their own rights, and firm in their perpetuation. 2. When his descendants become poor, which they generally do within three generations (no law of primogeniture now perpetuating wealth in the same families), their children will be educated by the then rich; and the little advance he now makes to poverty, while rich himself, will be repaid by the then rich to his descendants when be-

come poor, and thus give them a chance of rising again. This is a solid consideration and should go home to the bosom of every parent. This will be seed sown in fertile ground. It is a *provision for his family* looking to distant times, and far in duration beyond that he has now in hand for them. Let every man count backwards in his own family, and see how many generations he can go, before he comes to the ancestor who made the fortune he now holds. Most will be stopped at the first generation; many at the second; few will reach the third; and not one in the State can go beyond the fifth."

Like Franklin, he was not content with appealing only to the higher motives. State pride was a chord which he touched with effect. He reminded Virginians that, before the Revolution, the mass of education in Virginia placed her with the foremost of her sister Colonies; but now, "the little we have we import like beggars from other States, or import their beggars to bestow on us their miserable crumbs." He pointed to Virginia's ancient friend and ally, Massachusetts, only one tenth as large as Virginia, and the twenty-first State in the Union in size. But she has "more influence in our confederacy than any other State in it." Why? "From her attention to education, unquestionably. There can be no stronger proof that knowledge is power and that ignorance is weakness."

He did not live to see a State system of common schools established in Virginia. A scheme of his for maintaining in each county a circulating library was also in advance of that generation, and had no great results in his own day.

But the two conspirators against ignorance had one memorable and glorious triumph. They succeeded in planting on Virginia soil a university unique in two particulars. In all other American colleges then existing, the controlling influence was wielded by one of the learned professions, and all students were compelled to pursue a course of studies originally prescribed by that

one profession for its own perpetuation. In the University of Virginia, founded through the influence and persistent tact of Jefferson, seconded at every stage by the zeal and ability of Cabell, all the professions are upon an equality, and every student is free to choose what knowledge he will acquire, and what neglect. It is a secularized university. Knowledge and scholarship are there neither rivals nor enemies, but equal and independent sources of mental power, inviting all, compelling none. Jefferson's intention was to provide an assemblage of schools and professors, where every student could find facilities for getting just what knowledge he wanted, without being obliged to pretend to pursue studies for which he had neither need nor taste. He desired, also, to test his favorite principle of trusting every individual to the custody of his own honor and conscience. It was his wish that students should stand on the simple footing of citizens, amenable only to the laws of their State and country, and that the head of the faculty should be a regularly commissioned magistrate, to sit in judgment on any who had violated those laws. This part of the scheme he was compelled, at a critical moment, to drop; but he did so only to avoid the peril of a more important failure. But he held to the principle. He would have no espionage upon the students; but left all of them free to improve their opportunities in their own way, provided the laws of the land were not broken, and the rights of others were respected. His trust was in the conscience and good sense of the students, in the moral influence of a superior corps of instructors, and in an elevated public opinion.

Jefferson was forty years in getting the University of Virginia established. Long he hoped that the ancient college of William and Mary could be freed from limiting conditions and influences, and be developed into a true university. As late as 1820, he was still striving for a "consolidation" of the old college with the forming institution in

Albemarle. It was already apparent that the want of America was, not new institutions of learning, but a suppression of one half of those already existing, and the "survival of the fittest," enriched by the spoils of the weak. But William and Mary, like most of the colleges of Christendom, is constricted by the ignorance and vanity of "benefactors," who gave their money to found an institution for all time, and annexed conditions to their gifts which were suited only to their own time. Nothing remained but to create a new institution. In 1794 a strange circumstance occurred which gave him hopes of attaining his object by a short cut. Several of the professors in the College of Geneva, Switzerland, dissatisfied with the political condition of their canton, united in proposing to Mr. Jefferson to remove in a body to Virginia, and continue their vocation under the protection and patronage of the Legislature. On sounding influential members, he discovered that the project was premature, and it was not pressed. The coming of Dr. Priestley, followed by some learned friends of his, and other men of science, revived his hopes. A letter to Priestley in 1800 shows that the great outlines of the scheme were then fully drawn in his mind. He told the learned exile that he desired to found in the centre of the State a "university on a plan so broad and liberal and *modern* as to be worth patronizing with the public support, and be a temptation to the youth of other States to come and drink of the cup of knowledge and fraternize with us." He proposed that the professors should follow no other calling, and he hoped "to draw from Europe the first characters in science, by considerable temptations." He asked Dr. Priestley to draw up a plan and favor him with advice and suggestions. During his Presidency, he still embraced opportunities to increase his knowledge of such institutions. After his retirement, the War of 1812 interposed obstacles; but, from the peace of 1815 to the close of his life, the University of Virginia was the chief subject

of his thoughts, and the chief object of his labors.

It is not difficult to begin the most arduous enterprise. How many well-cut corner-stones lie buried in various parts of this continent! We excel in corner-stones. That was a glad and proud day for Albemarle when the corner-stone of the University of Virginia was laid, witnessed by the three neighbors who filled in succession the office of President of the United States,—Jefferson, Madison, and Monroe, the last named being President at the time. But it had cost Jefferson some exercise of his tact to get the corner-stone laid just there, within sight of his own abode. Other localities had, of course, their strenuous advocates. If a member of the commission raised an objection on the ground that other places were more salubrious, Jefferson would draw from his pocket a list of persons past eighty then living in the neighborhood. But an institution built and supported by the common treasure should be central! So it must. And Jefferson produced a card cut into the shape of Virginia, upon which the proposed site of the University was indicated by a dot. That the dot was very near the centre of the State could be shown by balancing the card on the point of a pencil. But a place may be geographically central without being near the centre of population. It may indeed. And Jefferson exhibited a piece of board representing Virginia, on which he had written, in his own clear, minute hand, the population of every part of the State; which made it plain to the eye that if the population of Virginia had been called upon to revolve, Monticello was the very pivot for the purpose. In short, the corner-stone was laid where the master of Monticello could watch its rising glories from his portico, and ride over every day to the site five miles distant.

Then came the tug of war. He had subscribed a thousand dollars toward the fund, and his neighbors had multiplied that sum by forty-four. But the main reliance of the founder was upon

the Legislature of the State, not accustomed to appropriate money for such an object, nor able to appropriate much. Party passions were not extinct; and if, with the majority, Jefferson was still a name to conjure with, there was an influential minority who held him in undiminished aversion. Virginia, too, was a declining Commonwealth. Nothing was so abundant there as encumbered estates; and many families, who held their heads high, were subsisting on the proceeds of the sale, now and then, of little girls and boys, or "likely" men and women. Money came hard; and Jefferson wanted a great deal more of it to complete his plans than either he or the Legislature had anticipated. "I have been long sensible," he wrote in 1826, "that while I was endeavoring to render our country the greatest of all services, that of regenerating the public education, and placing our rising generation on the level of our sister States (which they have proudly held heretofore), I was discharging the odious function of a physician pouring medicine down the throat of a patient insensible of needing it." He was, also, a connoisseur in architecture, which is not an inexpensive taste. He thought that it became Virginia to erect something grand and noble for an institution that was to bear her name and invite the flower of the youth of other States. Year after year, Mr. Cabell had to renew the struggle in the Legislature to get money to go on with. Three hundred thousand dollars were expended, in all, and an appropriation of fifteen thousand dollars a year was made toward the support of the institution. The zeal of Cabell was contagious and irresistible. At one critical moment, his feelings were wrought to such a pitch that he dared not remain in the chamber while the vote was taken; and thus he missed a moving scene. The vote that day decided the location. As soon as the result was declared, Mr. B. G. Baldwin, the leader of the party opposed to placing the institution at Charlottesville, rose and made a powerful appeal

in behalf of the University. He had contended strenuously for a more western site as long as there was any hope of success; but now that another place had been chosen, he conjured the western members to rise superior to local prejudices and give the institution a cordial support. "A great part of the House," reports Cabell, "were in tears. Such magnanimity in a defeated adversary excited universal applause."

Mr. Jefferson had now secured the most fascinating occupation for his last years that could have been contrived for him. He was chairman of the board of trustees, and they all seemed to agree with Mr. Madison when he remarked at one of their first meetings: "This is Mr. Jefferson's scheme; the responsibility is his; and it is but fair that he should be allowed to carry it out in his own way." Jefferson's love of construction, his ingenuity as an inventor, his interest in science, his patriotism and benevolence were all gratified in superintending the formation of the University. Colonel T. J. Randolph has described in a vivid and agreeable manner the joyous activity of his grandfather at this time; how he would mount his horse early in the morning, canter down the mountain and across the country to the site, and spend a long day there in assisting at the work; carrying with him a walking-stick of his own invention (now familiar to all), composed of three sticks, which being spread out and covered with a piece of cloth made a tolerable seat. He it was who designed the plan and made working draughts for each detail. He engaged workmen, selected timber, and bought bricks. Carvers of stone whom he caused to be brought from Italy settled in the county, and have living descendants there at this moment. Afterwards, finding his ornate capitals could be cut cheaper in Italy, he had them executed there. It was his object to exhibit to the future students specimens of all the orders of architecture and edifices that should call to mind several of the ancient triumphs of his favorite art. Occupants

of the buildings, it is said, would prefer less grandeur and more convenience, fewer columns and more closets.

The time came for selecting professors. The very first appointment brought a storm about his ears. One of the fugitives from the reaction in European politics of 1793 was Thomas Cooper, a friend of Priestley and a gentleman of note in chemistry and other branches of natural science. Under the Sedition Law, for a harmless paragraph upon President Adams, after a trial in which Judge Chase had not kept up even a decent show of impartiality, the accused was sentenced to pay a fine of four hundred dollars, and to be imprisoned six months. Of course he was a made man from the moment of the ascendancy of the Republican party. As he was reputed to be the first chemist in the United States, the visitors innocently invited him to the chair of chemistry in the new University. Four States were competing for his services. New York, through De Witt Clinton, offered him liberal compensation for that time,—twenty-five hundred dollars a year and fees. Pennsylvania sought him for the University in Philadelphia, offering him a place worth seven thousand a year. New Orleans had invited him, and William and Mary desired him. But when it became known that he had decided for Jefferson and the University of Virginia, the slumbering fury of the year 1800 blazed up again, and an outcry arose so violent as to threaten the existence of a University dependent upon the popular will. It was remembered, too, that Dr. Cooper was a Unitarian, a name of opprobrium even at a time so recent. This was, indeed, a serious consideration; for a religious prejudice was then one of those blind, resistless forces which were no more amenable to reason than an earthquake or a tornado. There is nothing to be done in the presence of a convulsion of nature but to get out of its way. And it really was of the very first necessity to avoid the appearance of using the University as a means of propagating peculiar

opinions. Jefferson bent to a storm he could not brave, and relinquished Cooper to one of the other institutions that desired him. It was a happy ride. South Carolina obtained him at last, and made a nullifier of him in 1832.

A competent corps of professors were engaged in England, and in March, 1825, the University was opened with forty students, a number which was increased to one hundred and twenty-three before the end of the first term, and to one hundred and seventy-seven at the beginning of the second year.

The institution differs from other American colleges in these particulars: there is no president; all the professors are of equal rank, except that one of their number is elected chairman of the faculty, and performs the usual representative duties. They get from the University a small fixed salary, meant to be sufficient for subsistence. Besides this, every professor receives a small fee from each of the students attending his "school." There are no rewards given by the University and no honors, except a statement of the student's proficiency in each of the "schools" which he attends; and that proficiency is ascertained, not by a system of daily marks, but by an examination which is intended to be thorough and just. "Graduation" signifies only that a student has acquitted himself well in one of the "groups" of schools. A great point is made of the examinations. "Rigorous written examinations," Dr. Charles Venable, the chairman of the faculty, has recently written, "are held periodically in each school, and the diploma of the school is conferred on those students only whose examination-papers come up to a fixed standard. That is, the candidate for graduation must obtain four-fifths (in some of the schools three-fourths) of the values assigned to the questions set in the examinations. No distinctions are made among the graduates. A student either graduates *cum laude* or not at all. In the lower classes of the schools like examina-

tions are held, and certificates of distinction given to those who come up to the standard of three-fourths of the values of the questions set."

Another peculiarity of this institution is the homage it pays to religion. This is unique. In other colleges, it is assumed that students will neither go to church nor attend prayers unless they are compelled to do so. This University, on the contrary, assumes that religion has an attractive power of its own, and leaves it to each student to go to church and attend prayers, or to abstain from so doing. Daily prayers are held and a service on Sunday is conducted by a clergyman of the vicinity, elected in rotation from the chief denominations of the State; and he is maintained by the voluntary contributions of the inmates of the University. But the dishonor is not put upon him of compelling attendance at his ministrations. Dr. Venable states that the results of this system of freedom are such as might have been expected. "The students," he says, "contribute with commendable liberality to the support of the chaplain, who goes constantly in and out among them as their friend and brother, laboring earnestly in the promotion of Christian activity and all good works. There is always a respectable attendance of student worshippers at morning prayers, a good attendance of students in the Sunday services in the chapel as well as in the churches in the town. There is an earnest Christian activity among the students, which employs itself in the different enterprises of the University Young Men's Christian Association. They keep up six Sunday schools in the sparsely settled mountain districts of the neighborhood, five for whites and one for freedmen, with an average attendance on each of thirty pupils. This steady Christian activity is not a thing of to-day or yesterday, but it has been the rule for years."

Dr. Venable bears explicit testimony also to the happy results of Mr. Jefferson's darling system of *trusting* the students, instead of spying them. "I

have seen," he says, "the plan of trusting to the students' honor, and of the abolition of all espionage tested here and in the University of South Carolina. It has also been adopted in most of the Virginia colleges with the best results. Its effects in imbuing the body of the students with the spirit of truth and candor, in giving them the proper scorn for a lie, and in promoting a frank and manly intercourse between the students and professors, cannot be too highly estimated. A student who is known to have been guilty of a violation of his examination pledge, or of any other falsehood in his dealings with the authorities, — things of rare occurrence, — is not permitted by his fellows to remain in the institution."

It is also his opinion that the University has signally answered the great design of its founder, which was, to raise the standard of liberal education in Virginia. The mere fact of keeping its diplomas, so far as is possible to human scrutiny, free from falsehoods, and issuing no diplomas of the kind called honorary, has had a perceptible effect, he thinks, in restoring to parchment a portion of the power it once had to confer honorable distinction.

Like all other institutions of learning in the Southern States, it was subjected to a most severe ordeal during the late war. The number of students had gone on increasing from year to year, until it had reached an average of six hundred and fifty. Then came the rude blast of war, which a Southern student must have been much more, or something less, than human, not to have obeyed. Abstract truth is usually powerless when father, mother, sisters, brothers, friends, and neighbors are all pulling the other way. Hundreds of alumni (the strength of a university) fell in battle, never doubting that they died for their country and their rights. But during the whole of the four years' struggle, the University was kept open, and only once did the war come near it. In March, 1865, General Sheridan was at Charlottesville with a body of cavalry; but dur-

ing the few days of his stay in the neighborhood he placed guards around the grounds of the University, and preserved its property uninjured. For the first two or three years after the peace, education being in arrears, and the people it is said more hopeful than they are now, the number of students was again nearly five hundred. The Catalogue for 1872 shows three hundred and sixty-five. Virginia, besides bearing up under a great load of debt, has nobly continued the annual appropriation of fifteen thousand dollars; and two citizens of the State, Samuel Miller and Thomas Johnson, have recently given one hundred and forty thousand dollars to found a department of industrial chemistry and engineering.

The present effort of the visitors is to strengthen and widen the basis of the University by an endowment of half a million. That peculiar friendship which once existed between Virginia and Massachusetts, dating back to the time when Massachusetts was stricken in her chief industry, and Virginia was her bountiful helper and consolation, seems to live again in the late exchange of courtesies between the president of Harvard and the chairman of the faculty of the University of Virginia. "I hope," says Dr. Venable, "the many friends and benefactors of Harvard will wisely concentrate on her the means of fulfilling all her high aspirations." Massachusetts, with her capital to rebuild, and her Harvard to restore, must deny herself at present many pleasures which she would otherwise enjoy. New York will, perhaps, treat herself to the gift of this half-million. It is a pleasing evidence of the advance of catholicity of feeling, that Henry Ward Beecher, the representative liberal of the Northern States, the son of a Calvinist and a Federalist, himself always an Abolitionist, should have contributed a thousand dollars to the fund.

The great thing to be desired in the higher education of America is the union of several colleges in each State to form two or three real universities.

But probably this can only be done by nature's own method of strengthening the strong and starving the weak. This University, from the day when Jefferson gave it life, has shown a lusty strength that marks it as one of the "fittest" which are destined to "survive."

During these last years Mr. Jefferson showed in many other ways that the best solace of declining age is an intelligent and benevolent mind. He watched with deep concern the ceaseless movement of the human soul toward freedom and purity. Dr. Channing became an interesting figure to him, and he hailed with delight the inroads which Channing appeared to be making in what he considered the most pernicious of all priestly devices, the theology of Calvin. It is hard to say which surpassed the other in boiling hatred of Calvinism, Jefferson or John Adams. "I rejoice," writes Jefferson in 1822, "that in this blessed country of free inquiry and belief, which has surrendered its creed and conscience neither to kings nor priests, the genuine doctrine of one only God is reviving, and I trust there is not a *young man* now living in the United States who will not die a Unitarian." He was ever the most sanguine of men. Often, at this period, he spoke of the ancient doctrines with an approach to violence. In thanking Colonel Pickering for sending him one of Dr. Channing's sermons, he wrote thus: "No one sees with greater pleasure than myself the progress of reason in its advances toward rational Christianity. When we shall have done away with the incomprehensible jargon of the Trinitarian arithmetic, that three are one, and one is three; when we shall have knocked down the artificial scaffolding reared to mask from view the simple structure of Jesus; when, in short, we shall have unlearned everything taught since his day, and got back to the pure and simple doctrines he inculcated, — we shall then be truly and worthily his disciples; and my opinion is, that if nothing had ever

been added to what flowed purely from his lips, the whole world would at this day have been Christian. . . . Had there never been a commentator, there never would have been an infidel."

He became even more vehement than this after his eightieth year. He spoke of "the blasphemous absurdity of the five points of Calvin"; and declared that, in his opinion, "it would be more pardonable to believe in no God at all than to blaspheme him by the atrocious attributes of Calvin." Hence his joy at the triumphs of the young Boston preacher, whose boldness and fervor, he heard, were setting free so many human minds from the iron bondage of the past. "In our village of Charlottesville there is a good degree of religion with a small spice only of fanaticism. We have four sects, but without either church or meeting-house. The court-house is the common temple, one Sunday in the month to each. Here Episcopalian and Presbyterian, Methodist and Baptist, meet together, join in hymning their Maker, listen with attention and devotion to each other's preachers, and all mix in society with perfect harmony." The final and complete remedy, he thought, for the "fever of fanaticism" was the diffusion of knowledge; and again he indulges his sanguine humor by predicting that "Unitarianism will, ere long, be the religion of the majority from north to south."

In matters political he remained to the last what he was in 1800. He could not relish Scott's novels, because they concealed, as he thought, the ugly truth of the past under an alluring guise of the romantic and picturesque. He disliked the robber Norman, loved the industrial Saxon. As for Hume's History of England and Blackstone's Commentaries, he never ceased to hate them. "They have made Tories," he wrote, "of all England, and are making Tories of those young Americans, whose native feelings of independence do not place them above the wily sophistries of a Hume or a Blackstone. These two books, but especially the

former, have done more towards the suppression of the liberties of man than all the million of men in arms of Bonaparte and the millions of human lives with the sacrifice of which he will stand loaded before the judgment seat of his Maker." He said, too, that, while he feared nothing for our liberty from the assaults of force, he *had* fears of the influence of English books, English prejudices, English manners, and their apes and dupes among professional men. He remained a free-trader to the end. The longer he lived the more he felt the necessity of a subdivision of territory, like the town system of New England, under which each citizen belongs to a *small body* of voters, with whom he can conveniently co-operate, and who can be assembled without delay or difficulty. He would have divided a city of the size of New York into three hundred wards. He also became perfectly aware of the truth, since demonstrated in so many ways and places, that universal suffrage, where a majority of the voters are grossly ignorant, tends to put the scoundrel at the summit of affairs. In commenting upon a new constitution proposed for Spain, he said there was one provision in it "which would immortalize its inventors." That provision disfranchised every man who, after a certain epoch, could not read and write.

The meeting of Jefferson and Lafayette in 1824 fills a great place in the memoirs of those times. They had labored together in anxious and critical periods: first, when Jefferson was governor of Virginia, and Lafayette commanded the forces defending the State against the inroads of Cornwallis; and afterwards when Jefferson, a tyro in diplomacy, enjoyed the powerful aid of the young and popular nobleman at the Court of France. Thirty-six years had passed since that memorable day when Lafayette had brought the leaders of the Revolution to Jefferson's house in Paris, and they had there eaten a sacramental dinner, and, afterwards, under the serene influence of the silent master of the feast, arranged a pro-

gramme upon which it was possible for them to unite. Thirty-six years! Both were old men now, — Jefferson past eighty, Lafayette nearly seventy, — but both retained every faculty except those which begin to perish as soon as they are created. Jefferson exulted when he heard of the landing of his ancient friend and colleague. "I hope," said he, "we shall close his visit with something more solid for him than dinners and balls"; and it was Jefferson who proposed that Congress should pay part of the unrecorded and unclaimed debt which the country owed Lafayette for money advanced during the Revolutionary War.

During the heats of August the French Republican landed in New York; and as soon as the cool days of September came he moved southward on a pilgrimage to Monticello. They met on one of the fine days of October. Jefferson would have gone some distance to welcome his approaching guest, but the gentlemen in charge of the occasion requested him to remain at his house, while they escorted the Marquis from Charlottesville to the summit of the mount. A brave cavalcade of the gentlemen of the county, with trumpets sounding, and banners waving in the breeze, accompanied him, and formed about the lawn, while the carriage advanced to the front of the mansion. A great concourse of excited and expectant people were present, gazing intently upon the portico. The carriage drew up; and while an alert little figure with gray hair descended, the front door of the house opened, and the tall, bent, and wasted form of Jefferson was seen. The music ceased and every head was uncovered. The two old men threw themselves into each other's arms, and relieved their feelings by a hearty embrace. The coldest heart was moved, and tears filled the eyes of almost every spectator. They entered the house together, and the assembly dispersed.

During the stay of Lafayette at Monticello, there was a grand banquet given in his honor in the great room

of the University, which was attended by President Monroe and the two ex-Presidents, Madison and Jefferson. It was a time of hilarity and enthusiasm such as we can all easily imagine. When Jefferson was toasted, he handed a written speech to a friend to read to the company. I think he meant this address as a kind of Farewell to his Countrymen, and to the great Cause to which his own life and the life of his guest had been devoted, — the supremacy of Right in the affairs of men.

"I will avail myself of this occasion, my beloved neighbors and friends, to thank you for the kindness which now, and at all times, I have received at your hands. Born and bred among your fathers, led by their partiality into the line of public life, I labored in fellowship with them through that arduous struggle which, freeing us from foreign bondage, established us in the rights of self-government, — rights which have blessed ourselves, and will bless, in their sequence, all the nations of the earth. In this contest, we all did our utmost, and, as none could do more, none had pretensions to superior merit.

"I joy, my friends, in your joy, inspired by the visit of this our ancient and distinguished leader and benefactor. His deeds in the War of Independence you have heard and read. They are known to you and embalmed in your memories, and in the pages of faithful history. His deeds, in the peace which followed that war, are perhaps not known to you; but I can attest them. When I was stationed in his country, for the purpose of cementing its friendship with ours, and of advancing our mutual interests, this friend of both was my most powerful auxiliary and advocate. He made our cause his own, as in truth it was that of his native country also. His influence and connections there were great. All doors of all departments were open to him at all times; to me, only formally and at appointed times. In truth, I only held the nail, he drove it. Honor him, then, as your benefactor in peace, as well as in war.

"My friends, I am old, long in the disuse of making speeches, and without voice to utter them. In this feeble state, the exhausted powers of life leave little within my competence for your service. If, with the aid of my younger and abler coadjutors, I can still contribute anything to advance the institution within whose walls we are now mingling manifestations to this our guest, it will be, as it ever has been, cheerfully and zealously bestowed. And could I live to see it once enjoy the patronage and cherishment of our public authorities with undivided voice, I should die without a doubt of the future fortunes of my native State, and in the consoling contemplation of the happy influence of this institution on its character, its virtue, its prosperity, and safety.

"To these effusions for the cradle and land of my birth, I add, for our nation at large, the aspirations of a heart warm with the love of country; whose invocations to heaven for its indissoluble union will be fervent and unremitting while the pulse of life continues to beat, and, when that ceases, it will expire in prayers for the eternal duration of its freedom and prosperity."

When Lafayette again visited Monticello, in 1825, to take leave of his venerable friend, the University was open, with a fair prospect of realizing, at length, the fond hopes of its chief founder. Professors and students gathered about the visitor, and enlivened the table of his illustrious host.

These last years of Mr. Jefferson's life were not wholly passed in such lofty occupations as the founding of a university and the entertainment of a nation's guest. His own estate, always more large than productive, had been diminishing in value for many years. Few men lost more by the Embargo, in proportion to their means, than the author of that measure; and this was one of the reasons why he left Washington in 1809 owing twenty thousand dollars. The War of 1812 continued the suspension of commerce, and made tobacco and cotton almost worthless.

After the war, Mr. Jefferson relieved himself of his most pressing embarrassments by selling the part of his estate which was most precious to him, and most peculiarly his own, — his library, — the result of sixty years' affectionate search and selection. He offered it to Congress to supply the place of their library burnt by the English soldiers in 1814; and he sedulously schemed to cut down the price so as to silence the murmurs of his old enemies, and prevent the purchase from being an injury to his friends. The committee valued it at twenty-three thousand dollars, about half its cost, and a quarter of its worth. Mr. Bacon had the charge of removing the books to Washington. "There was an immense quantity of them," he tells us, "sixteen wagon-loads. Each wagon was to carry three thousand pounds for a load, and to have four dollars a day for delivering them in Washington. If they carried more than three thousand pounds, they were to have extra pay. There were all kinds of books, — books in a great many languages that I knew nothing about."

And so Mr. Jefferson lost his library just when he needed it most, and Congress did not dare improve the golden opportunity (by merely paying the just value of a unique collection) of giving him substantial relief. But his library was soon partly replaced. Chancellor Wythe bequeathed his collection to his ancient pupil, colleague, and friend. "It was very large," says Bacon, "and nearly filled up the room of the one Mr. Jefferson sold to Congress."

The hard times of 1819 and 1820, which reduced so many established families to poverty, brought upon Mr. Jefferson, also, an insupportable burden. He had indorsed for one of his oldest friends and connections, to the amount of twenty thousand dollars, in the confident expectation of saving him from ruin. His friend became bankrupt notwithstanding, and the indorser had to take upon his aged shoulders this crushing addition to his already excessive load, — twelve hundred dol-

lars a year in money. One consequence of this misfortune was that he lost the services of his faithful and competent manager, Edmund Bacon, who had been for some years looking westward, intending to buy land and settle there. "I was sorry," he says, "to leave Mr. Jefferson; but I was more willing to do it, because I did not wish to see the poor old gentleman suffer, what I knew he must suffer, from the debts that were pressing upon him." They had a sorrowful parting after their twenty years of friendly and familiar intercourse. "It was a trying time to me," Mr. Bacon records. "I don't know whether he shed any tears or not, but I know that I shed a good many. He was sitting in his room, on his sofa, where I had seen him so often, and keeping hold of my hand some time, he said, 'Now let us hear from each other occasionally'; and as long as he lived I heard from him once or twice a year. The last letter I ever had from him was when I wrote him of the death of my wife, soon after I got to Kentucky. He expressed a great deal of sympathy for me; said he did not wonder that I felt completely broken up, and was disposed to move back; that he had passed through the same himself; and only time and silence would relieve me."

Mr. Jefferson's affairs did not mend, though he enjoyed the able and resolute assistance of his grandson and namesake, Thomas Jefferson Randolph; and he resolved, at length, to discharge the worst of his debts, in the fashion of old Virginia, by selling a portion of his lands. But there was nobody to buy. Land sold in the usual way would not bring a third of its value; and consequently he petitioned the Legislature to relax the operation of law so far as to allow him to dispose of some of his farms by lottery, as was frequently done when money was to be raised for a public object. The Legislature granted his request, though with reluctance. But, in the mean time, it had been noised abroad, all over the Union, that the author of the Declara-

tion of Independence was about to lose that far-famed Monticello, with which his name had been associated in the public mind for two generations, the abode of his prime and the refuge of his old age, a Mecca to the Republicans of many lands. A feeling arose in all liberal minds that this must not be; and, during the spring of 1826, the last of his years, subscriptions were made for his relief in several places. Philip Hone, mayor of New York, raised without an effort, as Mr. Randall records, eight thousand five hundred dollars. Philadelphia sent five thousand, and Baltimore three thousand. The lottery was suspended, and Mr. Jefferson's last days were solaced by the belief that the subscriptions would suffice to free his estate from debt, and secure home and independence to his daughter and her children. He was proud of the liberality of his countrymen, and proud to be its object. He who had refused to accept so much as a loan from the Legislature of his State gloried in being the recipient of gifts from individuals. "No cent of this," said he, "is wrung from the tax-payer. It is the pure and unsolicited offering of love."

There has seldom been a sounder constitution than his, nor one less abused. At eighty-two his teeth were all but perfect; he enjoyed his daily ride on horseback of ten miles; and he was only afraid that life might continue after it had ceased to be a blessing. "I have ever," he wrote to Mr. Adams in 1822, "dreaded a dotting old age; and my health has been generally so good, and is now so good, that I dread it still. The rapid decline of my strength during the last winter has made me hope sometimes that I see land. During summer I enjoy its temperature, but I shudder at the approach of winter, and wish I could sleep through it with the dormouse, and only wake with him in spring, if ever." Reduced by an occasional diarrhœa, he alternately rallied and declined during the next three years; but, of course, never quite regained after an attack

what he had lost. By his family the decay of his bodily powers was scarcely observed, it was so gradual, until the spring of 1826, when it became more obvious and rapid. It was his habit all his life to be silent with regard to his own sufferings; and now, especially, he concealed from every one the ravages of a disease which, he knew, was about to deliver him from the "doting old age" that he dreaded. His grandson just mentioned, who stood nearer to him at this period than any one except his daughter, was taken by surprise when he heard him say, in March, 1826, that he *might* live till midsummer; and, again, when, about the middle of June, he said, as he handed him a paper to read, "Don't delay, there is no time to be lost."

From that day he was under regular medical treatment. He told his physician, Dr. Dunglison of the University, that he attributed his disease to his free use, some years before, of the water of the White Sulphur Springs of Virginia. On the 24th of June he was still well enough to write a long letter in reply to an invitation to attend the fiftieth celebration of the Fourth of July, at Washington. How sanguine his mind within nine days of his death! "All eyes," he wrote, with trembling hand, indeed, but with a heart buoyant and alert, "are opened, or opening, to the rights of man. The general spread of the light of science has already laid open to every view the palpable truth, that the mass of mankind has not been born with saddles on their backs, nor a favored few booted and spurred, ready to ride them legitimately, by the grace of God." Nothing of him was impaired but his body, even then. But that grew steadily weaker until he lay upon his bed, serene, painless, cheerful, in full possession of his reason, but helpless and dying. He conversed calmly with his family concerning his affairs, in the tone of a person about to set out upon a journey which could not be avoided. He mentioned to his friends a fact of his mental condition that seemed to

strike him as peculiar,—that the scenes and events of the Revolutionary period kept recurring to him. The curtains of his bed, he said, were brought over in the first ship that arrived after the peace of 1782, and he related many incidents of those eventful times. Once, while he was dozing, he placed his hands as if he were writing with his right on a tablet held in his left, and murmured, "Warn the committee to be on the alert." When his grandson said that he thought he was a little better, he replied: "Do not imagine for a moment that I feel the smallest solicitude about the result. I am like an old watch, with a pinion worn out here, and a wheel there, until it can go no longer." Upon imagining that he heard a clergyman of the neighborhood in the next room, he said, "I have no objection to see him as a kind and good neighbor"; meaning, as his grandson thought, that he did not desire to see him in his professional character. He repeated on his death-bed a remark which he had made a hundred times before: His calumniators he had never thought were assailing *him*, but a being non-existent, of their own imagining, to whom they had given the name of Thomas Jefferson. Observing a little grandson eight years old in the room, he said, with a smile: "George does not understand what all this means." He spoke much of Mr. Madison, who, he hoped, would succeed him as rector of the University. He eulogized him justly as one of the best of men, and one of the greatest of citizens.

During the 3d of July, he dozed hour after hour, under the influence of opiates, rousing occasionally, and uttering a few words. It was evident that his end was very near, and a fervent desire arose in all minds that he should live until the Day which he had assisted to consecrate half a century before. He, too, desired it. At eleven in the evening, Mr. N. P. Trist, the young husband of one of his grand-daughters, sat by his pillow watching his face, and turning every minute toward the slow-

moving hands of the clock, dreading lest the flickering flame should go out before midnight. "This is the Fourth?" whispered the dying patriot. Mr. Trist could not bear to say, "Not yet"; so he remained silent. "This is the Fourth?" again asked Mr. Jefferson, in a whisper. Mr. Trist nodded assent. "Ah!" he breathed; and an expression of satisfaction passed over his countenance. Again he sunk into sleep, which all about him feared was the slumber of death. But midnight came; the night passed; the morning dawned, the sun rose, the new day progressed; and still he breathed, and occasionally indicated a desire, by words or looks. At twenty minutes to one in the afternoon he ceased to live.

At Quincy, on the granite shore of distant Massachusetts, another memorable death scene was passing on this Fourth of July, 1826.

John Adams, at the age of ninety-one, had been an enjoyer of existence down almost to the dawn of the fiftieth Fourth of July. He voted for Monroe, in 1820. His own son was President of the United States in 1826. He used to sit many hours of every day, tranquilly listening to members of his family, while they read to him the new books with which friends in Boston, knowing his taste, kept him abundantly supplied. He, who was a formed man when Dr. Johnson was writing his Dictionary, lived to enjoy Scott's novels and Byron's poetry. His grandson, Mr. Charles Francis Adams, the worthy heir of an honorable name, then a youth of eighteen, used to sit by him, he tells us, for days together, reading to him, "watching the noble image of a serene old age, or listening with unabated interest to the numerous anecdotes, the reminiscences of the past, and the speculations upon the questions of all times, in which he loved to indulge." On the last day of June, 1826, though his strength had much declined of late, he was still well

enough to receive and chat with a neighbor, the orator of the coming anniversary, who called to ask him for a toast to be offered at the usual banquet. "I will give you," said the old man, "INDEPENDENCE FOREVER!" Being asked if he wished to add anything to it, he replied, "Not a word." The day came. It was evident that he could not long survive. He lingered, tranquil and without pain, to the setting of the sun. The last words that he articulated were thought to be, "Thomas Jefferson still lives." As the sun sank below the horizon, a noise of great shouting was heard in the village, and reached even the apartment in which the old man lay. It was the enthusiastic cheers called forth by his toast, — Independence forever. Before the sounds died away he had breathed his last.

The coincidence of the death of these two venerable men on the Day associated with their names in all minds did not startle the whole country at once, on the morning of the next day, as such an event now would. Slowly the news of Mr. Adams's death spread over the Northern States, while that of Mr. Jefferson's was borne more slowly over the Southern; so that almost every person heard of the death of one several days before he learned the death of the other. The public mind had been wrought to an unusual degree of patriotic fervor by the celebration of the anniversary of the nation's birth, when few orators had failed to allude to the sole survivors of the body which had declared independence. That one of them should have departed on that day struck every mind as something remarkable. But when it became known that the author of the Declaration and its most powerful defender had both breathed their last on the Fourth of July, the Fiftieth since they had set it apart from the roll of common days, it seemed as if Heaven had given its visible and unerring sanction to the work they had done.

James Parton.

SOLOMON.

MIDWAY in the eastern part of Ohio lies the coal country; round-topped hills there begin to show themselves in the level plain, trending back from Lake Erie; afterwards rising higher and higher, they stretch away into Pennsylvania and are dignified by the name of Alleghany Mountains. But no names have they in their Ohio birthplace, and little do the people care for them, save as storehouses for fuel. The roads lie along the slow-moving streams, and the farmers ride slowly over them in their broad-wheeled wagons, now and then passing dark holes in the bank from whence come little carts into the sunshine, and men, like *silhouettes*, walking behind them, with glow-worm lamps fastened in their hat-bands. Neither farmers nor miners glance up towards the hill-tops; no doubt they consider them useless mounds, and, were it not for the coal, they would envy their neighbors of the grain-country, whose broad, level fields stretch unbroken through Central Ohio; as, however, the canal-boats go away full, and long lines of coal-cars go away full, and every man's coal-shed is full, and money comes back from the great iron-mills of Pittsburgh, Cincinnati, and Cleveland, the coal country, though unknown in a picturesque point of view, continues to grow rich and prosperous.

Yet picturesque it is, and no part more so than the valley where stands the village of the quaint German Community on the banks of the slow-moving Tuscarawas River. One October day we left the lake behind us and journeyed inland, following the water-courses and looking forward for the first glimpse of rising ground; blue are the waters of Erie on a summer day, red and golden are its autumn sunsets, but so level, so deadly level are its shores that, at times, there comes a longing for the sight of dis-

tant hills. Hence our journey. Night found us still in the "Western Reserve": Ohio has some queer names of her own for portions of her territory, the "Fire Lands," the "Donation Grant," the "Salt Section," the "Refugee's Tract," and the "Western Reserve" are names well known, although not found on the maps. Two days more and we came into the coal country; near by were the "Moravian Lands," and at the end of the last day's ride we crossed a yellow bridge over a stream called the "One-Leg Creek."

"I have tried in vain to discover the origin of this name," I said, as we leaned out of the carriage to watch the red leaves float down the slow tide.

"Create one, then. A one-legged soldier, a farmer's pretty daughter, an elopement in a flat-bottomed boat, and a home upon this stream which yields its stores of catfish for their support," suggested Erminia.

"The original legend would be better than that if we could only find it, for real life is always better than fiction," I answered.

"In real life we are all masked; but in fiction the author shows the faces as they are, Dora."

"I do not believe we are all masked, Erminia. I can read my friends like a printed page."

"O, the wonderful faith of youth!" said Ermine, retiring upon her seniority.

Presently the little church on the hill came into view through a vista in the trees. We passed the mill and its flowing race, the blacksmith's shop, the great grass meadow, and drew up in front of the quaint hotel where the trustees allowed the world's people, if uninquisitive and decorous, to remain in the Community for short periods of time, on the payment of three dollars

per week for each person. This village was our favorite retreat, our little hiding-place in the hill-country; at that time it was almost as isolated as a solitary island, for the Community owned thousands of outlying acres and held no intercourse with the surrounding townships. Content with their own, unmindful of the rest of the world, these Germans grew steadily richer and richer, solving quietly the problem of co-operative labor, while the French and Americans worked at it in vain with newspapers, orators, and even cannon to aid them. The members of the Community were no ascetic anchorites; each tiled roof covered a home with a thrifty mother and train of grave little children, the girls in short-waisted gowns, kerchiefs, and frilled caps, and the boys in tailed coats, long-flapped vests, and trousers, as soon as they were able to totter. We liked them all, we liked the life; we liked the mountain-high beds, the coarse, snowy linen, and the remarkable counterpanes; we liked the cream-stewed chicken, the Käse-lab, and fresh butter, but, best of all, the hot pretzels for breakfast. And let not the hasty city imagination turn to the hard, salty, sawdust cake in the shape of a broken-down figure eight which is served with lager-beer in saloons and gardens. The Community pretzel was of a delicate flaky white in the inside, shading away into a golden-brown crust of crisp involutions, light as a feather, and flanked by little pats of fresh, unsalted butter and a deep-blue cup wherein the coffee was hot, the cream yellow, and the sugar broken lumps from the old-fashioned loaf, now alas! obsolete.

We stayed among the simple people and played at shepherdesses and pastorellas; we adopted the hours of the birds, we went to church on Sunday and sang German chorals as old as Luther. We even played at work to the extent of helping gather apples, eating the best, and riding home on top of the loaded four-horse wains. But one day we heard of a new diver-

sion, a sulphur-spring over the hills about two miles from the hotel on land belonging to the Community; and, obeying the fascination which earth's native medicines exercise over all earth's children, we immediately started in search of the nauseous spring. The road wound over the hill, past one of the apple orchards, where the girls were gathering the red fruit, and then down a little declivity where the track branched off to the Community coal-mine; then a solitary stretch through the thick woods, a long hill with a curve, and at the foot a little dell with a patch of meadow, a brook, and a log-house with overhanging roof, a forlorn house unpainted and desolate. There was not even the blue door which enlivened many of the Community dwellings. "This looks like the huts of the Black Forest," said Erminia. "Who would have supposed that we should find such an antique in Ohio!"

"I am confident it was built by the M. B.'s," I replied. "They tramped, you know, extensively through the State, burying axes and leaving every now and then a mastodon behind them."

"Well, if the Mound-Builders selected this site they showed good taste," said Erminia, refusing, in her afternoon indolence, the argumentum *nonsensicum* with which we were accustomed to enliven our conversation. It was, indeed, a lovely spot,—the little meadow, smooth and bright as green velvet, the brook chattering over the pebbles, and the hills, gay in red and yellow foliage, rising abruptly on all sides. After some labor we swung open the great gate and entered the yard, crossed the brook on a mossy plank, and followed the path through the grass towards the lonely house. An old shepherd-dog lay at the door of a dilapidated shed like a block-house which had once been a stable; he did not bark, but, rising slowly, came along beside us,—a large, gaunt animal that looked at us with such melancholy eyes that Erminia stooped

to pat him. Ermine had a weakness for dogs; she herself owned a wild beast of the dog kind that went by the name of the "Emperor Trajan," and, accompanied by this dignitary, she was accustomed to stroll up the avenues of C——, lost in maiden meditations.

We drew near the house and stepped up on the sunken piazza, but no signs of life appeared. The little loophole windows were pasted over with paper, and the plank door had no latch or handle. I knocked, but no one came. "Apparently it is a haunted house, and that dog is the spectre," I said, stepping back.

"Knock three times," suggested Ermine; "that is what they always do in ghost-stories."

"Try it yourself. My knuckles are not cast-iron."

Ermine picked up a stone and began tapping on the door. "Open sesame," she said, and it opened.

Instantly the dog slunk away to his block-house and a woman confronted us, her dull face lighting up as her eyes ran rapidly over our attire from head to foot. "Is there a sulphur-spring here?" I asked. "We would like to try the water."

"Yes, it's here fast enough in the back hall. Come in, ladies; I'm right proud to see you. From the city, I suppose?"

"From C——," I answered; "we are spending a few days in the Community."

Our hostess led the way through the little hall, and throwing open a back door pulled up a trap in the floor, and there we saw the spring, — a shallow well set in stones, with a jar of butter cooling in its white water. She brought a cup, and we drank. "Delicious," said Ermine. "The true, spoiled-egg flavor! Four cups is the minimum allowance, Dora."

"I reckon it's good for the insides," said the woman, standing with arms akimbo and staring at us. She was a singular creature, with large black eyes, Roman nose, and a mass of

black hair tightly knotted on the top of her head, but thin, pinched, and gaunt; her yellow forehead was wrinkled with a fixed frown, and her thin lips drawn down in permanent discontent. Her dress was a shapeless linsey-woolsey gown, and home-made list slippers covered her long, lank feet. "Be that the fashion?" she asked, pointing to my short, closely-fitting walking-dress.

"Yes," I answered; "do you like it?"

"Well, it does for you, sis, because you're so little and peaked-like, but it would n't do for me. The other lady, now, don't wear nothing like that; is she even with the style, too?"

"There is such a thing as being above the style, madam," replied Ermine, bending to dip up glass number two.

"Our figgers is a good deal alike," pursued the woman; "I reckon that fashion 'ud suit me best."

Willowy Erminia glanced at the stick-like hostess. "You do me honor," she said suavely. "I shall consider myself fortunate, madam, if you will allow me to send you patterns from C——. What are we if not well dressed?"

"You have a fine dog," I began hastily, fearing lest the great, black eyes should penetrate the sarcasm; "what is his name?"

"A stupid beast! He's none of mine; belongs to my man."

"Your husband?"

"Yes, my man. He works in the coal-mine over the hill."

"You have no children?"

"Not a brat. Glad of it, too."

"You must be lonely," I said, glancing around the desolate house. To my surprise, suddenly the woman burst into a flood of tears, and sinking down on the floor she rocked from side to side, sobbing, and covering her face with her bony hands.

"What can be the matter with her?" I said in alarm, and, in my agitation, I dipped up some sulphur-water and held it to her lips.

"Take away the smelling stuff, — I

hate it!" she cried, pushing the cup angrily from her.

Ermine looked on in silence for a moment or two, then she took off her neck-tie, a bright-colored Roman scarf, and threw it across the trap into the woman's lap. "Do me the favor to accept that trifle, madam," she said, in her soft voice.

The woman's sobs ceased as she saw the ribbon; she fingered it with one hand in silent admiration, wiped her wet face with the skirt of her gown, and then suddenly disappeared into an adjoining room, closing the door behind her.

"Do you think she is crazy?" I whispered.

"O, no; merely pensive."

"Nonsense, Ermine! But why did you give her that ribbon?"

"To develop her æsthetic taste," replied my cousin, finishing her last glass, and beginning to draw on her delicate gloves.

Immediately I began gulping down my neglected dose; but so vile was the odor that some time was required for the operation, and in the midst of my struggles our hostess reappeared. She had thrown on an old dress of plaid delaine, a faded red ribbon was tied over her head, and around her sinewed throat reposed the Roman scarf pinned with a glass brooch.

"Really, madam, you honor us," said Ermine gravely.

"Thankee, marm. It's so long since I've had on anything but that old bag, and so long since I've seen anything but them Dutch girls over to the Community, with their wooden shapes and wooden shoes, that it sorter come over me all 'tuncet what a miserable life I've had. You see, I ain't what I looked like; now I've dressed up a bit I feel more like telling you that I come of good Ohio stock, without a drop of Dutch blood. My father, he kep' a store in Sandy, and I had everything I wanted until I must needs get crazy over painting Sol at the Community. Father, he wouldn't hear to it, and so I ran away; Sol, he turned out good

for nothing to work, and so here I am, yer see, in spite of all his pictures making me out the Queen of Sheby."

"Is your husband an artist?" I asked.

"No, miss. He's a coal-miner, he is. But he used to like to paint me all sorts of ways. Wait, I'll show yer." Going up the rough stairs that led into the attic, the woman came back after a moment with a number of sheets of drawing-paper which she hung up along the walls with pins for our inspection. They were all portraits of the same face, with brick-red cheeks, enormous black eyes, and a profusion of shining black hair hanging down over plump white shoulders; the costumes were various, but the faces were the same. I gazed in silence, seeing no likeness to anything earthly. Erminia took out her glasses and scanned the pictures slowly.

"Yourself, madam, I perceive," she said, much to my surprise.

"Yes, 'm, that's me," replied our hostess, complacently. "I never was like those yellow-haired girls over to the Community. Sol allers said my face was real rental."

"Rental?" I repeated, inquiringly.

"Oriental, of course," said Ermine. "Mr. — Mr. Solomon is quite right. May I ask the names of these characters, madam?"

"Queen of Sheby, Judy, Ruth, Es-
thy, Po-co-hon-tus, Goddessaliberty,
Sunset, and eight Octobers, them with
the grapes. Sunset's the one with the
red paint behind it like clouds."

"Truly, a remarkable collection," said Ermine. "Does Mr. Solomon devote much time to his art?"

"No, not now. He could n't make a cent out of it, so he's took to digging coal. He painted all them when we was first married, and he went a journey all the way to Cincinnati to sell 'em. First, he was going to buy me a silk dress and some ear-rings, and, after that, a farm. But pretty soon, home he come on a canal-boat, without a shilling, and a bringing all the pictures

back with him! Well, then he tried most everything, but he never could keep to any one trade, for he'd just as lief quit work in the middle of the forenoon and go to painting; no boss 'll stand that, you know. We kep' a going down, and I had to sell the few things my father give me when he found I was married whether or no, — my chany, my feather-beds, and my nice clothes, piece by piece. I held on to the big looking-glass for four years, but at last it had to go, and then I just gave up and put on a linsey-woolsey gown. When a girl's spirit's once broke, she don't care for nothing, you know; so, when the Community offered to take Sol back as coal-digger, I just said, 'Go,' and we come." Here she tried to smear the tears away with her bony hands, and gave a low groan.

"Groaning probably relieves you," observed Ermine.

"Yes, 'm. It's kinder company like, when I'm all alone. But you see it's hard on the prettiest girl in Sandy to have to live in this lone lorn place. Why, ladies, you might n't believe it, but I had open-work stockings, and feathers in my winter bunnets before I was married!" And the tears broke forth afresh.

"Accept my handkerchief," said Ermine; "it will serve your purpose better than fingers."

The woman took the dainty cambric and surveyed it curiously, held at arm's length. "Reg'lar thistle-down, now, ain't it?" she said; "and smells like a locust-tree blossom."

"Mr. Solomon, then, belonged to the Community?" I asked, trying to gather up the threads of the story.

"No, he did n't either; he's no Dutchman I reckon, he's a Lake County man, born near Painesville, he is."

"I thought you spoke as though he had been in the Community."

"So he had; he did n't belong, but he worked for 'em since he was a boy, did middling well, in spite of the painting, until one day, when he come over to Sandy on a load of wood and seen

standing at the door. That was t'end of him," continued the woman, with an air of girlish pride; "he could n't work no more for thinking of me.

"*à la vanité va-t-elle se nicher?*" murmured Ermine, rising. "Come, Dorajit is time to return."

As hastily finished my last cup of sulphurwater, our hostess followed Ermine towards the door. "Will you have yr handkercher back, marm?" she said holding it out reluctantly.

"It w' a free gift, madam," replied my cous.; "I wish you a good afternoon."

"Say, ill yer be coming again tomorrow?" asked the woman as I took my departie.

"Very lisly; good by."

The door closed, and then, but not till then, the melancholy dog joined us and stalked blind until we had crossed the meadow and reached the gate. We passed out and turned up the hill, but looking back we saw the outline of the woman's head at the upper window, and the dog's head at the bars, both watching us out of sight.

In the evening there came a cold wind down from the north, and the parlor, with its primitive ventilators, square openings in the side of the house, grew chilly. So a great fire of soft coal was built in the broad Franklin stove, and before its blaze we made good cheer, nor needed the one candle which flickered on the table behind us. Cider fresh from the mill, carded gingerbread, and new cheese crowned the scene, and during the evening came a band of singers, the young people of the Community, and sang for us the song of the Lorelei, accompanied by home-made violins and flageolets. At length we were left alone, the candle had burned out, the house door was barred, and the peaceful Community was asleep; still we two sat together with our feet upon the hearth, looking down into the glowing coals.

"Ich weiss nicht was soll es bedeuten
Dass ich so traurig bin,"

I said, repeating the opening lines of

the Lorelei; "I feel absolutely blue to-night."

"The memory of the sulphur-man," suggested Ermine.

"Sulphur-woman! What a name!"

"Entirely appropriate, in my opinion."

"Poor thing! How she long with a great longing for the finery of her youth in Sandy."

"I suppose from those barbarous pictures that she was original in the flesh," mused Ermine; "a present she is but a bony outline."

"Such as she is, however she has had her romance," I answered. "She is quite sure that there was a love for her; then let come what may, she has had her day."

"Misquoting Tennyson on such a subject!" said Ermine, with disdain.

"A man's a man for a that, and a woman's a woman too, I retorted. "You are blind, cousin, blinded with pride. That woman has had her tragedy, as real and bitter a any that can come to us."

"What have you to say for the poor man, then?" exclaimed Ermine, rousing to the contest. "If there is a tragedy at the sulphur-house, it belongs to the sulphur-man, not to the sulphur-woman."

"He is not a sulphur-man, he is a coal-man; keep to your bearings, Ermine."

"I tell you," pursued my cousin earnestly, "that I pitied that unknown man with inward tears all the while I sat by that trap-door. Depend upon it, he had his dream, his ideal; and this country girl with her great eyes and wealth of hair represented the beautiful to his hungry soul. He gave his whole life and hope into her hands, and woke to find his goddess a common wooden image."

"Waste sympathy upon a coal-miner!" I said, imitating my cousin's former tone.

"If any one is blind, it is you," she answered, with gleaming eyes. "That man's whole history stood revealed in the selfish complainings of that crea-

ture. He had been in the Community from boyhood, therefore of course he had no chance to learn life, to see its art-treasures. He has been shipwrecked, poor soul, hopelessly shipwrecked."

"She too, Ermine."

"She!"

"Yes. If he loved pictures, she loved her chany and her feather-beds, not to speak of the big looking-glass. No doubt she had other lovers, and might have lived in a red brick farmhouse with ten unopened front windows and a blistered front door. The wives of men of genius are always to be pitied; they do not soar into the crowd of feminine admirers who circle round the husband, and they are therefore called 'grubs,' 'worms of the earth,' 'drudges,' and other sweet titles."

"Nonsense," said Ermine, tumbling the arched coals into chaos with the poker; "it's after midnight, let us go up stairs." I knew very well that my beautiful cousin enjoyed the society of several poets, painters, musicians, and others of that ilk, without concerning herself about their stay-at-home wives.

The next day the winds were out in battle array, howling over the Strasburg hills, raging up and down the river, and whirling the colored leaves wildly along the lovely road to the One-Leg Creek. Evidently there could be no rambling in the painted woods that day, so we went over to old Fritz's shop, played on his home-made piano, inspected the woolly horse who turned his crank patiently in an underground den, and set in motion all the curious little images which the carpenter's deft fingers had wrought. Fritz belonged to the Community, and knew nothing of the outside world; he had a taste for mechanism, which showed itself in many labor-saving devices, and with it all he was the roundest, kindest little man, with bright eyes like a canary-bird.

"Do you know Solomon, the coal-miner?" asked Ermine, in her correct, well-learned German.

"Sol Bangs? Yes, I know him," replied Fritz, in his Württemberg dialect.

"What kind of a man is he?"

"Good for nothing," replied Fritz placidly.

"Why?"

"Wrong here"; tapping his forehead.

"Do you know his wife?" I asked.

"Yes."

"What kind of a woman is she?"

"Too much tongue. Women must not talk much."

"Old Fritz touched us both there," I said, as we ran back laughing to the hotel through the blustering wind. "In his opinion, I suppose, we have the popular verdict of the township upon our two *protégés*, the sulphur-woman and her husband."

The next day opened calm, hazy, and warm, the perfection of Indian summer; the breezy hill was outlined in purple, and the trees glowed in rich colors. In the afternoon we started for the sulphur-spring without shawls or wraps, for the heat was almost oppressive; we loitered on the way through the still woods, gathering the tinted leaves, and wondering why no poet has yet arisen to celebrate in fit words the glories of the American autumn. At last we reached the turn whence the lonely house came into view, and at the bars we saw the dog awaiting us.

"Evidently the sulphur-woman does not like that melancholy animal," I said, as we applied our united strength to the gate.

"Did you ever know a woman of limited mind who liked a large dog?" replied Ermine. "Occasionally such a woman will fancy a small cur; but to appreciate a large, noble dog requires a large, noble mind."

"Nonsense with your dogs and minds," I said, laughing. "Wonderful! There is a curtain."

It was true. The paper had been removed from one of the windows, and in its place hung some white drapery, probably part of a sheet rigged as a curtain.

Before we reached the piazza the door opened, and our hostess appeared. "Glad to see yer, ladies," she said. "Walk right in this way to the keeping-room."

The dog went away to his block-house, and we followed the woman into a room on the right of the hall; there were three rooms, beside the attic above. An Old-World German stove of brick-work occupied a large portion of the space, and over it hung a few tins, and a clock whose pendulum swung outside; a table, a settle, and some stools completed the furniture; but on the plastered walls were two rude brackets, one holding a cup and saucer of figured china, and the other surmounted by a large bunch of autumn leaves, so beautiful in themselves and so exquisitely arranged that we crossed the room to admire them.

"Sol fixed 'em, he did," said the sulphur-woman; "he seen me setting things to rights, and he would do it. I told him they was trash, but he made me promise to leave 'em alone in case you should call again."

"Madam Bangs, they would adorn a palace," said Ermine severely.

"The cup is pretty too," I observed, seeing the woman's eyes turn that way.

"It's the last of my chany," she answered, with pathos in her voice,—"the very last piece."

As we took our places on the settle we noticed the brave attire of our hostess. The delaine was there; but how altered! Flounces it had, skimped, but still flounces, and at the top was a collar of crochet cotton reaching nearly to the shoulders; the hair too was braided in imitation of Ermine's sunny coronet, and the Roman scarf did duty as a belt around the large flat waist.

"You see she tries to improve," I whispered, as Mrs. Bangs went into the hall to get some sulphur-water for us.

"Vanity," answered Ermine.

We drank our dose slowly, and our hostess talked on and on. Even I, her champion, began to weary of her com-

plainings. "How dark it is!" said Ermine at last, rising and drawing aside the curtain. "See, Dora, a storm is close upon us."

We hurried to the door, but one look at the black cloud was enough to convince us that we could not reach the Community hotel before it would break, and somewhat drearily we returned to the keeping-room, which grew darker and darker, until our hostess was obliged to light a candle. "Reckon you'll have to stay all night; I'd like to have you, ladies," she said. "The Community ain't got nothing covered to send after you, except the old king's coach, and I misdoubt they won't let that out in such a storm, steps and all. When it begins to rain in this valley, it do rain, I can tell you; and from the way it's begun, 't won't stop 'fore morning. You just let me send the Roarer over to the mine, he'll tell Sol; Sol can tell the Community folks, so they'll know where you be."

I looked somewhat aghast at this proposal, but Ermine listened to the rain upon the roof a moment, and then quietly accepted; she remembered the long hills of tenacious red clay, and her kid boots were dear to her.

"The Roarer, I presume, is some faithful kobold who bears your message to and from the mine," she said, making herself as comfortable as the wooden settle would allow.

The sulphur-woman stared. "Roa-er's Sol's old dog," she answered, opening the door; "perhaps one of you will write a bit of a note for him to carry in his basket.—Roaer, Roaer!"

The melancholy dog came slowly in, and stood still while she tied a small covered basket around his neck.

Ermine took a leaf from her tablets and wrote a line or two with the gold pencil attached to her watch-chain.

"Well now, you do have everything handy, I do declare," said the woman, admiringly.

I glanced at the paper.

"MR. SOLOMON BANGS:—My cousin Theodora Wentworth and myself

have accepted the hospitality of your house for the night. Will you be so good as to send tidings of our safety to the Community, and oblige,

"ERMINIA STUART."

The Roarer started obediently out into the rain-storm with his little basket; he did not run, but walked slowly, as if the storm was nothing compared to his settled melancholy.

"What a note to send to a coal-miner!" I said, during a momentary absence of our hostess.

"Never fear; it will be appreciated," replied Ermine.

"What is this king's carriage of which you spoke?" I asked, during the next hour's conversation.

"O, when they first come over from Germany, they had a sort of a king; he knew more than the rest, and he lived in that big brick house with dormel-winders and a cuperler, that stands next the garden. The carriage was hisn, and it had steps to let down, and curtains and all; they don't use it much now he's dead. They're a queer set anyhow! The women look like meal-sacks. After Sol seen me, he could n't abide to look at 'em."

Soon after six we heard the great gate creak.

"That's Sol," said the woman, "and now of course Roarer'll come in and track all over my floor." The hall door opened and a shadow passed into the opposite room, two shadows,—a man and a dog.

"He's going to wash himself now," continued the wife; "he's always washing himself, just like a horse."

"New fact in natural history, Dora love," observed Ermine.

After some moments the miner appeared,—a tall, stooping figure with high forehead, large blue eyes, and long, thin, yellow hair; there was a singularly lifeless expression in his face, and a far-off look in his eyes. He gazed about the room in an absent way, as though he scarcely saw us. Behind him stalked the Roarer, wagging his tail slowly from side to side.

"Now then, don't yer see the ladies, Sol? Where's yer manners?" said his wife sharply.

"Ah, — yes, — good evening," he said vaguely. Then his wandering eyes fell upon Ermine's beautiful face, and fixed themselves there with strange intensity.

"You received my note, Mr. Bangs," said my cousin in her soft voice.

"Yes, surely. You are Erminia," replied the man, still standing in the centre of the room with fixed eyes. The Roarer laid himself down behind his master, and his tail still wagging, sounded upon the floor with a regular tap.

"Now then, Sol, since you've come home, perhaps you'll entertain the ladies while I get supper," quoth Mrs. Bangs; and forthwith began a clatter of pans.

The man passed his long hand abstractedly over his forehead. "Eh," he said with long-drawn utterance, — "eh-h? Yes, my rose of Sharon, certainly, certainly."

"Then why don't you do it?" said the woman, lighting the fire in the brick stove.

"And what will the ladies please to do?" he answered, his eyes going back to Ermine.

"We will look over your pictures, sir," said my cousin, rising; "they are in the upper room, I believe."

A great flush rose in the painter's thin cheeks. "Will you," he said eagerly, — "will you? Come!"

"It's a broken-down old hole, ladies; Sol will never let me sweep it out. Reckon you'll be more comfortable here," said Mrs. Bangs, with her arms in the flour.

"No, no, my lily of the valley. The ladies will come with me; they will not scorn the poor room."

"A studio is always interesting," said Ermine, sweeping up the rough stairs behind Solomon's candle. The dog followed us, and laid himself down on an old mat, as though well accustomed to the place. "Eh-h, boy, you came bravely through the storm with the lady's note," said his master, be-

ginning to light candle after candle. "See him laugh!"

"Can a dog laugh?" I asked.

"Certainly; look at him now. What is that but a grin of happy contentment? Don't the Bible say, 'grin like a dog'?"

"You seem much attached to the Roarer!"

"Tuscarora, lady, Tuscarora. Yes, I love him well. He has been with me through all, and he has watched the making of all my pictures; he always lies there when I paint."

By this time a dozen candles were burning on shelves and brackets, and we could see all parts of the attic studio. It was but a poor place, unfloored in the corners where the roof slanted down, and having no ceiling but the dark beams and thatch; hung upon the walls were the pictures we had seen, and many others, all crude and highly colored, and all representing the same face, — the sulphur-woman in her youth, the poor artist's only ideal. He showed us these one by one, handling them tenderly, and telling us, in his quaint language, all they symbolized. "This is Ruth, and denoteth the power of hope," he said. "Behold Judith, the queen of revenge. And this dear one is Rachel, for whom Jacob served seven years, and it seemed unto him but a day, so well he loved her." The light shone on his pale face, and we noticed the far-off look in his eyes, and the long, tapering fingers coming out from the hard-worked, broad palm. To me it was a melancholy scene, the poor artist with his daubs and the dreary attic.

But Ermine seemed eagerly interested; she looked at the staring pictures, listened to the explanations, and at last she said gently, "Let me show you something of perspective, and the part that shadows play in a pictured face. Have you any crayons?"

No; the man had only his coarse paints and lumps of charcoal; taking a piece of the coal in her delicate hand my cousin began to work upon a sheet of drawing-paper attached to the rough

easel. Solomon watched her intently, as she explained and demonstrated some of the rules of drawing, the lights and shades, and the manner of representing the different features and curves. All his pictures were full faces, flat and unshaded; Ermine showed him the power of the profile and the three-quarter view. I grew weary of watching them, and pressing my face against the little window gazed out into the night; steadily the rain came down and the hills shut us in like a well. I thought of our home in C—, and its bright lights, warmth, company, and life. Why should we come masquerading out among the Ohio hills at this late season? And then I remembered that it was because Ermine would come; she liked such expeditions, and from childhood I had always followed her lead. "*Dux nascitur*, etc., etc." Turning away from the gloomy night, I looked towards the easel again; Solomon's cheeks were deeply flushed, and his eyes shone like stars. The lesson went on, the merely mechanical hand explaining its art to the ignorant fingers of genius. Ermine had taken lessons all her life, but she had never produced an original picture, only copies.

At last the lesson was interrupted by a voice from below, "Sol, Sol, supper's ready!" No one stirred until, feeling some sympathy for the amount of work which my ears told me had been going on below, I woke up the two enthusiasts and took them away from the easel down stairs into the keeping-room, where a loaded table and a scarlet hostess bore witness to the truth of my surmise. Strange things we ate that night, dishes unheard of in towns, but not unpalatable. Ermine had the one china cup for her corn-coffee: her grand air always secured her such favors. Tuscarora was there and ate of the best, now and then laying his shaggy head on the table, and, as his master said, "smiling at us"; evidently the evening was his gala time. It was nearly nine when the feast was ended, and I immediately

proposed retiring to bed, for, having but little art enthusiasm, I dreaded a vigil in that dreary attic. Solomon looked disappointed, but I ruthlessly carried off Ermine to the opposite room, which we afterwards suspected was the apartment of our hosts, freshened and set in order in our honor. The sound of the rain on the piazza roof lulled us soon to sleep, in spite of the strange surroundings; but more than once I woke and wondered where I was, suddenly remembering the lonely house in its lonely valley with a shiver of discomfort. The next morning we woke at our usual hour, but some time after the miner's departure; breakfast was awaiting us in the keeping-room, and our hostess said that an ox-team from the Community would come for us before nine. She seemed sorry to part with us, and refused any remuneration for our stay; but none the less did we promise ourselves to send some dresses and even ornaments from C—, to feed that poor, starving love of finery. As we rode away in the ox-cart, the Roarer looked wistfully after us through the bars; but his melancholy mood was upon him again, and he had not the heart even to wag his tail.

As we were sitting in the hotel parlor, in front of our soft coal fire in the evening of the following day, and discussing whether or no we should return to the city within the week, the old landlord entered without his broad-brimmed hat, — an unusual attention, since he was a trustee and a man of note in the Community, and removed his hat for no one nor nothing; we even suspected that he slept in it.

"You know Solomon Barngs," he said slowly.

"Yes," we answered.

"Well, he's dead. Kilt in de mine." And putting on the hat, removed, we now saw, in respect for, death, he left the room as suddenly as he had entered it. As it happened, we had been discussing the couple, I, as usual, contending for the wife, and Ermine, as usual, advocating the cause of the husband.

"Let us go out there immediately

to see her, poor woman!" I said, rising.

"Yes, poor man, we will see to him!" said Ermine.

"But the man is dead, cousin."

"Then he shall at least have one kind, friendly glance before he is carried to his grave," answered Ermine quietly.

In a short time we set out in the darkness, and dearly did we have to pay for the night ride; no one could understand the motive of our going, but money was money, and we could pay for all peculiarities. It was a dark night, and the ride seemed endless as the oxen moved slowly on through the red clay mire. At last we reached the turn and saw the little lonely house with its upper room brightly lighted.

"He is in the studio," said Ermine; and so it proved. He was not dead, but dying; not maimed, but poisoned by the gas of the mine, and rescued too late for recovery. They had placed him upon the floor on a couch of blankets, and the dull-eyed Community doctor stood at his side. "No good, no good," he said; "he must die." And then, hearing of the returning cart, he left us, and we could hear the tramp of the oxen over the little bridge, on their way back to the village.

The dying man's head lay upon his wife's breast, and her arms supported him; she did not speak, but gazed at us with a dumb agony in her large eyes. Ermine knelt down and took the lifeless hand streaked with coal-dust in both her own. "Solomon," she said, in her soft, clear voice, "do you know me?"

The closed eyes opened slowly, and fixed themselves upon her face a moment; then they turned towards the window, as if seeking something.

"It's the picter he means," said the wife. "He sat up most all last night a doing it."

I lighted all the candles, and Ermine brought forward the easel; upon it stood a sketch in charcoal wonderful to behold, — the same face, the face of the faded wife, but so noble in its idealized beauty that it might have been a

portrait of her glorified face in Paradise. It was a profile, with the eyes upturned, — a mere outline, but grand in conception and expression. I gazed with astonishment.

Ermine said, "Yes, I knew you could do it, Solomon. It is perfect of its kind." The shadow of a smile stole over the pallid face, and then the husband's fading gaze turned upward to meet the wild, dark eyes of the wife.

"It's you, Dorcas," he murmured; "that's how you looked to me, but I never could get it right before." She bent over him, and silently we watched the coming of the shadow of death; he spoke only once, "My rose of Sharon," — and then in a moment he was gone, the poor artist was dead.

Wild, wild was the grief of the ungoverned heart left behind; she was like a mad-woman, and our united strength was needed to keep her from injuring herself in her frenzy. I was frightened, but Ermine's strong little hands and lithe arms kept her down until, exhausted, she lay motionless near her dead husband. Then we carried her down stairs and I watched by the bedside, while my cousin went back to the studio. She was absent some time, and then she came back to keep the vigil with me through the long, still night. At dawn the woman woke, and her face looked aged in the gray light. She was quiet, and took without a word the food we had prepared, awkwardly enough, in the keeping-room.

"I must go to him, I must go to him," she murmured, as we led her back.

"Yes," said Ermine, "but first, let me make you tidy. He loved to see you neat." And with deft, gentle touch she dressed the poor creature, arranging the heavy hair so artistically that, for the first time, I saw what she might have been, and understood the husband's dream.

"What is that?" I said, as a peculiar sound startled us.

"It's Roarer. He was tied up last night, but I suppose he's gnawed the rope," said the woman. I opened the

hall door, and in stalked the great dog, smelling his way directly up the stairs.

"O, he must not go!" I exclaimed.

"Yes, let him go, he loved his master," said Ermine; "we will. So silently we all went into the chamber of death.

The pictures had been taken down from the walls, but the wonderful sketch remained on the easel, which had been moved to the head of the couch where Solomon lay. His long, light hair was smooth, his face peacefully quiet, and on his breast lay the beautiful bunch of autumn leaves which he had arranged in our honor. It was a striking picture, — the noble face of the sketch above, and the dead face of the artist below. It brought to my mind a design I had once seen, where Fame with her laurels came at last to the door of the poor artist and gently knocked; but he had died the night before!

The dog lay at his master's feet, nor stirred until Solomon was carried out to his grave.

The Community buried the miner in one corner of the lonely little meadow. No service had they and no mound was raised to mark the spot, for such was their custom; but in the early spring we went down again into the valley, and placed a block of granite over the grave. It bore the inscription: —

SOLOMON.

He will finish his work in Heaven.

Strange as it may seem, the wife pined for her artist husband. We found her in the Community trying to work, but so aged and bent that we hardly knew her. Her large eyes had lost their peevish discontent, and a great sadness had taken the place.

"Seems like I could n't get on without Sol," she said, sitting with us in the hotel parlor after work hours. "I kinder miss his voice, and all them

names he used to call me; he got 'em out of the Bible, so they must have been good, you know. He always thought he thought no end of my good looks, too; I suppose I've lost 'em all now. He was mighty fond of me; nobody in all the world cares a straw for me now. Even Roarer would n't stay with me, for all I petted him; he kep' a going out to that meader and a lying by Sol, until, one day, we found him there dead. He just died of sheer loneliness, I reckon. I sha'n't have to stop long I know, because I keep a dreaming of Sol, and he always looks at me like he did when I first knew him. He was a beautiful boy when I first saw him on that load of wood coming into Sandy. Well, ladies, I must go. Thank you kindly for all you've done for me. And say, Miss Stuart, when I die you shall have that coal picter; no one else 'ud vally it so much."

Three months after, while we were at the sea-shore, Ermine received a long tin case, directed in a peculiar handwriting; it had been forwarded from C—, and contained the sketch and a note from the Community.

"E. STUART: — The woman Dorcas Bangs died this day. She will be put away by the side of her husband, Solomon Bangs. She left the enclosed picture, which we hereby send, and which please acknowledge by return of mail.

"JACOB BOLL, *Trustee.*"

I unfolded the wrappings and looked at the sketch. "It is indeed striking," I said. "She must have been beautiful once, poor woman!"

"Let us hope that at least she is beautiful now, for her husband's sake, poor man!" replied Ermine.

Even then we could not give up our preferences.

Constance Fentmore Woolson.

GOLDEN DELL.

BEYOND our moss-grown pathway lies
A dell so fair, to genial eyes
It dawns an ever-fresh surprise!

To touch its charms with gentler grace,
The softened heavens a loving face
Bend o'er that sweet, secluded place.

There first, despite the March winds cold,
Above the pale-hued emerald mould,
The earliest spring-tide buds unfold;

There first the ardent mock-bird, long
Winter's dumb thrall, from winter's wrong,
Breaks into gleeful floods of song;

Till from coy thrush to garrulous wren,
The humbler bards of copse and glen
Outpour their vernal notes again;

While such harmonious rapture rings,
With stir and flash of eager wings
Glimpsed fleetly, where the jasmine clings

To bosk and brier,—we blithely say,
“Farewell! bleak nights and mornings gray,
Earth opes her festal court to-day!”

There, first, from out some balmy nest,
By half-grown woodbine flowers caressed,
Steal zephyrs of the mild southwest

O'er purpling rows of wild-wood peas*
So blandly borne, the droning bees
Still suck their honeyed cores at ease;

Or, trembling through yon verdurous mass,
Dew-starred, and dimpling as they pass,
The wavelets of the billowy grass!

But fairest of fair things that dwell,
'Mid sylvan nurslings of the dell,
Is that clear stream whose murmurs swell

To music's airiest issues wrought,
As if a Naiad's tongue were fraught
With secrets of its whispered thought.

* In the Southern woods, often among sterile tracts of pine barren, a species of *wild pea* is found, or a plant which in all essentials resembles the pea plant.

Yea, fairest of fair things, it flows
 'Twixt banks of violet and of rose,
 Touched always by a quaint repose.

How golden bright its currents glide!
 While goldenly from side to side
 Bird-shadows flit athwart the tide.

So Golden Dell we name the place,
 And aye may heaven's serenest face
 Dream o'er it with a smile of grace;

For next the moss-grown path it lies,
 So pure, so fresh, to genial eyes
 It glows with hints of Paradise!

Paul H. Hayne.

GUNNAR: A NORSE ROMANCE.

PART IV.

X.

PARISH GOSSIP.

AFTER the skee-race, all the valley was talking about Gunnar Henjumhei and Ragnhild Rimul. Some people, who believed themselves well informed, knew for certain, that there must be something between them, for it was evident enough whom they both alluded to in their stave; and even if that meant nothing, no one could help noticing that they sought each other's company more than was proper for persons so wide apart in birth and external circumstances. Others, again, thought the idea too preposterous, and supposed that, at least on Ragnhild's part, the fondness amounted to nothing more than a common friendship, which, however, might be bad enough; for all agreed that it was an unpardonable boldness in a low-born houseman's son to cast his eyes upon a maiden who was worth at least her own weight in gold. At last the parish talk reached Atle Henjum's ear, and through him the widow of Rimul.

It was a Sunday forenoon. On the

hearth, in the large, well-lighted sitting-room at Rimul burned a lively wood fire. The floor was strewn with new juniper, spreading a fresh smell of cleanliness throughout the room. The snow was too deep for women on the church road that morning; therefore Ingeborg Rimul had the old silver-clasped family Bible, where births, marriages, and deaths had been faithfully recorded for many generations, lying open on the table before her. Her eyes fell upon the gospel for the day; reading that, she thought she might at least have some idea of what the text of the sermon would be. She was following down the page with her finger while reading. And still it was hardly the gospel which was foremost in her mind to-day; for whenever unobserved, her eyes wandered from the book to her daughter, who was sitting at the window, fair and Sunday clad, with her head resting upon her hand, while with an absent look she gazed at the starry figures of the ice on the frozen window. There was no one who did not think Ragnhild beautiful. She was one of those who unconsciously

draw all hearts to them. People said she most resembled her father's family. It was from him she had that gentleness of bearing and those blessed blue eyes, whose purity and depth bore in them a suggestion of the infinite; but the clear forehead, the strong chin, and that truly Northern luxuriance of blond hair were inheritances from the mother. A sad, almost painful expression passed over Ingeborg's face, as she sat silently watching her. — an expression which had long been strange to her features; but it was only momentary, and was soon exchanged for her wonted mien of undisturbed calmness and decision.

Heavy steps were heard in the outer hall, and the noise of some one stamping the snow from his feet. Both the women raised their eyes as the door opened and Atle Henjum stepped in. He went up to Ingeborg and shook hands; then he came to Ragnhild.

"Thanks for last meeting," said he.

"Thanks yourself," said they.

He took a seat on a bench next to his sister. "Bad weather for lumbering," remarked he. "I have two hundred dozen logs ready for floating, but shall probably have to wait until spring before getting them down, if it keeps on snowing at this rate."

"We are hardly better off than you, brother," answered the widow. "I am afraid we shall have to burn our fences for wood, if next week does not bring a change in the weather."

"Little need is there of such a waste, Ingeborg, as long as there is only the river between Henjum and Rimul."

"Many thanks for your offer, but it never was my way to borrow. I don't like to feel that I need anybody, not even my own brother."

For some time they all sat in silence, with their eyes fixed on the floor, as if lost in the contemplation of the knots in the planks of the floor or the accidental shapes of the juniper-needles. Then at last Atle spoke. "Well," began he slowly and with emphasis, "that day is probably not far off when there shall be no river to separate Henjum from Rimul." He looked toward Ragn-

hild as he said this; and although her face was turned away from him, she felt that his eyes rested on her. She quickly rose and left the room. "This was what I came to speak to you about, Ingeborg," continued Atle; "you know it has long been a settled thing between us that Henjum and Rimul should some day be one estate, and the way to bring this about you also know. Now Lars is a stout, well-grown lad, and Ragnhild is no longer a child either. So, if you are willing, I do not see any reason why we should not make the wedding, and the sooner the better. No one knows how many his days will be, and it surely would be a comfort to both of us to see them together before we take our leave."

"Atle," said the widow of Rimul, "you have my word, and I thought you knew your sister well enough to feel assured that her word is as good as gold. I can see no reason for hurrying the wedding. We are both folk in our best age, and strong as rocks, so there is but little probability of our dying for many years to come; and even if one of us should be called away, there would still be one left to execute the other's will."

Atle found this reasonable, but still he had other motives for wishing a speedy marriage; and since his sister compelled him to speak what he would rather not have told her, he would no longer keep from her the rumors which were circulating in the valley, and had found their way to his ear. He was of course aware that they had no foundation whatever, for tact and self-respect had always been innate virtues in their family; but still the girl was young, and a mother's advice might teach her to avoid even the appearances which could give occasion for such foolish gossip. He also told her that Lars, since his sudden disappearance at the skee-race, had hardly seemed the same person. Late the next morning, when he returned, he had refused to give any account of himself, and ever since he had had a strange, bewildered look about him. If Atle had believed in trollds and elf-maids, he should surely

have supposed that Lars must have seen something of the kind on his night walk in the forest. Ingeborg exhorted her brother to be at ease; she should have no difficulty in bringing the affair to the desired result, if he only would give her time; for the first year there could at least be no question of marriage. The stern, calm assurance in Ingeborg's words and manner removed Atle's fears; he had no doubt her plan was the better,—a concession which he never made to any one but her. With regard to Gunnar, they both agreed that he must have forgotten who he was, and that it was their duty to give him a reminder, before his conceit should run away with him.

It was nearly four weeks after the skee-race, and in all this time Gunnar and Ragnhild had hardly seen each other. The only place where they met was at church, and there they had to keep as far away from each other as possible; for they both knew that the valley was full of rumors which, if they came to Ingeborg Rimul, would cause them infinite trouble, and possibly crush their hopes forever. Thus weeks went, and months, and neither of them was happy. Wherever Gunnar went, people would stick their heads together and whisper; the young girls giggled when they saw him, and among the men there would fall many a cutting word. He soon understood, too, that it was not by mere accident that he overheard them. This, however, instead of weakening his courage, gave it new growth; but it was not the healthy growth fostered by a manly trust in his own strength. He was well aware that people did not speak to him as they spoke about him. Since he had grown up he had never been much liked, as he had always been what they called odd, which meant that he was not quite like all others; and in small communities there can be no crime greater than oddity. Ragnhild Rimul was the best match within four parishes round, and when any one so far below her in birth cast his eyes upon her he must naturally rouse the

jealousy at least of those who might have similar intentions. But these were not the only ones who felt hostile to Gunnar. Few were readier to denounce him than those of his own class, who had no lofty aspirations to lead them away from the beaten track of their fathers.

Then it happened that one afternoon he sat dreaming over a plot for a new composition. It was to be the scene from King Olaf Trygvesson's Saga, where the king wakes on his bridal night and sees the shining dagger in the hand of Gudrun, his bride.

"What is that," King Olaf said,
"Gleams so bright above thy head?
Wherefore standest thou so white
In pale moonlight?"

"'T is the bodkin that I wear,
When at night I bind my hair;
It woke me falling on the floor:
'T is nothing more." *

Olaf, the bold, youthful king, who had roamed eastward and westward on his Viking voyages, and had come home to preach the gospel with his sword, had always been a favorite with Gunnar, and this was not the first incident of the hero's life which had tempted his artistic fancy. But, strange to say, to-day the noble sea-king seemed but a commonplace, uncouth barbarian, and Gudrun, Ironbeard's fair daughter, a stiff, theatrical figure, in which there was neither grace, nor life, nor heroism. However much he turned and twisted her, she still retained a provoking mix of awkward consciousness, as if she were standing up for the special purpose of having her picture taken. In vain he tried to bring unity and harmony into the composition. An hour passed, and struggling through the chaotic shadows dawned slowly but surely a clearer and better day. It had been long coming, but now it stood cloudless and clear in its own light; and Gunnar passed from thought into resolution, from resolution into action. Strange that he had not seen it long ago! He sprang up, seized his cap and rushed out. The day was dim and

* Vide Longfellow's Saga of King Olaf, in *Tales of a Wayside Inn*.

foggy. He reached the river, unmoored a boat, and slowly worked his way between the large cakes of floating ice, till he touched the Rimul shore. Upon the hillside, under the leafless forest, lay the mansion wrapped in fog. As he came nearer he could see the windows glittering through the fog, but, as it were, with an expression of warning, not the bright smile with which they were accustomed to greet him in those happy days when, as a boy, he brought his sketches to little Ragnhild, and from her childlike delight drank strength and courage for coming days. These memories now again urged themselves upon him, and even for a moment made him waver in his determination; but, as if fleeing from his doubts, he hurried onward, and at length left them behind. Truly it was time that he should begin to act like a man. Ragnhild loved him, loved him as only Ragnhild could love; but, hard as the thought might be, it was not to be denied that she was ashamed to own him before men. And could he wonder? Had he ever done anything to prove to the world that he was entitled to its respect? And still what a power he felt within him! He was not the man who would have a woman stoop to own him, who would see her blush at her love for him. All this would he tell Ragnhild this day, tell her that she was no longer bound by any promise to him, that he was now going far away, where she should hear of him no more until he had lived to be something great. Then, perhaps, some time in the far future, when he should have compelled the world to know him and to honor him, he would return to her, if such should be her wish; and if not, he would be gone forever.

These were Gunnar's thoughts, and as he passed through the gate into the Rimul yard, he wondered again that he had not had the courage to know this and to say it before now. He had hoped to meet Ragnhild in the yard, that he might speak to her alone. This was about the time when she was wont to go to the cow-stables with her milk-

pails. So he waited for some minutes at the gate, but not seeing her he concluded that she must already have gone, and that he would probably find her in the stable. But on his way thither he met one whom, to say the least, he would rather not have met; there, on the barn-bridge,* stood the widow of Rimul, stiff and tall, on the very same spot where he had seen her eight years before, when, as a twelve-years' old boy, he had come with his father to take charge of her cattle. If she had been a marble statue, and had been standing there ever since, she could hardly have changed less. The same unshaken firmness and decision in the lines about her mouth; the same erect, commanding stature, the smooth, clear forehead; even the folds of her white semicircular head-gear and the black wadmaal skirt were apparently unchanged: and although Gunnar had grown from a child to a man in those years, he again felt all his courage deserting him as he stood face to face with the widow of Rimul. Indeed, the similarity of this occasion to the one alluded to, for the moment struck him so forcibly that he found it beyond his power to conquer that same boyish bashfulness and embarrassment which he had experienced at their first meeting. He had always prided himself that there was not the man in the parish of whom he was afraid; and yet here was a woman in whose presence he was and ever must remain a boy. This consciousness irritated him; with a vigorous effort he collected his scattered thoughts, and slowly and deliberately drew nearer. At the foot of the barn-bridge he stopped and took off his cap. "Thanks for last meeting," said he. The widow gave no heed to what he said, but continued giving her directions to the threshers who were at work in the barn.

"Do you call this threshing?" said

* The barn-bridge is a bridge built from the yard to the second floor of the barn buildings, whence the hay and wheat are cast down and stored in the lower story.

she severely, picking up a sheaf of rye from a large pile which the men had just been clearing off the floor. "Do you call this threshing, I say? Only look here" (and she shook the sheaf vigorously); "I would undertake to shake more than half a bushel of grain out of this pile which you pretend to have threshed. Mind you, men soon get their passports from Rimul, if they work that way."

Gunnar, supposing that he had been unobserved, took the last words as a warning to himself, and was already taking his departure when a sharp "Gunnar Henjumhei!" quickly called him back.

"It is damp weather to-day," stammered he, as he slowly drew nearer. A few steps from her he stopped, pulled off his cap again, and stood twirling it in his hands, expecting her to speak.

"Whom do you want to see?" asked she, having measured him with her eye from head to foot.

"Ragnhild, your daughter."

"Ragnhild, my daughter, has never yet been so pressed for wooers that she should have to take up with housemen's sons. So you will understand, Gunnar Henjumhei, that housemen's sons are no longer welcome at Rimul."

A quick pain, as if of a sudden sting, ran through his breast. The blood rushed to his face, and he had a proud answer ready; but as his glance fell upon the stern, stately woman whom he had always been taught to look up to as a kind of superior being, the words died upon his lips.

"She is Ragnhild's mother," thought he, and turned to go. He had just gained the foot of the barn-bridge when a loud, scornful laughter struck his ear. He stopped and looked back. There stood Lars Henjum in the barn-door, doubled up with laughter. This time it was hard to calm the boiling blood; and had it not been for the presence of Ragnhild's mother, Lars might have had occasion to regret that laughter before nightfall. So Gunnar

started again; but no sooner had he turned his back on Lars than the laughter burst forth again, and grew louder and wilder with the distance, until at last it sounded like a defiant scream. This was more than he could bear. He had tried hard to master himself; now he knew not whither his feet bore him, until he stood face to face with Lars and Ingeborg of Rimul. He clinched his fist and thrust it close up to the offender's face. Lars forgot to laugh then, turned pale, and sought refuge behind the widow's back.

"Gunnar, Gunnar!" cried she; for even she was frightened when she met the wild fire in his eye. She was a woman; it would be a shame to strike when a woman begged for peace.

He sent Lars a fierce parting glance. "You and I will meet again," said he, and went.

The two remained standing on the same spot, half unconsciously following him with their eyes, until the last dim outline of his figure vanished in the fog.

"Lars," said Ingeborg, turning abruptly on her nephew, "you are a coward."

"I wonder if you would like to fight with a fellow like him, especially when he was in such a rage," replied Lars.

"You are a coward," repeated the widow emphatically, as if she would bear no contradiction; and she turned again, and left him to his own reflections.

In April fog and April sleet the days creep slowly. Every day Gunnar looked longingly toward the mountains, wondering how that great world might be on the other side. Every morning awoke him with new resolutions and plans; every evening closed over a tale of withering courage and fading hopes; and only night brought him rest and consolation, when she let her dream-painted curtain fall over his slumber, like a *mirage* over the parched desert.

XI.

THE WEDDING OF THE WILD-DUCK.

BERG was the name of a fine farm the next west of Rimul. Peer was the name of the man who owned the farm. But the church and the friendly little parsonage were on the Henjum side of the river, and in the summer, therefore, the fjord was the church road of the Rimul people and all who lived on their side of the water. This Peer Berg was a very jovial man, and had a great many daughters, who, as he was wont to say himself, were the only crop he had ever succeeded in raising; in fact, there were more daughters on Berg than were needed to do the work about the place, and it was, therefore, not to be wondered at that Peer Berg never frowned on a wooer; the saying was, too, that both he and his wife had quite a faculty for alluring that kind of folks to the house. Gunnar knew the Berg daughters; for wherever there was dancing and merry-making, they were as sure to be as the fiddlers. As far back as he could remember, the church road had never missed the "Wild-Ducks" from Berg, as they were generally called, because they all were dressed alike, were all fair and gay, and where one went all the rest would invariably follow. Now one of the Wild-Ducks was to be married to a rich old bachelor from the neighboring valley, and people knew that Peer Berg intended to make a wedding the fame of which should echo through seven parishes round. Summons for the wedding were sent out far and wide, and to Gunnar with the rest.

It was early in the morning when bride and bridegroom from Berg with their nearest kinsfolk cleared their boats, and set out for the church; on the way one boat of wedding guests after another joined them, and by the time they reached the landing-place in the "Parsonage Bay" their party counted quite a goodly number. The air was fresh and singularly transparent, and the fjord, partaking of the all-

pervading air-tone, glittered in changing tints of pale blue and a cool, delicate green. Now and then a faint tremor would skim along its mirror, like the quiver of a slight but delightful emotion. Toward the north the mountains rose abruptly from the water, and with their snow hooded heads loomed up into fantastic heights; irregular drifts of light, fog-like cloud hung or hovered about the lower crags. Westward the fjord described a wide curve, bounded by a lower plateau, which gradually ascended through the usual pine and birch regions into the eternal snow-fields of immeasurable dimensions; and through the clefts of the nearest peaks the view was opened into a mountain panorama of indescribable grandeur. There gigantic yokuls measured their strength with the heavens; wild glaciers shot their icy arms downwards, clutching the landscape in their icy embrace; and rapid, snow-fed rivers darted down between the precipices where only a misty spray, hovering over the chasm, traced their way toward the fjord.

About half-way between the church and the mouth of the river a headland, overgrown with birch and pine forest, ran far out into the fjord. Here the first four boats of the bridal party stopped on their homeward way to wait for those which had been left behind; in one sat the bride herself, with breast-plate and silver crown on her head, and at her side the bridegroom shining in his best holiday trim, with rows of silver buttons and buckles, according to the custom of the valley; in his hand he held an ancient war-axe. On the bench in front of them Peer Berg and his merry wife had their places; and next to them, again, two of the bridegroom's nearest kin. The second boat contained the remaining Wild-Ducks and other relatives and connections; and the third and fourth, wedding guests and musicians. But there were at least nine or ten loads missing yet; for the wedding at Berg was to be no ordinary one. In the mean time old Peer proposed to

taste the wedding brewage, and bade the musicians to strike up so merry a tune that it should sing through the bone and the marrow. "For fiddles, like hops, give strength to the beer," said he, "and then people from afar will hear that the bridal-boats are coming." And swinging above his head a jug filled to the brim with strong home-brewed Hardanger-beer, he pledged the company, and quaffed the liquor to the last drop. "So did our old forefathers drink," cried he; "the horn might stand on either end if their lips had once touched it. And may it be said from this day, that the wedding guests at Berg proved that they had the true old Norse blood in their veins." A turbulent applause followed this speech of Peer's, and amid music, singing, and laughter the beer-jugs passed from boat to boat and from hand to hand. Now and then a long, yoddlings halloo came floating through the calm air, followed by a clear, manifold echo; and no sooner had the stillness closed over it than the merry voices from the boats again rose in louder and noisier chorus. All this time the bridal fleet was rapidly increasing, and for every fresh arrival the beer-jugs made another complete round. No one drank without finding something or other to admire, whether it were the liquor itself or the skilfully carved silver jugs in which, as every one knew, Peer Berg took no little pride; indeed, they had been an heirloom in the family from immemorial times, and the saying was that even kings had drunk from them. There were now eighteen or nineteen boats assembled about the point of the headland, and the twentieth and last was just drawing up its oars for a share of the beer and the merriment. In the stern sat Gunnar, dreamily gazing down into the deep, and at his side his old friend Rhyme-Ola, his winking eyes fixed on him with an anxious expression of almost motherly care and tenderness. In his hands he held some old, time-worn paper, to which he quickly directed his attention whenever Gunnar made the slightest motion, as if he

were afraid of being detected. When the customary greetings were exchanged, the bridegroom asked Rhyme-Ola to let the company hear his voice, and the singer, as usual, readily complied. It was the old, mournful tale of Young Kirsten and the Merman; and as he lent his rich, sympathetic voice to the simplicity of the ballad, its pathos became the more touching, and soon the tears glittered in many a tender-hearted maiden's eye.

There is a deep, unconscious romance in the daily life of the Norwegian peasant. One might look in vain for a scene like this throughout Europe, if for no other reason than because *the fjord* is a peculiarly Norwegian feature, being, in life, tone, and character, as different from the friths of Scotland and the bays of the Mediterranean as the hoary, rugged pines of the North are from those slender, smooth-grown things which in the South bear the same name. Imagine those graceful, strong-built boats, rocking over their own images reflected in the cool transparency of the fjord; the fresh, fair-haired maidens scattered in blooming clusters among the elderly, more sedately dressed matrons; and the old men, whose weather-worn faces and rugged, expressive features told of natures of the genuine mountain mould. The young lads sat on the row-benches, some with the still dripping oars poised under their knees, while they silently listened to the song; others bending eagerly forward or leaning on their elbows, dividing their attention between Rhyme-Ola and the tittering girls on the benches in front. They all wore red, pointed caps, generally with the tassel hanging down over one side of the forehead, which gave a certain touch of roguishness and light-heartedness to their manly and clear-cut visages. And to complete the picture, there is Rhyme-Ola, as he sits aloft on the beer-kegs in the stern of the boat, now and then striking out with his ragged arms, and weeping and laughing according as the varying incidents of his song affect him. As a background to

this scene stands the light birch forest glittering with its fresh sprouts, and filling the air with its springlike fragrance; behind this again the pines raise their dusky heads; and around the whole picture the mountains close their gigantic arms and warmly press forest, fjord, and bridal party to the mighty heart of Norway.

When the ballad was at an end, it was some time before any one spoke, for no one wished to be the first to break the silence.

"Always the same mournful tales," said at length one of the old men, but only half aloud, as if he were speaking to himself.

"Rhyme-Ola," cried one of the fiddlers, "why don't you learn to sing something jolly, instead of these sad old things, which could almost make a stone weep?"

"You might just as well tell the plover to sing like the lark," answered Rhyme-Ola.

"I love the old songs," said Ragnhild Rimul (for she was there also), "they always bring tears to my eyes, but sometimes I like better to cry than to laugh."

Peer Berg now signalled to the oarsmen, and the boats soon shot swiftly in through the fjord. In about an hour the whole company landed on the Berg pier, and marched in procession up to the wedding-house. First came the musicians, then bride and bridegroom, and after them their parents and nearest kin. The guests formed the rear. Among the last couples were Lars Henjum and Ragnhild; last of all came Gunnar and Rhyme-Ola.

Berg was an old-fashioned place, for Peer Berg took a special pride in being old-fashioned. Coming up the hill from the water, Berg appeared more like a small village than a single family dwelling. The mansion itself in which Peer with his wife and his Wild-Ducks resided was of a most peculiar shape. It was very large and had two stories, the upper surrounded by a huge balcony, which made it appear nearly

twice as broad as the lower. Over this balcony shot out a most venerable slated roof, completely overgrown with moss, grass, and even shrubs of considerable size; the railing, which had once been painted and skilfully carved, was so high and so close that it afforded little or no room for the daylight to peep in and cheer the dreary nest of the Wild-Ducks. Round the mansion lay a dozen smaller houses and cottages, scattered in all directions; if they had grown out from the soil of their own accord, they could hardly have got into more awkward or more irregular positions. One looked north, another west, a third southeast, and no two lay parallel or with their gables facing each other. Every one of these houses, however, had been erected for some special purpose. First, there were, of course, the barns and the stables, which in size and respectability nearly rivalled the mansion. Quite indispensable were the servant-hall, the sheepfold, and the wash-house; and without forge and flax-house Berg could hardly have kept up its reputation as a model establishment.

With gay music and noisy laughter and merriment, the bridal procession passed into the yard, where from the steps of the mansion they were greeted by the master of ceremonies in a high-flown speech of congratulation. The doors were then thrown wide open, and soon like a swelling tide the crowd rolled through the house, and the lofty halls shook with the hum and din of the festivity. For at such times the Norsemen are in their lustiest mood; then the old Saga-spirit is kindled again within them; and let him beware who durst say then that the Viking blood of the North is extinct. The festal hall at Berg, which occupied the whole lower floor of the building, was decorated for the occasion with fresh leaves and birch branches, for the birch is the bride of the trees; but as it was still early in the season, it was necessary to keep up a fire on the open hearth. This hearth might in-

deed, in more than one sense, be said to have given a certain homely color to everything present, not only in the remoter sense, as being the gathering-place of the family in the long winter evenings, but also in a far nearer one ; its smoke had, perhaps for more than a century, been equally shared by the chimney and the room, and had settled in the form of shining soot on walls, rafters, and ceiling. Two long tables extended across the length of the hall from one wall to an other, laden with the most tempting dishes. The seats of honor, of course, belonged to bride and bridegroom, and they having taken their places, the master of ceremonies urged the guests to the tables and arranged them in their proper order in accordance with their relative dignity or their relationship or acquaintance with the bride. Now the blessing was pronounced and the meal began. It was evident enough that the boating and the march had whetted the guests' appetites ; huge trays of cream-porridge, masses of dried beef, and enormous wheaten loaves disappeared with astonishing rapidity. Toast upon toast was drunk, lively speeches made and heartily applauded, tales and legends told, and a tone of hearty, good-humored merriment prevailed. The meal was a long one ; when the feasters rose from the tables it was already dusk. In the course of the afternoon the weather had changed ; now it was blowing hard, and the wind was driving huge masses of cloud in through the mountain gorges. Shadows sank over the valley, the torches were lit in the wedding-house, and a lusty wood-fire crackled and roared on the hearth. Then the tables were removed, the music began, and bride and bridegroom trod the springing dance together, according to ancient custom ; others soon followed, and before long the floors and the walls creaked and the flames of the torches rose and flickered in fitful motion, as the whirling air-currents seized and released them. Those of the men who did not dance joined the crowd round the beer-bar-

rels, which stood in the corner opposite the hearth, and there slaked their thirst with the strong, home-brewed drink which Norsemen have always loved so well, and fell into friendly chat about the result of the late fishery or the probabilities for a favorable lumber and grain year.

It was late, near midnight. The storm was growing wilder without, the dance within. Clouds of smoke and dust arose ; and as the hour of midnight drew near, the music of the violins grew wilder and more exciting.

All the evening Lars Henjum had been hovering near Ragnhild, as if watching her ; and Gunnar, who rather wished to keep as far away as possible from Lars, had not spoken to her since her arrival. Now, by chance, she was standing next to him in the crowd ; Lars had betaken himself to the beer-vessel, which, it was clear enough, he had already visited too often. As Gunnar stood there he felt a strange sensation steal over him. Ragnhild seemed to be as far away from him as if he had only known her slightly, as if their whole past, with their love and happiness, had only been a strange, feverish dream, from which they had now both waked up to the clear reality. He glanced over to Ragnhild and met a long, unspeakably sad look resting on him. Then, like an electric shock, a great, gushing warmth shot from his heart and diffused itself through every remotest vein and fibre. The fog-veil of doubt was gone ; he was again in the power of his dream, and in the very excess of his emotion ; forgetting all but her, he seized her hand, bent over her and whispered, "Ragnhild, dearest, do you know me?" It was an absurd question, and he was aware of that himself in the very next minute, but then it was already too late. She, however, had but little difficulty in understanding it ; for she only seized his other hand too, turned on him a face beaming with joyful radiance, and said softly, "Gunnar, where have you been so long?" Instead of an answer, he flung his arms around her waist,

lifted her up from the floor with a powerful grasp, and away they went like a whirlwind.

"A devil of a fellow in the dance, that Gunnar Henjumhei," said one of the lads at the beer-vessel to Lars, who happened to be his next neighbor; "never saw I a brisker lad on a dancing-floor as far back as my memory goes. And it is plain enough that the girls think the same." Lars heard it, he saw Gunnar's daring leap, saw Ragnhild bending trustfully towards him, and heard the loud shouts of admiration. In another moment he imagined that all eyes were directed toward himself, and his suspicion read a pitying sneer in all faces.

"No use for you to try there any longer," cried a young fellow, coming up to him, and in the loving mood of half-intoxication laying both his arms round his neck; "it is clear the houseman's boy has got the upper hand of you."

"And if you did try," interposed another, "all you would gain would be a sound thrashing; and you always were very careful about your skin, Lars."

Lars bit his lip. Every word went through him like a poisonous sting, but he made no answer. The bridegroom had gone to give the fiddlers a jug of beer, and the music had stopped. Ragnhild sat hot and flushed on a bench by the wall, and Gudrun stood bending over her and eagerly whispering in her ear. Gunnar walked towards the door, and Lars followed a few steps after,—the two lads at some distance. "Now there will be sport, boys," said they, laughing.

Gunnar stood on the outer stairs, peering into the dark, impenetrable night. The storm had now reached its height; the wind howled from overhead through the narrow mountain gorges; it roared and shrieked from below, and died away in long, despairing cries. Then it paused as if to draw its breath, and there was a great, gigantic calm, and again it burst forth with increased violence. To him it was a relief to hear the storm, it was a com-

fort to feel its power; for in his own breast there was a storm raging too. When, ah! when should he summon the courage to break all the ties that bound him to the past? Before him lay the wide future, great and promising. O, should he never reach that future? The storm made a fearful rush; the building trembled; something heavy fell over Gunnar's neck, and he tumbled headlong down into the yard. His first thought was that a plank torn loose by the wind had struck him; but by the light from the windows he saw a man leap down the steps after him; he sprang up and prepared to meet him, for he knew the man. "I might have known it was you, Lars Henjum," cried he, "for the blow was from behind."

When Lars saw his rival on his feet he paused for a moment, until a loud, scornful laugh from the spectators again kindled his ire.

"I knew you would be afraid, Lars Henjum," shouted a voice from the crowd.

Gunnar was just turning to receive Lars when a blow, heavier than the first, struck him from behind over his left ear. The darkness was thick, and Lars took advantage of the darkness.

The flaring, unsteady light of a hundred torches struggled with the gloom; men and women, young and old, pressed out with torches and firebrands in their hands, and soon the wedding guests had formed a close ring around the combatants, and stared with large eyes at the wild and bloody play; for they knew that the end of such a scene is always blood. At windows and doors crowds of young maidens watched the fighters, with fright and eager interest painted in their youthful faces, and clasped each other more tightly for every blow that fell.

By the light of the burning logs Gunnar now found his opponent. Wildly they rushed at each other, and wild was the combat that followed. Revenge, long-cherished hatred, burned in Lars's eye; and as the memory of past insults re-

turned, the blood ran hotter through Gunnar's veins. The blows came quick and strong on either side, and it would have been hard to tell who gave and who received the most. At last a well-directed blow struck Lars in the head; the blood streamed from his mouth and nostrils, he reeled and fell backward. A subdued murmur ran through the crowd. Two men sprang forward, bent over him, and asked if he was much hurt. Gunnar was about to go, when suddenly he saw the wounded man leap to his feet, a long knife gleaming in his hand; in the twinkling of an eye he was again at his side; he wrung the weapon from his grasp, and held it threatening over his head. "Beg now for your life, you cowardly wretch!" cried he, pale with rage.

Lars foamed; he made a rush for the knife, but missing it, he flung his arms round Gunnar's waist and strug-

gled to throw him. Gunnar strove to free himself. In the contest, Lars's foot slipped, they both tumbled to the ground. A shooting pain ran through Lars's body; in another moment he felt nothing. A red stream gushed from his side: he had fallen on his own knife. Gunnar rose slowly, saw and shuddered. The last gleam of the torches flickered, dying.

Wildly howled the storm, but over the storm arose a helpless shriek of despair. "O Gunnar, Gunnar, what hast thou done?" and Ragnhild sprang from the stairs, frantically pressed onward through the throng, and flung herself upon Lars's bloody body. She lifted her eyes to Gunnar with horror. "O Gunnar, may God be merciful to thee!"

The last spark was quenched. Night lay before him, night behind him. He turned towards the night — and fled.

H. H. Boyesen.

THE AMERICAN PANTHEON.*

WHEN Rufus Griswold built his Pantheon wide,
And set a hundred poets round its walls,
Did he believe their statues would abide
The tests of time upon their pedestals?

A hundred poets, some in Parian stone
Perchance, and some in brittle plaster cast,
And some, mere busts, whose names are scarcely known,
Dii Minores of a voiceless Past.

Time was when many there so neatly niched,
Held each within his court a sovereign sway,
Each in his turn his little world enriched,
The ephemeral poet-laureate of his day.

Ah, what is fame! Star after star goes out,
Lost Pleiads in the firmament of truth:

* See *Poets and Poetry of America*, by Rufus W. Griswold. Philadelphia: Cary and Hart. 1842.

Our kings discrowned ere dies the distant shout
That hailed the coronation of their youth.

Few are the world's great singers. Far apart,
Thrilling with love, yet wrapped in solitude,
They sit communing with the common Heart
That binds the race in human brotherhood.

A wind of heaven o'er their musing breathes,
And wakes them into verse, — as April turns
The roadside banks to violets, and unsheaths
The forest-flowers amid the leaves and ferns.

And we who dare not wear the immortal crown
And singing-robes, at least may hear and dream,
While strains from prophet-lips come floating down,
Inspired by them to sing some humbler theme.

Nay, nothing can be lost whose living stems,
Rooted in truth, spring up to beauty's flower.
The spangles of the stage may flout the gems
On queenly breasts, but only for an hour.

The fashion of the time shall stamp its own.
The heart, the radiant soul, the eternal truth
And beauty born of harmony, alone
Can claim the garlands of perennial youth.

O not for fame the poet of to-day
Should hunger. Though the world his music scorn,
The after-time may hear, as mountains gray
Echo from depths unseen the Alpine horn.

So, while around this Pantheon wide I stray,
Where poets from Freneau to Fay are set,
I doubt not each in turn has sung a lay
Some hearts are not quite willing to forget.

For who in barren rhyme and rhythm could spend
The costly hours the Muse alone should claim,
Did not some finer thought, some nobler end,
Breathe ardors sweeter than poetic fame?

Christopher P. Cranch.

HONEST JOHN VANE.

PART IV.

VIII.

THE very faint promise of aid which seemed to exhale from Vane's question cheered up Dorman a little.

There was a strange brightening in his dusky eyes, followed by a momentary obscuration and haziness, as though a few sparks had risen to their surface from some heated abyss, and had gone out there in a trifle of smoke. He started up and paced the room briskly for some seconds, meanwhile tightly clasping his dried-up, blackened claws across his coat-skirts, perhaps to keep his long tail from wagging too conspicuously inside his trousers,—that is, supposing he possessed such an unearthly embellishment.

"I'll tell you what we want," he at last chuckled, with the air of a man who is about to utter a devilish good joke. "We want, first, a bill to stop the collection of interest until the loan falls due, when we will pay the one hundred and thirty millions at once, if we can. Second, we want a bill to change the government lien from a first to a second mortgage, so that we can issue a batch of first-mortgage bonds and raise money for current expenses. That's all we want now, Vane, and I'm sure it's moderate."

"O, ain't it, though?" grinned Honest John, half indignant and half amused at this impudent rapacity. "I'm sure it's very kind of you not to ask Uncle Sam to throw in the whole loan as a present. I dare say you might get it."

"O, we're not a bit greedy," Dorman continued to chuckle. "Well, now, to go back to business, we must have good men to help us. We want the very best. The fellows who have pushed us through so far are mainly such notorious dead-beats in point of

character that they would throw discredit on a recruiting agency. We want a fresh lot, and a respectable lot. We want such fellows as Christian and Faithful in the Senate, and you and Greatheart and Hopeful in the House."

Honest John Vane pondered; he thought of his good fame, and then he thought of his debts; he thought of his insufficient salary, and of the abounding millions of the Great Subfluvial. Finally he came to the risky decision that he would just ask the way to the bottomless pit, reserving for further consideration the question of leaping into its seething corruption.

"How are you going to get us?" he inquired, in a choked and almost inaudible voice, the voice of a man who is up to his lips in a quicksand.

The eyes of the Mephistopheles of the lobby glowed with a lurid excitement which bore an infernal resemblance to joy. He had a detestable hope that at last he was about to strike a bargain with his simple Faust. There was more than the greed of lucre in his murky countenance; there was seemingly a longing to buy up honesty, character, and self-respect; there was eagerness to purchase a soul.

"We can make things just as pleasant as a financier could want," he answered, coming at once to the point of remuneration. "You don't want stock in the Subfluvial, of course. If you held shares in that and then gave it a lift, the opposition lobby would bawl about it, and the public might impute selfish motives. But we have got up an inside machine, which is all the same with the Subfluvial, and yet isn't the same. It works under a separate charter, and yet has the same engineers. It builds the funnel, handles the capital once or twice, and keeps what sticks to its fingers. It's a con-

struction committee, in short, which fixes its own compensation. It's a sure, quiet, rich thing for dividends. I don't know a safer or more profitable investment. We can let you into that, and you can draw your hundred and fifty per cent a year, and all the while be as snug as a bug in a rug. Will you come inside the rug? Will you stand by the great, sublime, beneficent, liberal Subfluvial? Say you will, John! It's a noble national enterprise. Say you'll see it out."

As Honest John Vane stared at his grimy tempter, striving to decide whether he would accept or spurn that tempter's degrading proffer, he had the air of a man who is uncomfortably ill, and his appearance was matched by his sensations. There was woful sickness in his heart; and, to use a common phrase more easily understood than explained, it struck to his stomach; and that fleshly-minded organ, taking its own physical view of the matter, electrified every nerve with the depressing thrills of bodily indisposition. He was as ill at ease and as pale as the unseaworthy landsman whom Neptune has just begun to toss in his great blanket. Moreover, he felt that he was pale; he knew that he did not present the healthy countenance of stalwart innocence; and this knowledge increased his discomposure, and made him look fairly abject.

It would be impossible, short of reiterating all the circumstances of our story, to give a complete id  a of his thoughts and emotions. But we must specify that he sorrowfully blamed his wife for those follies of hers which had driven him into debt; that he cursed the widespread social extravagance which had made of that wife a pitiless, or at least an uncomprehending extortioner and spendthrift; and that he cursed even more bitterly that whole system of subsidies and special legislation which was now drawing around him its gilded nets of bribery. There were stinging reminiscences, too, of his worthy glorying in the title of Honest; of his loud and sincere promises to

acclaiming fellow-citizens that he would labor tirelessly at the task of congressional reform; of his noble trust that he might establish a broad and permanent fame on the basis of official uprightness. All these things went through him at once like a charge of small shot. No wonder that his moral nature bled exhaustively, and that he had the visage of a man stricken with mortal wounds.

It must be observed, however, that his grief and compunction were not of the highest character, such as would doubtless accompany the downfall of a truly noble nature. There is a rabble in morals as well as in manners, and to this spiritual mobocracy Vane belonged by birth. The fibre of his soul was coarse, and it had never been refined or purified by good breeding, and very likely it was not capable of taking a finish. No such "self-made man" was he as Abraham Lincoln, or many another who has shed honor on lowly beginnings, and made the phrase "self-made" dear to millions. On the contrary, he was one of those whose mission it is to show the millions that they are disposed to over-estimate the qualities implied by this absurdly popular epithet. He had his good fruits; but they sprang from feeble or selfish motives, and so were not likely to bear abundantly. He did not prize virtue for its own sake, but because the name of it had brought him honor. In truth, his far-famed honesty had thus far stood on a basis of decent egotism and respectable vanity. When his self-conceit was sapped by debt and by the sense of legislative failure, the superstructure sagged, leaned, gaped in rifts, and was ready to sink under the first deluge of temptation.

In the expression with which he looked at Dorman, you could see how much his vanity was hurt. He had a stare of dislike and anger which would have caused a human being of ordinary sensibilities either to quit the room or roll up his sleeves for a fight. Like many another over-tempted person, he hated his tempter while sub-

mitting to him, and because he submitted to him. His soul, indeed, was in a confounding turmoil of contradictions, and did not work at all as the souls of accountable creatures are meant to work. Had he retained full presence of mind, he would have held back his concession to wrong until he could make a bargain, and sell his soul for at least what little it was worth. But his very first words of sin were at once an apology for it and a confession that he was not in circumstances to dictate his own price for it.

"Darius, I am awfully hard up," he said, with an abject pathos which ought to have drawn a bonus from the most griping and illiberal of the Lords of Hell. But an utterance of weakness or suffering was the last thing in the world which could draw generosity from the nondescript sinner who had come to entice him. It may be that Dorman was only a fiend in embryo, who was still awaiting diabolical regeneration, and had not even commenced his growth in the true infernal graces; but if so, he was a chrysalis or tadpole of truly abominable promise, whose evolution would be likely to fill all Gehenna with gladness, and cause it to welcome his coming with strewings of its most sulphurous palm-branches. No doubt his anthropological experience had been an advantage to him; he had absorbed all the evil that he could find in business, politics, and lobbying; he had developed to the utmost the selfish, pitiless instincts of traffic and chicanery. All the law and the prophets that he knew were comprised in the single Mammonite commandment, *Thou shalt buy cheap and sell dear*. The consequence was that he listened to John Vane's avowal of bankruptcy without a throb of compassion. Indeed, his only emotion on hearing that cry of a stumbling soul was a huckstering joy in the hope of getting a good thing at a bargain. The cheaper the better, the more of a trading triumph, and therefore the nobler. Whoever has read the stories of those diabolical temptations which were so

common in the "ages of faith," knows that Satan is anxious to purchase immortal spirits on the shabbiest possible terms. The reason is plain: a beggarly price not only "bears" the market, but throws contempt on the "line of merchandise" traded for; it exposes to the scorn of chaos the spiritual and, therefore, most perfect work of the Creator.

Dorman possessed in full measure this Luciferian humor of higgling. Discovering that Vane was in financial extremities, he inferred that he would "sell out at a low figure." He had come empowered to offer five thousand dollars for the respectability which lay in Honest John's character; but he now decided that he would throw out only the bait with which he was accustomed to angle for the ordinary fry of Congressmen. If one thousand dollars' worth of stock sufficed to land his fish, there would remain four thousand dollars for himself, a very fair commission.

"You ought not to miss this chance, Vane," he said, with the calmness of a horsedealer. "We will guarantee you ten per cent, and it is pretty certain to pay fifty, and may pay twice as much."

"Of course it will pay anything that you inside fellows choose to make it pay," answered the Congressman, with a bluntness which revealed his moral inflammation. He was in the condition of a man who is having a tooth pulled, and who cannot but desire to make a bite at his dentist's fingers.

"Well, that's so, of course," admitted Dorman, with the smile of a trickster who decides to make a merit of enforced frankness. "But it would n't do for us to cut the profits too fat, you know. We can't divide up the whole Subfluvial stock and government loan among the construction ring. We've got to draw a line somewhere. Say a hundred per cent, now."

"Say so, if you like," returned John Vane, sullenly, meanwhile searching in vain for some pecuniary escape from this bargain, so full of risk for his good name and of humiliation to his vanity.

"Well, I say so; that's agreed on," winked Dorman.

There was a silence now which endured through several eternal seconds. The statesman who was for sale and the lobbyist who wanted to buy him were both alike unwilling to name a price, the former through shame and the latter through niggardliness.

"There isn't much of this left," Dorman at last resumed. "Stands at one or two hundred per cent above par. It's such a safe and paying thing that there's been a loud call for it."

Vane made no response; he had an appearance even of not listening to the agent of the abysses of corruption. The truth is that he was beginning to recover his self-possession, and with it his faculty for dickering.

"I could let you have five hundred of it, though," continued the lobbyist, still bent upon getting his soul for a song.

"Do you mean to insult me?" demanded Vane, with a glare which might mean either huckstering anger at the meanness of the bribe or virtuous indignation at being offered a bribe at all.

"Say a thousand, then," added Dorman, with a spasmodic start, as if the offer had been jerked out of him by red-hot pincers, or as if the breath in which he uttered it had been a scalding steam of brimstone. "Senators Christian and Faithful took a thousand each, and were glad to get it. Let me see; we've had to go as high as that on some of the House fellows, too, — such men as Greatheart and Hopeful, for instance. Well, I ought not to mention names."

"Why, those are our biggest figure-heads!" Vane almost shouted, springing up and pacing the room in amazement.

"Of course they are," grinned Dorman. "The very highest sign-boards in Congress, the saints and the advocates of reform, and the watch-dogs of the Treasury! There are no men of better reputation inside politics."

"I would n't have thought it — of *them*," pursued Vane. "I knew there

was a raft of fellows who took investments in things that they voted for. But I supposed there were *some* exceptions."

The lobbyist knew that there were exceptions; he had learned by dint of rebuffs that Congressmen existed who were either pure enough or rich enough to be above pecuniary temptation; but he was careful not to mention this fact to his proposed victim.

"Well, you see how it is, at last," he resumed. "You see that the candle of fame only lights up a game for money. And now what's the use of your holding different notions from everybody else? You haven't been practical, John Vane; you've been eccentric and highfalutin. I put it to you, as one fair-minded business man to another, is it generous or just for a capitalist to ask a member to work for him gratis? I say not. If I see an honest chance to make five thousand dollars, and you give me a lift which enables me to use that chance, I ought to allow you a share in the investment. And that's what I do. I've got five thousand of this inside stock —"

Here he had another spasmodic start, which ended in a prolonged fit of coughing, as though the brimstone fumes which we have imputed to his breath were unusually dense and stifling. Of course it could not have been remorse or shame which interfered with his breathing, although the five thousand dollars which he talked of had been given him to transfer to Vane, and although his own private share of the "Hen Persuader" stock already amounted to fifty thousand. Of remorse or shame he must have been fundamentally incapable. If he felt any human passion at this moment, it must have been a peanut pedler's gladness.

"And I offer you twenty per cent of it," he continued, when he had recovered his utterance. "That's about fair, I think, for I've only this one investment on hand, and can't possibly attend to more, while you can dip into all the national enterprises that are going. And don't you make Puritanic

faces over it. It is n't money, you see. So help me Lucifer! I would n't think of offering money to you. It's just a business chance. Is there anything low in a Congressman's putting his money where his constituents put theirs? Is n't he thereby joining his fortunes with theirs? That's what I said to Greatheart, and he could n't get round it, and he took the stock."

"I'll — I'll take it, too," was John Vane's response, — a mere choked gasp of a response, but heard, perhaps, all through Pandemonium.

"All right!" laughed Dorman, leaping up and giving his member's back a slap, which ought to have left the imprint of a fiery hand. "Well, I'll hold the stock for you," he promptly added, with a sly sparkle in his smoky eyes. "Just to keep your name off the books and out of the newspapers, you understand."

Our Congressman pondered for a full minute before he replied. He was no longer Honest John Vane, but he desired to remain such in the eyes of the public, and consequently he did not want the stock in his own name. At the same time he shrewdly doubted whether it would be worth much to him, if it stood to the credit of Dorman. His countenance was at this moment a study for a painter of character. There were two phases in it, the one growing and the other waning, like the new moon encroaching upon the old. In a moment you might say that it had undergone a transfiguration, though not such a one as apostles would desire to honor with tabernacles. All the guile in his soul — that slow, loutish guile which lies at the bottom of so many low-bred and seemingly simple natures — rose to the surface of his usually genial and hearty expression, like oily scum to the surface of water. His visage actually took a physical lubricity from it, and shone like the fraudulent superficialities of a shaved and greased pig.

"I won't trouble you to hold my property for me, Darius," he said. "I'll hold it in my own name. Honesty is the best policy."

This last phrase was a noteworthy one. It showed that he had already entered upon the life of a hypocrite. A little before he had been a living body of honesty; now he was a vampire, but he still retained his decent carcass.

"Now, — look here, John, — *would* you?" hesitated the lobbyist, who had hoped to make the shares stick to his own fingers. "Christian and Greatheart and those fellows have n't. You see, if there should be an exposure, and this stock should be found in your name, you would n't be on the investigating committee."

"Never mind, I'll do the square thing," replied Vane, to whom it had suddenly occurred that the Great Subfluvial and its "Hen Persuader" worked under separate charters, so that a man who held property in one might plausibly claim a right to vote on the other.

"O, well, if you insist upon it," assented Dorman, much chagrined. "If you choose to risk it, why, of course — Well, now about paying for the stock: as you are hard up, suppose we let the dividends go toward that."

"Suppose we don't," promptly returned Vane, remembering how direly he needed ready cash. "Suppose you hand me the certificates at once, and the dividends as fast as they fall in."

The lobbyist looked at his victim with an air of spite qualified by admiration. Maelzel might have had a similar expression (though not by any possibility so vicious and diabolical) when he was beaten at chess by his own automaton.

"I have caught a Tartar," he grinned. "When you turn your attention to finance, John, you show your business training. Your game is n't the safest, though. All the sly old hands, — all the fellows who have graduated in the lobbies of the State Legislatures, and bribed their way from there into Congress, — all those shysters have had the shares sold for them and taken nothing but the plain greenbacks. I see what your false bosom is made of, John,

— the fair front of honest simplicity and ignorance. It may do you, and it may not. The faster a hog swims the more he cuts his throat with his own hoofs," he added, with a spite which made him coarse. "You'd better let me keep the stock for you."

John Vane lighted a cigar and smoked with an air of indifference.

"Well," sighed the imp, who had not bought a soul as cheaply as he had hoped, "have it your own way, then. I'll bring the certificate to-morrow."

IX.

AND NOW Honest John Vane had become Dishonest John Vane, and justified Dorman's contemptuous nickname of Weathercock John.

He had accepted stock in a financial enterprise, which might fairly be called a Juggernaut of swindling, on the understanding that he would grease its rusted wheels with fresh legislation, and help roll it once more through the public treasury and over the purses of the people. In so doing, he had trampled on such simian instincts of good as had been born in him, on such development of conscience as he had been favored with during his sojourn in this christianly human cycle, on resolutions which he knew to be noble, because everybody had told him so, and on promises whereby he had secured power. He had proved that, so far as he could be a moral anything, he was a moral failure. In all the miscellaneous "depravity of inanimate things" he most resembled a weak-jointed pair of tongs, such as pusillanimously cross their legs, let their burdens drop back into the coals, and pinch the hand which trusts them.

In short, he had easily fallen into the loose horde of Congressional foragers or "bummers," who never do one stroke of fighting in the battle of real statesmanship, but prowl after plunder in the trail of the guerillas of the lobby. Their usual history, as the well-informed Darius Dorman has already hinted to us,

was this: they had acquired a mastery of log-rolling and bribery and stealing in the halls or the lobbies of the State Legislatures; and, having there gained sufficient wealth or influence, had bribed their way to Congress, with the sole object of plundering more abundantly. John Vane, on the contrary, had been elected by a hopeful people, going about with a lantern to look for an honest politician. He had meant to be honest; he had, so to speak, taken upon himself the vows of honesty; and now, for a thousand or two of dollars, he had broken them. He differed from a majority of his brethren in piratical legislation just as a backslider and hypocrite differs from a consistent sinner.

Can we palliate his guilt? We repeat here, — for the moral importance of the fact will justify iteration, — that he came of a low genus. It was a saying of the oldest inhabitant of Slowburgh, that "up to John's time there never had been a magnificent Vane." No more was there one now. Although some blessed mixture had clarified the family soul in him a little, he still retained much sediment deposited by the muddy instincts of his ancestors, and a very little shaking stirred it all through his conduct. Proper breeding and education might have made him a permanently worthy soul; but of those purifying elements he had been favored with only a few drops. He had risen somewhat above his starting-point, but he still remained below the highest tide-water mark of vice, and got no foothold on the dry land of the loftier moral motives. Sidling-crab-like about in these low grounds, the daily flood rolled in and submerged him.

It is impossible to insist too strongly upon the fact that he had no sound self-respect and lofty sense of honor. Of that noble pride which renders unassailable the integrity of a Washington, a Calhoun, an Adams, or a Sumner, he had not laid the lowest foundation, and perhaps could not. In place of this fortress, he possessed only the little, combusti-

ble block-house of vanity. All, or nearly all, his uprightness had sprung from a desire to win the hurrahs of men who were no better than himself, or who were his inferiors. The title of Honest John (knocked down to him at such a shamefully low price as must have given him but a slight idea of its value) had merely tickled his conceit, as red housings tickle that of a horse. It was a fine ornament, which distinguished him from the mass of John Vanes, some of whom were in jail. It was a *nom de guerre*, by aid of which he could rally voters around him, and perhaps win further glories at the polls. Mainly for these trivial and merely external reasons had he striven to hold on to it, and not because he believed that reputation, self-respect, and sense of honor were precious, far more precious than happiness or even life.

Such a motive force is of course no force at all, but a mere weather-cock, which obeys the wind of public opinion, instead of directing it. Vane had now been exposed for some time to a moral breath which differed greatly from that of his hard-working, precise, exact, and generally upright constituents. In the first place he had found, as he thought, that in Washington his title of Honest brought him no influence and little respect. He suspected that it was chiefly his unwillingness to have a finger in the fat pies of special legislation which had caused him to be kept on the minor committees. He saw other members, who were as new, as untrained, and as comically ignorant as himself,—but who had the fame among the lobbyists of being “good workers,” and able to “put things through,”—he saw them called to positions of distinguished responsibility, far higher on the roll of honor than himself. He learned, or supposed he had learned, that many Congressmen kept Uncle Sam’s eagle setting on their own financial eggs. He knew members who had come to Washington poor, and who now owned square miles on the lines of great railroads, and rode in their carriages, while he and his wife walked. For a

time the prosperity of these knaves had not punctured his soap-bubble honesty, because he still believed that there was a Congressional public which condemned them, and respected him. Classing himself with Senators Christian and Faithful, and with those almost equally venerated images, Representatives Greatheart and Hopeful, he continued for a time to stand proudly in his honored niche, and to despise the rabble of money-changers below.

But at last Dorman had told him, and his necessities easily led him to believe, that he was alone in his virtuous poverty; Christian, Greatheart, and the other reputed temples of righteousness were nothing but whitened sepulchres, full of railroad bonds and all uncleanness. This illumination from the secrets of the pit bewildered him, and caused him to topple from the narrow footing of his probity. He resolved that he would not be the only case of honest indigence and suffering in the whole political world. Besides, what risk did he run of losing his home popularity by accepting a few golden eggs from the manipulators of the Hen Persuader? The fact might become current news in Hell, but it would never reach Slowburgh. Was it likely that Congress would expose the interior of a thieving machine on which so many of its members had left their finger-marks? Even if an investigation should be forced, there was such a trick as doing it with closed doors, and there was such a material as committee-room whitewash.

There was still a momentous question before Vane,—the question whether he would continue to walk with the Mammonite crew, or make use of his deliverance from debt to resume his former respectable courses. The manner in which he decided it furnishes another proof of the jelly-fish flabbiness which characterized his rudimentary nature. Many a cultivated spirit tumbles once down the declivity of guilt, and then climbs back remorsefully to the difficult steep of well-doing. But our self-manufactured and self-in-

structed hero, there he continued to stick in the mud where he had drifted, like any other mollusk, and absorbed and fattened and filled his shell, a model of stolid and immoral content.

Just in one direction — the only direction in which he had been thoroughly educated — he showed energy. At business he had worked hard and made himself what is called a good business man, sharp-sighted in detecting his own interest, and vigorous in delving for it. If in the present case he had not made a particularly fine bargain for himself, it had been because he was new to that thieves' brokerage, the lobby, and bewildered at finding himself hustled into it. But, although he had sold his virtue at a low figure, he was now determined to get the full price agreed upon. As Dorman did not bring him the promised certificate of stock, he sought him out and secured it. Next he heard that a dividend had fallen due on the day of his purchase; hence another call on his fellow-sinner, and a resolute demand for the sum total of said dividend.

"But the transfer is dated the day after the dividend," objected Dorman, who, like the rest of his subterranean kind, did not want to pay a cent more for a soul than he could help.

"Yes, I know it is," answered Dishonest John Vane, angrily. "And that's a pretty trick to play on a man whose help you ask for. Now I want you to make that transfer over again, and date it the day on which I took the stock, and pay me the dividend due on it."

Dorman, wizened with disappointed greed and slyness, looked less like a triumphant goblin than usual, and more like a scorched monkey. His wilted visage twitched, his small, quick, vicious eyes glanced here and there anxiously, and he had an air of being ready to drop on all fours and scramble under a table. Nevertheless, as there was no resisting a lawgiver of the United States, he corrected the certificate and paid the dividend.

"I don't see how I came to make

this blunder," he chattered, arching his eyebrows as apologetical monkeys do.

"You don't pronounce it right; it was n't blunder, but plunder," smiled Vane, with a satirical severity suggestive of Satan rebuking Sin.

In an amazingly short time after these solvent providences had befallen Weathercock John, all the lobbyites out of Gehenna seemed to have learned that he was "approachable." These turkey buzzards have a marvellous aptitude at scenting a moral carcass, and Vane, who did not so much as suspect that he was dead, must have been already in need of burial, and pungently attractive to their abominable olfactories. They gathered around him and settled upon him, until he might be described as fairly black with them. Gentlemen who, to be in character, ought to have had raw necks and a sore-toed gait, croaked into his ears every imaginable scheme for pilfering, not only the fatness and the life-blood, but the very bones out of Uncle Sam. It is arithmetically certain that, had every one of these pick-purse plans been carried out successfully, the Secretary of the Treasury would have had to suspend all manner of payments.

Among so many golden bows of promise, Weathercock John was able to make a judicious pick, and to find lots of full purses at the ends of them. He would have nothing to do with "national highways," because he was already highwaying it on the line of the Great Subfluvial, and did not want to become known as one of the "railroad ring." He selected the congenial case of a deceased horse, who had been killed by our troops in Western New York during the War of 1812, and who had already drawn his ghostly claim for damages through five Congresses, the amount thereof quadrupling with every successive journey, so that it had risen from \$ 125 to \$ 32,000. Also he pitched upon the case of certain plantation buildings in Florida, which had been destroyed by the same indiscreet soldiery while striving to defend them from the Seminoles, or by

the Seminoles while struggling to take them from the soldiery; and which, by dint of repeated "settlements and adjustments on principles of justice and equity," every settlement being made the pretext of a new adjustment, and every adjustment the pretext of a new settlement, had grown in worth from about \$8,000 to about \$134,000, — one of the most remarkable instances of the rise of property ever witnessed in a thinly settled country. Likewise he hit upon the grievance of a mail contractor, who, having failed to carry his mails and so forfeited his contract, now demanded (through his heirs) \$10,000 in damages; also \$15,000 for mail services, in addition to those not rendered; also \$20,000 of increased compensation for the mail services not rendered, together with interest and costs to the amount of \$15,000 more.

These, and some dozen other similar swindles, our member took under his legislative protection, proposing to put them through as such little jokers usually are put through; that is, by tacking them on to appropriation bills at the very end of the session. As for remuneration, he was fair minded enough to be content with ten per cent on each successful claim, whereas some unscrupulous statesmen extorted as much as fifteen or twenty. It is needless to say that, in view of this conscientious moderation, the lobby itself was stricken with a sense of unholy gratitude, and began to shout through its organs, "Hurrah for Honest John Vane!" You may imagine how it delighted and strengthened him to find that, no matter what villainous trick he played upon the public, he could not lose his glorious nickname. So cheered was he by this incongruous good fortune that he ventured to introduce a little bill of his own into Congress, appropriating \$50,000 for a new cemetery for "the heroic dead of the late war," the contract for the coffins to be awarded to one Elnathan Sly, who was his own man of straw or *alter ego*.

Meantime he would have nothing to do with those visionary projects which

"had no money in them." His motto was, "No Irish need apply," meaning thereby indigent applicants for legislation, or applicants who would not offer to go snacks. When an author urged him to introduce an international copyright bill, he cut short his visitor's prosing about the interests of literature by saying brusquely, "Sir, I may as well tell you at once that I don't care anything about this subject, and I don't believe anybody can make me care about it." When some simple college professors wanted him to propose an appropriation for the observation of an eclipse, he got rid of the venerable Dryasdusts by a stroke of rare humor, telling them that his specialty was Revolutionary pensions. When a wooden-legged captain of volunteers applied to him for the Slowburgh Post Office, he treated him with promises, which sent him home promptly in high spirits, and then secured the position for one of his own wire-pullers, a man who had enlisted for the war in the Home Guards.

A great change, you will say; an unnaturally sudden eclipse; an improbably complete decadence. Not so; in his inmost being Vane had not altered; only in the incrustations of life deposited by surroundings. Barring the molluscos characteristic of easy good nature, and that sort of companionable generosity which amounts to give and take, he had never been beneficent and unselfish. He had not moral sympathy enough to feel the beauty of virtue in the individual, nor intellect enough to discover the necessity of virtue to the prosperity of society, nor culture enough to value any educational instrument finer than a common-school. Considering the bare poverty of his spiritual part, indeed, our Congressman was merely a beggar on horseback; and it was no wonder that, once temptation got him faced hellwards, he rode to the devil with astonishing rapidity.

Well, John Vane fell from his respectable indigence into degradingly thrifty circumstances. He paid all the debts which he had incurred during his

abnormal, or at least accidental, course of honesty, and knew no more what it was to be without a comforting roll of pilfered greenbacks in his pocket. He hired a fine carriage for his wife, and gave her all the funds that she needed for entertainments and shopping, thereby arousing in her fresh respect and affection. Indeed, he so far satisfied the pecuniary expectations of Olympia that she no longer found the wealthy Ironman necessary to her happiness, and fell into a prudent way of discouraging his attentions. Once more our member's home was tranquil, and he happy and glorious in the midst of it. A man who can dazzle and fascinate his own wedded Danaë with showers of gold is nothing less than a Jove of a husband.

It is worth noting that Olympia had no scruples about using these unaccustomed riches, and never once asked where they came from. Had she learned that they were filched from the public treasury, would she have accepted and spent them the less freely? A venerable Congressman, thoroughly versed in all the male and female wickedness of Washington, assures me that women are conscienceless plunderers of public property, and will steal any official article which they can lay hands on, from a paper-folder upward.

At last came the end of the session. As is always the case, it was a season of wild turmoil and uproar, by no means resembling one's idea of legislation, but more like a dam breaking away. The House was as frantic with excitement and as noisy with dissonant speaking as was the tower of Babel after the confusion of tongues. Honorable members who had special bills to push were particularly active and sonorous. They spouted; they tacked on amendments; they electioneered among their brother lawgivers; they were incredibly greedy and shameless. An imaginative observer might have fancied himself in a huge mock-auction shop, with two or three score of impudent Peter Funks hammering away at

once, while dead horses were knocked down at a hundred times the price of live ones, and burnt barns, empty cotton bags, rotten steamers, and unbuilt railroads went at similar swindling prices, the victimized purchaser in every case being a rich simpleton called Uncle Sam. The time, talents, and parliamentary skill of the honest members were nearly all used up in detecting and heading off the immortal steeds which were turned into the national pastures by the dishonest ones. Many measures of justice, of governmental reform, and even of departmental necessity were, perforce, overlooked and left untouched. It seemed as though the only thing which Congress was not under obligation to attend to was the making of laws for the benefit of the whole people.

In this raid of special legislation upon real legislation John Vane was one of the most active and adroit guerillas. His "genial" smile simpered from desk to desk, like Hector's shield blazing along the ranks of Trojan war. He had never smiled so before; he very nearly smiled himself sick; he proved himself the smiler of smilers. There was no resisting such an obviously warm-hearted fellow, especially as he was generous, too, offering to vote as he would be voted for. And everything prospered with him; the taxes gathered from his countrymen melted on his schemes like butter on hot pancakes; and when he left the House at midnight he was a man in "respectable circumstances."

He now had funds enough to carry the next nominating caucus in his district, and thus, with Dorman's potent aid, to make fairly sure of a return to Congress. As he had once swept the ballot-boxes as Honest John Vane, so he purposed to sweep them again as Dishonest John Vane. But is the golden calf of lobbydom to be the directing deity of our politics forever? Is no axe to be laid to the root of this green bay tree of Slowburgh? We shall see.

J. W. DeForest.

FRANCES WRIGHT, GENERAL LAFAYETTE, AND MARY WOLLSTONECRAFT SHELLEY.

A CHAPTER OF AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

I WAS one of ten persons to whom Frances Wright, in December of 1826, conveyed the lands of Nashoba, consisting of eighteen hundred and sixty acres, "in perpetual trust for the benefit of the negro race," my co-trustees being (besides Miss Wright's sister) General Lafayette,* William McClure, Robert Owen, Cadwallader Colden, Richeson Whitby, Robert Jennings, George Flower, and James Richardson; three of the said trustees, if resident on the lands, to constitute a quorum competent to transact business.

Cadwallader Colden was well-known, in those days, as an eminent New York lawyer and statesman, who had been Mayor of the city. Richeson Whitby and Robert Jennings were both members of the New Harmony Community, Whitby having formerly been a Shaker with a good knowledge of farming, and Jennings an experienced teacher. George Flower was the son of Richard Flower, already spoken of; and James Richardson was a Scotch physician, upright, impracticable, and an acute metaphysician of the Thomas Brown school.

Miss Wright also conveyed to us all her personal property then on these lands, — farming utensils, wagons, horses, and the like, together with five male and three female slaves; consigning also to our care a family of female slaves (four in number, I think), entrusted to her by a certain Robert Wilson of South Carolina. The conveyance of the slaves was "on condition

that, when their labor shall have paid to the Institution of Nashoba" (not to Miss Wright) "a clear capital of six thousand dollars, with six per cent interest thereon from January 1, 1827, and also a sum sufficient to defray the expenses of colonization, all these slaves shall be emancipated, and colonized out of the limits of the United States by the trustees."

The Deed of Trust, with an appended declaration touching its objects, provided also for a society of white persons, "founded on the principle of community of property and labor"; but it is added, "No life of idleness is proposed to the whites; those who cannot work must give an annual equivalent." Board for non-workers was afterwards fixed at two hundred dollars a year. Members were to be admitted in the first place by the trustees; but no one was to become a member who had not lived six months on the lands; nor then without receiving a *unanimous* vote. A member once admitted was not liable to expulsion, and was entitled, in all cases, "to attention during sickness and protection in old age"; the children of members were to be educated, till the age of fourteen, at the expense of the institution.

Details were left to the discretion of the trustees, except that a school to include colored children was at all times to form part of the plan, and that no distinction was there to be made on account of color.

Miss Wright had radical views touching the personal independence of women, whether married or single; and these caused her to insert a provision that the admission of a husband as member should not carry with it the admission of his wife; nor the admission of a wife, the admission of her

* It may be well, in this connection, to remind the reader that, soon after the close of our Revolutionary War, General Lafayette busied himself in promoting the abolition of slavery in the French colonies; and that he purchased a plantation in Cayenne, gave freedom to the slaves there employed, and spent a large sum in their education.

husband: each was to be voted for as an individual.

For the rest, the general tone of the paper was temperate. "In facing the subject of slavery," said the founder of Nashoba, "it is necessary to bear in mind the position of the master as well as that of the slave, bred in the prejudices of color, untaught to labor and viewing it as a degradation. We must come to the slaveholder, therefore, not in anger but in kindness; and when we ask him to change his whole mode of life, we must show him the means by which he may do so, without complete compromise of his ease and his interests."

Also, "while acknowledging with pleasure, in the members of emancipating societies, the real friends of the liberty of man," she says that she would have placed the property under their control, but for essential difference between their views and hers "respecting the moral instruction of human beings." She adds: "Emancipation based on religion has hitherto effected but little; and, generally speaking, by the tone and arguments employed has tended rather to irritate than to convince."

Assenting to these views I accepted the trusteeship; and when, in the spring of 1827, New Harmony had ceased to be a community, I agreed to accompany Miss Wright on a visit to Nashoba, hoping there to find more cultivated and congenial associates than those among whom, for eighteen months past, I had been living. A week later my father left Harmony for Europe, expressing his regret that, because of his recent large expenditures, he could not prudently undertake, as he wished, to educate the village children free of cost; but adding that he had paid up the debts of the community, and had left in the hands of Mr. James Dorsey, then a resident of New Harmony but late Treasurer of the Miami University, three thousand dollars, as a contribution toward defraying school expenses for the coming year.

At Nashoba, where I remained ten

days, I found but three trustees, Riche-son Whitby, James Richardson, and the younger Miss Wright. We consulted daily, but even sanguine I had to admit that the outlook was unpromising.

The land, all second-rate only, and scarcely a hundred acres of it cleared; three or four squared log houses, and a few small cabins for the slaves, the only buildings; slaves released from fear of the lash working indolently under the management of Whitby, whose education in an easy-going Shaker village had not at all fitted him for the post of plantation overseer: these were the main facts, to which it was to be added that Miss Wright's health, which had been feeble at New Harmony, became so much worse ere we reached Memphis that she had to be conveyed from that town to Nashoba in a hammock swung in a covered wagon. Richardson informed me that during the preceding year, intent on organizing her institution, she had rashly exposed herself on horseback during the midday suns of July and August, sometimes even sleeping in the forest at night; had barely escaped a sunstroke, and had *not* escaped a brain-fever, which prostrated her for weeks, and almost baffled his skill and her sister's unremitting care. Fearing its return, he earnestly recommended a sea-voyage and a residence during the ensuing summer in Europe. Thereupon Whitby declared that, if both the sisters left Nashoba, he despaired of being able to manage the slaves: they would obey either, as their owner and mistress, and himself only when he had their authority to back his orders.

Discouraging enough, certainly! But I was then much in the state of mind in which, more than thirty years before, Southey and Coleridge may have been when they resolved to found, amid the wilds of the Susquehanna, a pantisocracy free from worldly evils and turmoils and cares, from which individual property and selfishness were to be excluded; so I adhered to my resolution, Frances Wright encouraging me to

hope that in Paris and London we might find congenial associates.

Finally, a loadstar beckoning me to Braxfield, I proposed to accompany Miss Wright across the Atlantic. She found an elderly Scotchwoman as attendant. We took a Havre packet at New Orleans, and after a tedious voyage reached France in July. I had fears even for her life, till we got fairly out to sea; but after that she gradually gathered strength, and when I left her in Paris with intimate friends, her health was, in a measure, restored.

I spent several weeks in the French metropolis. Politically, it was a period of much interest. Twelve years before, the prestige with which overshadowing talent and military glory had long invested arbitrary power in France had died out on the field of Waterloo. Louis, the corpulent and the gastro-nomic, —

"That Louis whom, as king and eater,

Some called *Dix-Huit* and some *Des Huitres*," —

had presented such a humiliating contrast to the great Corsican that all classes instinctively felt it. The reign of Charles X., the last of that dynasty which "forgot nothing and learned nothing," commencing three years before I reached Paris, had been but a succession of plots against human liberty. In 1824 the nation had been loaded down with a debt of a thousand millions as indemnity to emigrants; in 1826 futile attempts had been made to restore the feudal law of primogeniture and to muzzle the press; finally, the Jesuits had been re-established in France under the title of Fathers of the Faith, — all this during the premiership of the ultra-royalist Villèle. At a review, held three months before my arrival, by the king in person, the public discontent had broken loose, as the royal cortège approached, in loud cries of "Down with the Ministers! Down with Villèle!"

The contempt with which the common people regarded Charles was expressed without reserve. "What sort of king have you got?" said I to the driver of a fiacre, which I had hired to

take me to Versailles; "do you like him?"

"If I like him?" answered the man, in a tone of disgust. "Sacre! what is there to like? He does nothing but hunt and pray to the good God all day."

It was a terse description of the royal occupations. The chase and the mass made up the business of Charles's life.

Ridicule, in France the most powerful of all political weapons, was brought to bear against the imbecile monarch. At every corner one could buy weekly journals filled with pasquinades and caricatures. A trifling incident, of recent occurrence, had stirred up all Paris just then, and furnished fresh material for fun and jest. The Pasha of Egypt had presented to the King of France a camelopard. This animal, the first of its kind, I believe, that had ever reached Paris, seemed to be the universal theme of conversation, from the most fashionable circle down to the meanest beggar. Its picture was exhibited in every print-shop window, was painted on every stage-coach. Every new invention, every fashionable article of dress, was *à la giraffe*. Its long neck and sloping body were to be seen all over the papered walls, on the ladies' sashes, on the gentlemen's pocket-handkerchiefs, nay, the pettiest retailer of gingerbread had given his cakes the same all-fashionable form.

I went to see this most popular of quadrupeds at the Jardin des Plantes. The crowd was immense, and their exclamations of delight at every movement of the creature resembled the cries of children at sight of a new toy: — "Mais, voyez-vous, elle se couche! Elle se couche toute seule! Elle est couchée! Elle reste là! Quelle drôle de bête!" and so on, in every varied tone of gratification and surprise.

The satirists of the press were, of course, not slow to avail themselves of the passing excitement. Before the animal arrived, they had circulated a news-item, stating that the king had issued an ordinance forbidding the en-

trance of the camelopard into his dominions, "parcequ'il ne voulait pas avoir une plus grande bête que lui dans son royaume." Soon after appeared a caricature representing the triumphal entry of the animal into Paris, escorted by the royal body-guards and the officers of the Cabinet; and, as it was still in every one's memory that Charles, entering Paris in triumph at the time of the Restoration, had sought to win favor by publicly declaring, "Rien n'est changé; il n'y a qu'un Français de plus," — the artist had projected from the camelopard's mouth a scroll with the words "Rien n'est changé; il n'y a qu'une bête de plus." All this probably hit harder than even the quasi-seditious cries of the malcontent multitude at the review. When Charles, three years later, issued decrees destroying the liberty of a press which thus assailed him, and dissolving a Chamber of Deputies who stood out against these and similar acts of tyranny, it cost him his crown.

But *the* event of this visit of mine to Paris was my introduction, by Frances Wright, to General Lafayette. Of all men living he was the one I most enthusiastically admired, and the one I had the most earnestly longed to see. These feelings had gained fresh fervor in the United States. Just two months before I landed at New York Lafayette had returned home in the Brandywine, after a year's sojourn in the land which he had aided to liberate, and by which he had been welcomed as never nation, till then, had welcomed a man.

I heard his praise on every tongue, I found love and gratitude toward him in every heart. Then, too, Frances Wright, familiar with his history, had made me acquainted with many incidents in his life not then generally known; his nice sense of honor in abstaining, during a visit to London in 1777 (just before he embarked as volunteer in the American struggle), from getting any information that might be used against England, — even declining to visit her naval station at Portsmouth; then his noble conduct to

Napoleon, first refusing all honors and office at his hands; then voting against him as Consul for life, and telling him that he had done so; later, when Bonaparte returned from Waterloo, urging in the Assembly his abdication; yet finally, with a sympathy for the fallen soldier in adversity which he had never felt for the Emperor while in his pride of power, offering to procure him the means of escape to America, — an offer which Napoleon, unable to forgive old grudges, unfortunately for himself, declined.

These and a hundred other chivalrous traits of self-sacrifice and of delicate generosity had made Lafayette a hero of heroes in my eyes. And when he gave me a cordial invitation to spend a week at La Grange, adding that he would call for me with his carriage next day, I was at the summit of human felicity. The opportunity of intimacy with a man who, while yet a mere stripling, had relinquished in freedom's cause all that youth commonly most clings to and prizes! The privilege of a talk in uninterrupted quiet, during a four or five hours' drive, with a leading spirit in two revolutions! A chance of questioning one of the chief actors in the greatest struggles for social and political liberty which all history records! I scarcely slept that night; and well did the morrow — a bright day in mid-August — fulfil more than all I had expected!

My admiration and sympathy were no doubt transparent, and these may have won for me, from one of the most genial of men, a hearty reception. At all events, he devoted himself to satisfy my curiosity, with an overflowing good-nature and a winning kindness and simplicity that I shall remember to my dying day.

A few items of our conversation I still most distinctly recollect. One incident, presenting the Father of his Country in a rare aspect, ever recalls to me, when I think of it, the tender eyes and the gracious, loving manner which made the grand old Frenchman the idol of all young people who were

fortunate enough to share his friendship.

It was just before the unmasking of the sole traitor who loomed up during our Revolution, on one of the most eventful days in all that eventful period, and more than four years after the immortal Declaration had been read from the steps of the old Philadelphia state-house; it was the twenty-fifth of September, 1780. On the afternoon of the preceding day, Washington, after dining at Fishkill, had set out with his suite, intending to reach Arnold's headquarters, * eighteen miles distant, that evening. What would have happened had he carried out his intention, we can now only conjecture. † What men call chance—a casual meeting near Fishkill with the French minister, De Luzerne—induced him to remain there that night. Next morning, after sending notice to Arnold that he might expect him to breakfast, he again changed his intention, turning off to visit some redoubts on the Hudson, opposite West Point, and sending two aides-de-camp to apologize. It was while these officers were at breakfast with the family that Arnold received the despatch which announced André's capture, and caused his (Arnold's) instant flight, on pretence, to his visitors, of a call from West Point. Some hours later, Washington, arriving with General Knox and General Lafayette and finding Arnold gone, followed him, as he supposed, across the river, and, learning that Arnold had not been to West Point, returned to dinner. As Washington approached the house, his aide, Colonel Hamilton, who had remained behind, came hurriedly to meet him, and placed in his hands a despatch which, as confidential staff-officer, he

had already opened, and which disclosed Arnold's treachery. Washington communicated its contents, doubtless before dinner, to General Knox, and to him alone, with the brief and significant words, "Whom can we trust now?"

The usual version is that he thus communicated the portentous news to Generals Knox and Lafayette jointly; but that is an error. The statement made to me by the latter, during our journey to La Grange, surprised and interested me at the time, and has remained indelibly impressed on my memory. It was this:

When Washington sat down to dinner, no unusual emotion was visible on his countenance. He was grave and silent, but not more so than often happened when recent tidings from the army occupied his thoughts. At the close of the meal he beckoned to Lafayette to follow him, passed to an inner apartment, turned to his young friend without uttering a syllable, placed the fatal despatch in his hands, and then, giving way to an ungovernable burst of feeling, fell on his neck and sobbed aloud. The effect produced on the young French marquis, accustomed to regard his general (cold and dignified in his usual manner) as devoid of the common weaknesses of humanity, may be imagined. "I believe," said Lafayette to me in relating this anecdote, "that this was the only occasion throughout that long and sometimes hopeless struggle that Washington ever gave way, even for a moment, under a reverse of fortune; and perhaps I am the only human being who ever witnessed in him an exhibition of feeling so foreign to his temperament. As it was, he recovered himself before I had perused the communication that had given rise to his excitement, and when we returned to his staff not a trace remained in his demeanor either of grief or despondency."

In the course of conversation, another incident from Lafayette's early life came up,—that outrage alike against international law and a decent

* At a house belonging to Colonel Beverly Robinson, on the opposite bank of the Hudson to West Point, and about two miles below.

† Washington, writing October 13, 1780, after commenting on the providential interference which saved West Point, adds, "How far Arnold intended to involve me in the catastrophe of this place does not appear by any indubitable evidence; and I am rather inclined to think that he did not wish to hazard the more important object by attempting to combine two events."—GORDON'S *America*, 1801; Vol. III. p. 134.

regard for humanity, — his seizure in 1792 by Austria and his confinement in the citadel of Olmütz for five years in a dark and noisome dungeon. Though his prison was shared, for the twenty-two last months, by his devoted wife, yet for more than three years previously he had been condemned to utter solitude, cut off from the world, and from all outside news, whether of events or of persons. In alluding to these terrible days, and expressing to me the opinion that a few months more of such stagnant isolation would have deprived him of reason, his characteristic thought for others rather than himself shone out. "My young friend," he said, "you will probably some day be one of the law-makers in your adopted country —"

"What, I, General? A foreigner?"

"Was not I a foreigner, and how have I been treated? If you ever become a member of a legislative body, bear this in mind: that utter seclusion from one's fellow-creatures for years is a refinement of cruelty which no human being has a right to inflict upon another, no matter what the provocation. Vote against all attempts to introduce into the criminal code of your State, as penalty for any offence, solitary confinement at all events for more than a few months. Prolonged beyond that term it is torture, not reformatory punishment."

I told him I should surely conform to his advice; and when, seven or eight years later, I served in the Indiana legislature, I kept my promise.

Of course we spoke of the French Revolution and the causes of its failure.

"Our people had not the same chance as the Americans," said Lafayette, "because the feudal wrongs under which they had suffered for ages were far more dreadful than anything that is complained of in your Declaration of Independence; and these involved a lack of education and a political ignorance which never existed in the United States. The recollection of such wrongs maddened them, and so led to intolerable excesses. Yet, even at such

disadvantage, I believe we might have succeeded if other nations had let us alone."

"Do you think that England interfered to encourage the revolutionary excesses?"

"I am certain that was William Pitt's policy; and when we reach La Grange I will give you proof of this."

"But was there not lack of harmony between those who, in the first years of your Revolution, honestly sought the public good?"

"Yes; lack of harmony and of a correct appreciation of each other's views and motives. I have often thought, since, that if, in those early days, I had justly judged the noble character and enlightened views which, afterwards, when it was too late, I learned to ascribe to Madame Roland; and if we two and the friends who trusted us had acted in cordial unison, it is possible that our desperate struggle for liberty might have had a happier end. Even as it is, it has left inestimable gains behind it. The king, you see, has failed to re-establish primogeniture. Villèle has been defeated in his attempts to procure a censorship of the press. Our people despise the weak sovereign who misrules them, and our Chamber of Deputies holds out against him. A very few years will see another revolution; and our past experience will doubtless tend to give it a wiser and more peaceful character than the last."

I may add here that, in the autumn of 1830 when these predictions had been fulfilled, I received from the General a letter giving me his reasons for acceding to the measures of the party which placed an Orleans Bourbon on the throne. A monarchy limited by the surroundings of republican institutions was all that Lafayette then thought his countrymen able to sustain. The son of one whose republican preferences had won for him the title of *Égalité*, himself educated from infancy in the humanitarian principles of Rousseau; an adherent, at the age of seventeen and under solemn pledges, to the revo-

lutionary doctrines of 1790; a faithful soldier of the Republic up to 1793; finally, trained from that time forth for twenty years in the stern school of adversity, it seemed as if Louis Philippe, direct descendant of Louis XIV. though he was, might here be the right man in the right place. Yet Lafayette (so he wrote to me) accepted him with reluctance, as a stepping-stone, which even then he did not fully trust, to something better in the future. "On the thirty-first of July," he added, "when I presented him to the people from a balcony of the Hotel de Ville, as Lieutenant-General of the Kingdom, I never said, as the newspapers made me say, 'Voilà la meilleure des républiques!'" He did but surrender his own political preferences to what he regarded as the necessity of the hour; and it is well known that a programme of government, agreed upon between Lafayette and Louis Philippe before the latter was elected king, embodied provisions far more liberal than any which were ever carried into practice during his reign. Little wonder that the miscalled "citizen king" rejoiced, as he notoriously did, when the man to whom he virtually owed his throne resigned in disgust his commission as commander of the National Guards.

The day after we arrived, the General fulfilled his promise by showing me various letters, intercepted during the Reign of Terror, which afforded conclusive evidence that the British government had, throughout France, secret emissaries, paid to originate, or encourage, the very atrocities which brought reproach on the republican cause. He kindly gave me one of these letters, which I kept for many years, but finally lost through the carelessness of a friend to whom I had lent it. It was addressed to the president of the revolutionary committee at St. Omer, stating that Mr. Pitt had been well pleased with his action so far, and that he should soon have an additional remittance for his services. Among other recommendations, it con-

tained, I remember, this, "Women and priests are the safest persons to work upon and take into your pay."

Lafayette's beautiful country-seat is too well known to justify any elaborate description here. The château struck me as a fine specimen of the old French castle, built on three sides of a quadrangle, and surrounded by a moat which modern convenience had converted into a fish-pond. The park had evidently been laid out by an English landscape gardener, and with much taste; a beautiful lawn around the castle was dotted with clumps of trees of every variety of foliage, some of which had been planted by the General's own hand. Beyond was a farm of some four hundred acres under excellent culture. The offices, which were extensive and neatly kept, contained folds for a flock of a thousand merinos; and in the cow-houses we found a numerous collection of the best breeds, French, Swiss, and English, the latter from the farm of Mr. Coke of Norfolk. America had contributed a flock of wild geese from the Mississippi, a flock of wild turkeys, and a variety of other curiosities.

At La Grange I found various members of the Lafayette family, including a married daughter, and a granddaughter seventeen or eighteen years old, Natalie de Lafayette, next whom at table her grandfather, much to my satisfaction, did me the honor to assign me a seat. She conversed with a knowledge of general subjects and with a freedom rarely to be met with among unmarried French girls, who are wont to reply in monosyllables if a casual acquaintance touches on any topic beyond the commonplaces of the hour. She was strikingly handsome, too; and when I was first introduced to her, her beauty seemed to me strangely familiar. After puzzling over this for some time, it occurred to me that this young lady's features recalled the female faces in some of Ary Scheffer's best paintings, especially, if I remember aright, his "Mignon aspirant au Ciel." When I mentioned this casually to an English

gentleman, then a visitor at La Grange, he smiled. "Have you remarked it also?" I asked.

"I, and almost every one who is acquainted with Mademoiselle de Lafayette. Common rumor has it that Scheffer is hopelessly in love with her; at all events, his ideal faces of female loveliness almost all partake, more or less, of her style of beauty."

I had a glimpse, during my visit, of a singular phase of French life. Among General Lafayette's guests was a distinguished-looking, middle-aged lady of rank and fashion; and, after a few days, I began to observe that a young French noble, also a visitor, paid her assiduous attentions; in the quietest and most unobtrusive manner, however, and with an air of marked respect. "Is Monsieur le Marquis a relative of Madame de —?" I asked Monsieur Levasseur, the General's private secretary, with whom I had become well acquainted.

"A relative? O no. He is, — you do not know it, then? — her *friend*." The emphasis marked the meaning, and Levasseur added: "He is usually invited where she happens to be."

"Did he come to La Grange with her?"

"Ah!" (smiling), "one sees that you are not acquainted with our usages. It would have been a great impropriety to accompany Madame. He arrived a day or two after her."

Next day the lady left for Paris; and the day after I took my departure, leaving the "friend" still at La Grange.

If we are disposed to regard such a relation as an anomaly in refined society, we may, at least, readily detect its cause. An English lady, whose acquaintance I had made soon after I arrived in Paris, told me that a few weeks before, during an afternoon visit, she was conversing in a fashionable drawing-room with the eldest daughter of the house, when the mother, who was standing at a front window, called out, "Tiens, ma fille; voilà ton futur! Don't you want to see your intended?"

"But without doubt, dear mamma. Which is he?"

"You see these three gentlemen who are coming up arm in arm?"

"Yes, yes."

"Well, it is the middle one of the three; he who wears the blue coat."

As a general rule marriage is a negotiation between two families; and, "if there be no repugnance" (that is deemed the sole necessary inquiry), the young people ratify the bargain and the ceremony follows. Position in society, but still more frequently the relative wealth of the parties, stamps the suitability of the match. Quarter of a million livres ought to win and marry quarter of a million livres; and, if there be birth and beauty, ought to attract and subdue *half* a million. Purses are mated. What wonder that poor hearts, thus cheated, take their after revenge?

Young men are somewhat more at liberty than their marriageable sisters; but even they seldom choose for themselves. It is not said of a young gentleman, "He is about to marry," but "His father is about to marry him." My experience, then and later, of French life in the upper classes is, that if a young bachelor, by a rare chance, should even happen to originate an attachment, it is, as a general rule, lightly felt and soon passed over. Ere I left Paris I met at a small evening party a young Frenchman, who, having just returned from a visit to the United States, sought my acquaintance, and confided to me in the first half hour what he seemed to consider a love adventure. "It was in Philadelphia. Two months ago I loved her much, for she was, indeed, very well, one might say, quite charming. It was what is called there a good family; rich too; and the parents allowed me to see her alone several times. I think she did not regard me with indifference, and sometimes she looked quite pretty. But what would you have? My father was not there, and who can tell in what light he might have regarded it? He had always warned me against a

mésalliance. Then, after a time, I drifted into another circle and did not see her for several weeks,—de manière que la chose se passait. But I think of her still sometimes. She was très gentille, and really carried herself with a grace which one does not expect out of Paris.”

All said in the easiest tone, just as he might have related to me a visit to the theatre, and made a confession that he was struck with a pretty little actress whom he met there; to a stranger, too, whom he saw then for the first time, and never expected to see again! It amazed me.

Although at that time half a century had passed since America had declared her independence, and made good her declaration, some of the inhabitants of Paris had evidently not yet awakened to the fact. Soon after reaching the city I went to have my hair cut. When I sat down, the barber, stepping back a pace or two, seemed to take a survey of his visitor.

“Apparently,” he said at last, “Monsieur’s hair was not cut the last time in Paris.”

I confessed that it was not.

“May I ask,” he then added, “where Monsieur’s hair was last cut?”

“It was at some distance from here, — in the United States.”

“Pardon! Where did Monsieur say that his hair was cut?”

“In the United States, — in America.”

“Ah! In the colonies? Are there, then, already hairdressers in the colonies?”*

I assured him that in the United States of America many of his profession were to be found; and I hope that thenceforth he regarded us, if not as an independent, at least as a civilized nation.

I had heard, as every one has, of the politeness for which the French of all classes are famous; and I resolved strictly to test it.

On one of the crowded boulevards I

* “Y a-t-il donc déjà des friseurs dans les colonies?” were, I recollect well, the very words.

saw, one day, a woman who might be of any age from sixty to eighty, sitting bowed as with infirmity, over a stall loaded with apples and oranges; her wrinkled face the color of time-stained parchment, her eyes half closed, and her whole expression betokening stolid sadness and habitual suffering. I made no offer to buy, but doffed my hat to her, as one instinctively does in France when addressing any woman, told her I was a stranger, that I desired to reach such a street, naming it, and begged that she would have the goodness to direct me thither.

I shall never forget the transformation that took place while I was speaking. The crouched figure erected itself; the face awoke, its stolid look and half its wrinkles, as it seemed, gone; the apparent sullenness replaced by a gentle and kindly air; while the voice was pitched in a pleasant and courteous tone. It said, “Monsieur will be so good as to cross the boulevard just here, then to pass on, leaving two cross-streets behind him; at the third cross-street he will please turn to the right, and then he will be so kind as to descend that street until he shall have passed a cathedral on the left; Monsieur will be careful not to leave this street until he shall have passed the cathedral and another cross-street; then he will turn to the left and continue until he reaches a fountain, after which —” and so on through sundry other turnings and windings.

I thanked the good woman, but begged that she would have the kindness to repeat her directions, as I feared to forget them. This she did, word for word, with the utmost patience and *bonhomie*, accompanying her speech, as she had done before, with little, appropriate gestures. I was sorely tempted to offer her a piece of money. But something restrained me, and I am satisfied that she did not expect it. So I merely took off my hat a second time, bowed, and bade her farewell. She dismissed me as gracefully as a *grande dame* of the Faubourg St. Germain might some visitor to her gorgeous boudoir.

From France I crossed over to Scotland. My readers already know how I fared there. I took leave of the family at Braxfield, and of Jessie, in the middle of October, and proceeded directly to London.

The most interesting person I met there was Mrs. Shelley, daughter of Godwin and Mary Wollstonecraft, and widow since Percy Bysshe Shelley's death in 1822 of that poet: — interesting, not only because of the celebrity of her parents and of her husband, but far more for her own sake; interesting, too, because of the remarkable discrepancy which I discovered that there was between her actual character and all her antecedents and surroundings.

I expected to find Mrs. Shelley a radical reformer, probably self-asserting, somewhat aggressive, and at war with the world; more decidedly heterodox in religion and morals than I myself was; endorsing and enforcing the extreme opinions of her father and mother, and (as I then understood them) of her husband. I found her very different from my preconceptions.

Gentle, genial, sympathetic, thoughtful and matured in opinion beyond her years, for she was then but twenty-nine; essentially liberal in politics, ethics, and theology, indeed, yet devoid alike of stiff prejudice against the old or ill-considered prepossession in favor of the new; and, above all, womanly, in the best sense, in every sentiment and instinct; she impressed me also as a person with warm social feelings, dependent for happiness on loving encouragement; needing a guiding and sustaining hand.

I felt all this, rather than reasoned it out, during our too brief acquaintance; and few women have ever attracted me so much in so short a time. Had I remained in London I am sure we should have been dear friends. She wrote me several charming letters to America.

In person, she was of middle height and graceful figure. Her face, though not regularly beautiful, was comely and spiritual, of winning expression, and

with a look of inborn refinement as well as culture. It had a touch of sadness when at rest; yet when it woke up in animated conversation, one could see that underneath there was a bright, cheerful, even playful nature, at variance, I thought, with depressing circumstances and isolated position.

Looking back on those days, I feel assured that, if fate had thrown Mary Shelley and myself together at that period of my life, instead of bringing me in contact with Frances Wright, the influence would have been much more salutary. I required to be restrained, not urged; needed not the spur, but the guiding-rein. Mrs. Shelley shared many of my opinions and respected them all; and as well on that account as because I liked her and sympathized with her from the first, I should have taken kindly, and weighed favorably, advice or remonstrance from her lips, which when it came later in aggressive form, from the pens of religious or political opponents, carried little weight and no conviction. I am confirmed in these opinions by having read, only a few years since, an extract from this excellent lady's private journal, written eleven years after I made her acquaintance, and which vividly recalls the pleasant and profitable hours I spent with her.

It is dated October 21st, 1838. She writes, "I have often been abused for my lukewarmness in 'the good cause,' and shall put down here a few thoughts on the subject. . . . Some have a passion for reforming the world, others do not cling to particular opinions. That my parents and Shelley were of the former class makes me respect it. For myself I earnestly desire the good and enlightenment of my fellow-creatures; I see all, in the present course, tending to this, and I rejoice; but I am not for violent extremes, which only bring injurious reaction. I have never written a word in disfavor of liberalism, but neither have I openly supported it: first, because I have not argumentative power; I see things pretty clearly, but cannot demonstrate

them: next, because I feel the counter arguments too strongly. On some topics (especially with regard to my own sex), I am far from having made up my own mind."

Then, farther on, she adds, "I like society; I believe all persons in sound health, and who have any talent, do. Books do much; but the living intercourse is the vital heat. Debarred from that, how have I pined and died! Yet I never crouched to society,—never sought it unworthily. If I have never written to vindicate the rights of women, I have, at every risk, befriended women, when oppressed. God grant a happier and better day is near!"*

She did not live to see it. Ere the clouds of detraction which then obscured Shelley's fame had fully cleared away, and the world had learned to recognize, despite extravagance of sentiment and immaturity of opinion, the upright, unselfish man, and the true poet, his widow, weary of heart solitude, had passed away, to join in a better world the husband whose early loss had darkened her life in this. She died in about twelve years after the above extracts were written.

Mrs. Shelley told me that her husband, toward the close of his too short life, saw cause to modify the religious opinions which, in his earlier works, he had expressed, especially his estimate of the character of Christ, and of the ethical and spiritual system which Jesus gave to the world. With this strikingly accords the tenor of a document first printed in the volume from which I have extracted above. Lady Shelley entitles it, "An Essay on Christianity"; yet it is, in fact, but notes, fragmentary and suddenly interrupted by death, toward such an essay,—very interesting and significant notes, however.

As to the Gospel record, Shelley's opinion was: "It cannot be precisely

ascertained in what degree Jesus Christ really said all that he is related to have said. But it is not difficult to distinguish the inventions by which his historians have filled up the interstices of tradition, or corrupted the simplicity of truth. They have left sufficiently clear indications of the genuine character of Jesus Christ to rescue it forever from the imputations cast upon it by their ignorance and fanaticism. We discover that he is the enemy of oppression and falsehood; that he is the advocate of equal justice; that he is neither disposed to sanction bloodshed nor deceit, under whatever pretences. We discover that he was a man of meek and majestic demeanor; calm in danger; of natural and simple thoughts and habits; beloved to adoration by his adherents; unmoved, solemn, and severe." . . . "Jesus Christ opposed, with earnest eloquence, the panic fears and hateful superstitions which have enslaved mankind for ages."

Then, speaking of him as a reformer believing in human progress, he says: "The wisest and most sublime of the ancient poets taught that mankind had gradually degenerated from the virtue which enabled them to enjoy or maintain a happy state. Their doctrine was philosophically false. Jesus Christ foresaw what the poets retrospectively imagined."

Shelley admired and hoped, rather than asserted. But the spiritual tendencies of that delicate nature cannot be mistaken. We have seen that he did not deny the "signs and wonders" of the first century; that he declared the power of communing with the invisible world to be an interesting theme, and conceived the same idea that was expressed a few years later by Isaac Taylor, namely, that "within the field occupied by the visible and ponderable universe, and on all sides of us, there is existing and moving another element fraught with another species of life."* What he needed—what so many

* Shelley Memorials, from authentic sources, edited by Lady Shelley (wife of Mrs. Shelley's only son, who became, at his grandfather's death, Sir Percy Shelley): Boston reprint, 1859; pp. 258–268.

* *Physical Theory of Another Life.* London, 1839; p. 232.

strong and earnest souls have needed — was experimental proof (if, as I believe, it is to be had) of man's continued existence, and of the reality of a better life to come.

Lacking this, he still made encouraging progress toward "that tranquillity" (to use his own words) "which is the attribute and accompaniment of power"; and the chief cause of such advance is not hard to find. After some stormy years of mistake and disappointment, though he never attained entire peace, though the tempest of prejudice still raged without, yet by his hearth, at least, were sympathy and encouragement and love. "Mrs. Shelley's influence over him," says her daughter-in-law, "was of an important kind. His mind, by gradually bending to milder influences, divested itself of much of that hostile bitterness of thought and feeling with which he had

hitherto attacked political and social abuses." *

He knew and acknowledged this. In the whole range of poetry I call to mind no tribute from husband to wife that can match, in sweetness and power, his dedication to her to whom he ever looked as his "own heart's home" of his "Revolt of Islam." Uncertain as to its success, even while conscious of its merit, he lays his poem at her feet:—

"Its doubtful promise thus I would unite
With thy beloved name, thou Child of love and
light."

And again, a few stanzas farther on, occurs this testimony to her benign influence:—

"Thou Friend, whose presence on my wintry heart
Fell, like bright Spring upon some herbless plain,
How beautiful and calm and free thou wert
In thy young wisdom!"

* Shelley Memorials, 8 p.2.

Robert Dale Owen.

THE GERMANS IN THE WEST.

THE first emigration to the United States of persons of German birth — that is, in any considerable numbers — took place immediately after the Thirty Years' War, and was a proximate consequence of that struggle. The draughts on its resources for over a quarter of a century had made Germany a very poor country, and, like all poor countries, a very undesirable place for those dependent for a livelihood on the labor of their hands, since with the capital of the country went — as even the tyro in political economy must know — the wage-fund, the support of its mechanics and peasantry. Thousands of these classes, with no alternative but gradual starvation or immediate emigration, chose the latter as the lesser evil, and turned their eyes to our shores, then as now the land of promise to the Israelites of fortune.

Queen Anne of England had prom-

ised free passage to America to those Germans desiring to emigrate thither. She expected but a few ship-loads of the exiles. Great therefore was her consternation, and that of the generous Londoners, when they saw themselves threatened by a foreign invasion. History informs us that there were at one time thirty-two thousand German emigrants, poor, ignorant, and war-worn, in London, awaiting an opportunity to embark for America. The hospitality of the English had been over-eagerly accepted; of their too willing guests only twelve thousand were carried across the Atlantic.

Such was the advent among us of the German element, — an element worthy of our best and most careful study; for we are sure that in the coming man — the future citizen of homogeneous America, an individual whose day is perhaps a hundred years in the future

—the German blood will “tell,” and go far to make him what he will be.

The first German emigrants were, for obvious reasons, far beneath the German emigrant of our own times, both in intelligence and position; for whereas they came almost paupers to the country, the German who lands here to-day does not, except in rare cases, come penniless. He comes generally with the ability to read and write, and with means sufficient to support himself and his family, if he has one, until his labor shall provide him with an income. Indeed, the German who comes to-day comes relatively independent. The first colony of Germans came as hewers of wood and drawers of water, the lowest of the low, the most ignorant of the ignorant, bearing to our forefathers about the same relation that the Chinese do at present to our brothers on the Pacific Coast. Such, at least, is the view of their status taken by a countryman of theirs,* the historian of German emigration to the State of New York.

There were, however, some exceptions to this rule, and in course of time the exceptions became less rare; for with their economy and tact it was impossible that these German emigrants should long remain at the point at which they were compelled to begin. The richest man in New York city at the end of the seventeenth century was Jacob Leisler, a German, as was also — witness his name — Johann Peter Zenger, who distinguished himself in his day by his tirades on the English.

The German, never exceedingly modest in his claims and always ready to compliment his country and his countrymen, even at the expense of everything and everybody else, is enthusiastic in his admiration of Zenger. We have read, and heard it insinuated by our adopted countrymen, that Johann Peter Zenger, and not George Washington, was the real father of his country. But not only of having given us a Johann Peter Zenger does the German boast. If he gave us the

* Friedrich Kapp.

founder of the Republic, he initiated, too, he claims, the struggle against slavery; for did not his countrymen, in 1688, present to the government a petition to abolish slavery in the Colonies? Nay, more: the Germans taught us the arts; they were, according to their own account, the first to engage in this country in the manufacture of iron, of linen, cloth, and paper; the first in this country to carry on agriculture and the raising of stock on really scientific principles. Indeed, could our German cousins establish all their claims, not only would Washington have to descend from his pedestal to make place for the less classic figure of Zenger, but the enterprising Yankee himself would have absolutely nothing to his credit.

It may be instructive to say a few words on the fate of the first German emigrants to this country. Part of them settled among the colonists of English descent, and part of them in colonies exclusively German, as, for instance, those of the Mohawk and the Schoharie in the State of New York. Previous to the war of the Revolution, there was not much calculated to bring them in contact with the colonists of a different origin, and they continued in their isolation, almost exclusively German, clinging to their own customs, and speaking their own language.

One of the effects of the War was to bring all classes of the population of the country nearer to one another, and to induce more friendly and more intimate relations among them. In this manner it came to pass that the Germans, who had thus far lived as if they constituted a commonwealth apart, began to feel themselves in some way related to the rest of the country. But the union of the two races was not yet complete. In one sense — not in a technical one — the fusion of the two peoples was only political. Their social amalgamation took a longer time, and was brought about by other and more subtle means.

The first step towards the complete assimilation of the German and Amer-

ican races was taken when the German gave up his own language and adopted the English. So long as they could not even exchange ideas, there was little hope that much progress would be made towards a coming together; but the young German found it to his advantage to know English; he learned it, spoke it, and was proud of the accomplishment; for among his countrymen it was an accomplishment. With the German language disappeared the peculiarly German customs, and the young German differed now from the young American only in his origin. The latter invited his young German friend to church on Sundays, and later to an evening party at his home. The young German of that time found the young American girl fairer to the eye than his lady friend of German descent,—it speaks well for the good taste of the Germans of to-day that they do the same,—and offered her his hand and his heart, both of which, in some cases, not to say all, were accepted; and thus love bridged over the chasm that separated the German from the American, and under God's fusing influence both became indistinguishably one. All that remains of the primitive German emigrant to our shores is a name which his great grand-children make terrible havoc of, and which their reverend sire, the early settler, could he rise from his grave, would by no possibility recognize as that which he thought it would be his to transmit. A name, and that a mutilated one, is all that is left of him. Will it be so with the Germans now among us?

The great majority—it would not be far from the mark to say all—of our present population has come here within something less than a quarter of a century, nine-tenths of all who have come being from the artisan and laboring classes, the other tenth from the middle classes, with an occasional Baron or Count—whom German and American alike declare to be generally “no count”—thrown in by way of variety.

Owing partly to political and partly to other causes, the tide of German emigration assumed, about the year 1848, dimensions altogether unwonted; and up to the present time there has been no falling off in the numbers that land from Germany every year upon our shores. Statisticians have estimated them at the yearly average of 100,000 souls, for about twenty years. There are those—German authorities—who claim that of the present population 10,000,000 are Germans and their descendants, and, as the writer takes it, descendants in the first generation, and about as much American as if born in Westphalia. In 1864 they claimed one-sixth of our entire population.

It is not easy to obtain trustworthy information as to the number of Germans in the United States. Of this we are certain,—it is very great. There are as many Germans in many of our large western cities as there are Americans; in some of them there are more. They are found scattered over the East; in the West, they are thick as autumn leaves; they cover the country and swarm in the city.

Un-American in language, un-American in education, to some extent un-American in their views; socially, and in a degree commercially, isolated from the native-born population, yet endowed with all the rights of American citizens; Americans *de jure* but not, in a sense, *de facto*,—they present an object of study, political and social, second to none that can engage the attention of the American patriot or statesman. What are they? How do they live? What are their customs? What attitude do they take toward the rest of the population? What of their future? Will they found an *imperium in imperio*, or will they be absorbed into the American body? Will they permanently affect the American character, and how?

The Germans in this country are clannish, gregarious in their instincts. It is sometimes objected to the Germans that they herd together thus; but, as we think, unjustly. What else

could be expected on their arrival? To find fault with them for not becoming Americans in a day is, to say the least, very unphilosophical; and whoever does so makes no allowance for the inevitable, and would go to law with gravitation itself.

Their quarters — and they have separate quarters in all large cities where they have settled in any numbers — are readily distinguished, so unlike are they to other quarters of the town, so un-aristocratic, so un-American, so unpretending in their architecture. The stores and dwellings wear a strange aspect. The huge German characters on the sign-boards, generally gilt or some exceedingly dazzling color, flare down on the spectator, and tell him that he is not among those “to the manner born,” while the English on the same is frequently so inhumanly butchered that he feels very certain he is among no very near relations, even of the King’s subjects.

The never failing lager-beer saloon opens its hospitable door to him at every step. He advances, and lager-beer saloons multiply. He advances at an arithmetical rate; but lager-beer saloons increase in a geometrical ratio. They gain upon him. He finds them at his right and his left, behind and before him. They meet him in such numbers that he begins at last, as it seems to him, to realize the infinite; for saloons are countless, and what metaphysician will split hairs, and tell the difference between the countless and the infinite? Just at this point it is that the observer is in danger of coming to a wrong conclusion from all he sees; for he is lost in wonder how all these saloons are supported, and, if given to hasty generalization, soon comes to the conclusion that either all German saloon-keepers must starve, or that all Germans who do not keep saloons must be the most punctual of tavern patrons, and the least temperate of men: neither of which conclusions, as his further acquaintance with German saloons and German saloon-keepers will satisfy him, is, owing to lack of

data, correct; for German saloon-keepers do not starve, and a confirmed German inebriate is as rare almost as a German advocate of total abstinence. Our German population may, relatively, support the largest number of saloons. They by no means produce the greatest number of drunkards.

The appearance of the people is in keeping with the quarters in which they live. The men, as a rule, are large, vigorous, and handsome; the women more noticeable for their robustness than for their beauty; the children, compared with the American children, for their greater size, strength, and weight.

Here no waterfall, Grecian bend, or Dolly Varden. Here only original Teutonic simplicity and severity. Here no affected gait, no strained attention to the style of locomotion. Here men and women who seem to believe that it is more important they should walk than *how*, that they should be dressed than *how*; who care more to live in the present and provide for the future than after what fashion they shall do the one or the other. Here no fastidiousness of any kind, and yet nothing that can shock the most fastidious; for if there is nothing ornamental here, there is nothing here that is indecent. The Germans are a prolific race, raise large families, and enjoy doing so. Here, therefore, children swarm. Here children scream and grow large-chested; climb up piles of wood, over their father’s heavy wagons, and grow broad-shouldered and muscular. Here infants drink from the fountain nature intended they should feed at; here “soothing-syrup” and the nursing-bottle are unknown. Here no effeminacy, — no effeminacy even in woman. Here the five-year-old learns sometimes to earn his daily bread, and the ten-year-old divides his time between school and work. Here men and even children who know the value of a penny, — men and children who are willing to work, who understand from the cradle that life is a struggle, who earn relatively much, and spend relatively little; who

are willing to live on beer and coarse meat and brown bread, and think it no self-denial to do so. Here, in fact, in the sternest of schools, are brought up those whom the children of Americans will have to meet in the battle of life ; the men into whose hands, or into the hands of whose children the wealth and influence of the West, in less than half a century, will, in a great measure, have passed, and with the wealth and influence of the great West — which in a few years will mean more than half the continent — it may be the wealth and influence of the whole country ; provided always the children of American parents are not brought up in a more Spartan-like school than they are at present, and taught that only through those virtues by which their fathers earned the competence they enjoy can that competence be preserved.

The stern early training of the young German is reinforced by the virtues he witnesses about him, economy, honesty, and industry, all of which in a high degree the German claims and obtains credit for wherever he settles.

The man works, the children work, and the women work, and work as hard as if not harder than the men ; for the German, although not destitute of romance, is far from believing that woman was made to be only ornamental. Mere accomplishments go a very little way in deciding a German's choice of a wife. He inquires how well she will wear and how hard she can work, whether she can sew and cook. He has never been guilty of the folly of seeking in his wife an intellectual companion. If he is a philosopher, he does not want his wife to be one. The less she knows of syllogisms the better. Among the opponents, accordingly, of woman-suffrage, the Germans are the staunchest. Even the best-to-do Germans, men of education, professional men, expect their wives to superintend the cooking, and in many cases to do it themselves.

The wife helps her husband in all small businesses. She stands behind

the counter and retails beer for him, not ceasing, however, to take care of her baby, usually a fat and rosy one, and so rugged, indeed, that a couple of hours' neglect daily could not possibly harm it ; or she helps you to fit on a pair of boots or shoes which her husband has made or mended for you, perhaps sold you. The industry of the women is sometimes marvellous. The writer has known German women to walk six or seven miles to market before seven o'clock in the morning, with no burden but a dozen of eggs or a pound or two of butter, and to wait there a half day before they had disposed of it.

As a rule, the German in the West owns his own house and the ground it is built on. It may be, and generally is, a humble one, yet he is proud in the consciousness that its possession constitutes him a land owner. He plants a row of poplars before his cottage, and then the last touch is given to his manorial estate. In addition to his other good qualities he is provident, and at his death rarely leaves any one who cannot take care of himself unprovided for. It is the prevalence of these virtues amongst them that has given the Germans their reputation as good, quiet, respectable, peace-loving, law-abiding citizens, — a reputation which they certainly deserve.

These virtues are sometimes carried to that extreme where they begin to look to the less moderate American like faults. The German is so content to leave well-enough alone that he can see nothing to be gained by incessant and feverish efforts at improvement. Hence, with all his love of immediate gain, he cares little for that which is prospective, if attended with ever so small a risk. German speculation is confined to the regions of philosophy ; it never shows itself in the market.

The German is quite social, that is, with his own countrymen. With them he will sit, and smoke, and drink a glass of beer or wine, never of brandy or whiskey, unless perchance he has

been Americanized in that one particular, which sometimes happens. With Americans he is more reserved. He seems to feel that between him and them there is an impassable gulf. His only intercourse with them is of a business character, and of that even he has but little. If he keeps a wholesale house, or a very large retail one, he may have a small number of American customers; otherwise, his business relations are confined to those of his own nationality. Americans are practically foreigners to their German fellow-citizens whom it is a kind of petty treason to the fatherland to patronize. Hence the German population have their own merchants, artisans, mechanics, dressmakers, and professional men.

They have their own literary and scientific societies, their own reading-rooms, their own libraries, their own theatre, and their own press, all of which compare favorably, everything considered, with similar institutions among Americans. They like a doctor of their own, and a lawyer, where they can find one. The German seems to have conscientiousness — it were more correct, perhaps, to say gastronomic — scruples against being physicked by an American doctor; for deep in his soul lies the conviction that no one but a German can understand the intricacies of a genuine German stomach. A Yankee dentist has no vocation to fill a German tooth, or grind at a German molar, not even to extract one from a German jawbone. But not the American doctor and the American dentist only, the American shoemaker even is not honored by his German fellow-citizen. There is something about the American boot absolutely forbidding to him; and much as he may think of Brother Jonathan in other respects, he will not be found in his shoes.

It would not be hard to misinterpret this feature of the German character. Its existence, however, should not be attributed to any dislike of the German for the American. He may love him very well, he loves his countrymen

more. And it is quite natural he should; it is but one instance in a thousand of the effects of the moral chemical affinity of race.

The German has, as might be expected, his own Church — that is supposing him to be of the class that goes to church — and, as might not be expected, his own school, to say nothing of certain institutions peculiarly his own. In religion he is either Lutheran, of the German Reformed Church, or Roman Catholic; and when he professes the creed of any of these his orthodoxy is unquestioned. The opinion obtains very extensively that rationalism, or infidelity, or some form of unbelief, is widely prevalent among the German portion of our population. There is some truth in this. Yet the vast majority of the German population, both East and West, are Christians of some kind. The best educated amongst them, however, are, for the most part, members of no Church; and of the children of German parents born in this country very many, perhaps a majority of those who receive anything approximating to a collegiate education, do not accept Christianity in any form; of these again, probably the greater number favor absolute materialism. It cannot be said that it is American modes of thought or the atmosphere of American opinion that engender this change. American thought, or its equivalent, New-England thought, has no influence on the Germans in America. Of all our authors, Emerson is perhaps the only one who enjoys any reputation as a thinker among them, and his is to be attributed in part to the fact that they claim he is only a popularizer of German speculations. The minds that form theirs are German; they read Büchner, Vogt, and Hæckel.

The German radical or the German materialist is not as fair minded as the American who entertains the same views. It were hard to find any one more positive or more impatient of contradiction than the disciple of Büchner, who assures you with Firdusi,

"Von Erde sind, zur Erde werden wir,
Voll Angst und Kummer sind auf Erden wir;
Du gehst von hinnen, doch es währte die Welt,
Und Keiner hat Ihr Räthsel aufgeheilt."

It cannot be said that the German radical's science is always profound, or that he knows both sides of certain momentous questions; but he never suspects that he is superficial, or seems to care whether there is anything to be said on the other side. Christianity, in the etymological sense of the word,—in all senses, in fact,—is losing among the German population in America faster perhaps than among any other class of people in the world; and should the extreme radicals in religion—that is, those of American birth and parentage—ever attain to any political significance in the country, they will be warmly seconded by a large and growing class of Germans in the West, who, if anything, are much more radical in the matter than Americans are, or think it consistent with the most enlightened liberty to be; for whereas the American is content with the freedom to hold and defend his views, the German, owing perhaps to the atmosphere in which he was educated, is somewhat inclined to act as if no views but those he entertains are entitled to respect. He is not satisfied with dissenting from your opinion, but has, moreover, the greatest contempt for it, and perhaps for you that you entertain it.

The German's idea of Sunday is anything but Puritanic. It is the very opposite. It is for them a day of amusement. It is no unusual thing to be asked by a German on Monday morning, "Well, how did you amuse yourself yesterday?" There are those among the Germans, of course, who respect and keep the sabbath; but then there are always enough of them who do not; and to judge by the numbers in which they frequent their places of amusement on Sunday,—the parks, beer-gardens, and public-halls,—a stranger might possibly be tempted to inquire whether the Germans had any idea of a sabbath. Men, women, and children, older men with their wives, and younger

ones with their sweethearts, throng these places every Sunday, and enjoy themselves, careless of what impression they make on their fellow-citizens of American origin, to whom the sound of brass instruments on the sabbath air is anything but welcome or edifying. In the cold days of winter, when the parks and beer-gardens are dreary and shorn of their beauty, the German seeks amusement in some hall instead. Here he treats himself to a compound of rather heterogeneous elements,—to music, beer, and smoke; and to all of them at once. Any Sunday afternoon in the cold of winter, you may find him, with his wife or child, or both, in some large hall, one of a hundred or five hundred, smoking his meerschaum or his cigar, sipping his beer, wine, or coffee, and listening to a selection from Meyerbeer or Beethoven. Were it summer, he would add the odor of roses to the fumes of his tobacco and the smell of his beer; for he is as fond of flowers as he is of any of these, and is never happier than when the air, trembling to the notes of the orchestra, is redolent with tobacco-smoke, the perfume of the rose, heliotrope, and hop, and he is himself in the midst of them all.

We remarked above that the German has his own school, from which it may be inferred that he does not patronize the public-school system of the country; and this inference, within limits, is not without correctness. A great many Germans do send their children to the public schools. A few of the best-disciplined schools, and of the most thorough that we know, are public schools frequented exclusively by German children; but can such a school be properly called a public school? It may, inasmuch as it derives its support from the public, that the teachers are appointed by the people, through a board of school-commissioners, and that it is open to all children who apply for admission to its classes: in all these respects it is a public school; and perhaps this is all that is required to make what is known as a public school; but it is not what the American

people understand by that appellation, since, whereas they understand a peculiarly American institution, these are sometimes peculiarly German; for the teachers are German, the moral atmosphere is German, the methods in part German, and the language of the school, to say the least, as much German as English. When Germans can find a school of this kind, their objections to the public-school system are in part, if not entirely, removed; and no doubt could our school system be Germanized to this extent everywhere, all objections would be removed.

The Roman Catholic German keeps his child from the public school for the same reasons that the vast majority of Roman Catholics in the country do, namely, because they claim that the schools are not sufficiently unsectarian. The Lutheran German builds a Lutheran school-house next to his Lutheran Church, and then sends his children to be brought up Lutherans. His objection to the public-school system is, that it does not do this for him. But even with the German who professes no adherence to creed or church, the public-school system is no favorite; and that, of course, for quite different reasons. Generally — this is not the place to inquire why — much better educated than the rest of his countrymen, perhaps with all the advantages which Germans could afford for education, with a mind of his own on most points, and fully able to decide what is best for his children, he chooses rather to send them to some private institution, to one, if possible, as near in character to those of his fatherland as he can find. He objects to the employment of women in the schools. The school-ma'am is one of the American institutions least consonant with his modes of thought and his ideas of the sex and its sphere. He is of opinion, and not at all humbly, that neither physically nor mentally is woman competent for the labor of teaching. He would as lief his daughter should shoulder a musket as seek a teacher's diploma. Again you meet one who occasion-

ally finds fault with the public-school system because it is too religious. For the Roman Catholic it has not religion enough, nor of the right kind; for some Germans it has a vast deal too much. The name of God, or an allusion to Providence, or something else equally unscientific, in a reading book in a school, is sufficient to warn a thorough German radical of its dangerous influence on the young mind. What he wants in the way of an educational establishment is an institution in which there shall be no praying, no reading of the Bible, no allusion to a heaven or a God; where science shall be taught without any reference to a first cause, and literature without specimens from the writings of bishops, priests, or deacons, or even from a Milton, who, though a great man and gifted with real poetic genius, was so unfortunate in his choice of a subject — inasmuch as he chose a theological one — that all he has earned is a right to be forgotten. Another reason why this class of Germans do not patronize the national system of schools is, that they look upon them as de-Germanizing in their influence, and destructive of an individuality which they are anxious to preserve.

To secure this end, that is, to avoid their denationalization, and what they think to be evils in the public-school system, they have erected schools of their own all over the country. Their teachers are generally competent, and compare very favorably with the teachers in the public schools. Their methods of teaching are the same that are followed in Germany, and the results the same, — scholars thorough and accurate in their knowledge, who are, besides, as gentlemanly, as well-behaved, and as respectful to their teachers as the children that frequent the most orthodox schools in the land. In the matter of education, at least, they lose nothing from the fact that they do not frequent our public schools.

There are branches of education, sometimes neglected by Americans,

which are attended to by our German friends with scrupulous care. We refer particularly to physical education and education in music. The German sends his little boy, and his little girl when he can, to a school of physical training, where they are exercised in calisthenics and kindred arts. The young man grows up and becomes a member of a Turnverein, or society of gymnasts. These institutions for physical and intellectual development are looked upon with suspicion by a great many people, and even by a great many Germans, as the members of them are frequently, most frequently, members of no church, and antagonistic to religion in every shape. Occasionally the best gymnasts from the various localities in the country meet in some large city, and go through competitive evolutions,—marks of distinction, honors, or diplomas being granted to those who distinguish themselves by feats of strength or skill.

The Saengerfest is peculiarly German. Wherever a number of Germans are to be found in any place, it would be very strange if a musical society did not start into being. Such societies are to be found in all large cities where there is a German population, and in many smaller ones. A German community without music is unthinkable; as well talk of a German community without a language or a brewery. The Americans soon catch the contagion. So great, indeed, is the influence of the Germans upon the taste of the Americans in this respect that we believe it possible our western cities may shortly take the lead in point of musical, as much as the eastern cities do in point of literary, talent in this country. As in the case of gymnasts, so it is with the various German musical societies. At a specified time and place they meet to try their relative musical powers; and they come from all directions for that purpose. They generally meet, of course, where their countrymen are well represented; and the occasion of their coming together is a gala-day. Evergreens adorn the streets, arches are erected in vari-

ous places, devices and mottoes are abundantly displayed in prominent localities, flags, German and American, flutter from German houses, the entrance to the lager-beer saloons are made as inviting as the grotto of a nymph, German faces in extra supply are met with at every corner. The Saengerfest is held in some place of public amusement; the various societies compete and are awarded prizes according to merit.

Another "fest" is the Schützenfest in which the prizes awarded are to the best marksmen. These feasts are all good, and the American who believes in physical education and the influence of good music will be glad that they exist.

We have mentioned so many points in which the German is isolated from the American that the question, in what do the two agree, would not be impertinent. Have they anything in common? We think they have. We think that in their common adherence to the rights of humanity, and in their devotion to the principles of human liberty, they are one; that the German in America would fight side by side with the American for any broad principle of liberty or human right, for the dignity or independence or union of the country,—with this distinction, however: the American would fight for the country and the principle, the German, we think, for the principle only; that is, if the two could be separated. In other words, the German does not love America as his fatherland; he loves that which alone makes America—we do not say dear but—supportable to him,—liberty, and the opportunity it affords him to better his condition.

Although he does not mix with the American portion of the community, and has no very great love for it, he is no enemy of the American, he bears him no ill-will. That he does not mingle in American society or positively love the native American is not his fault. He cannot, and it should not be expected from him. There is nothing to bring the two together but a common adherence to a few abstract prin-

ciples,—principles which have no active opponents, and which, therefore, do not tend to cement the union of the German and American peoples as they would were they threatened from without or within.

His language, customs, education, and traditions, his daily mode of life, even, are different; hence he does not meet his American fellow-citizen as often as he would were any of these things held by the two in common. Germans and Americans cannot meet even at the same table, which, however good it may be for one or the other, never can suit both at the same time, so different are their culinary tastes. The German tells you that he can get nothing to eat at an American boarding-house or hotel; and in a German one the American assures you there is nothing he can eat. In this way it happens that not only the requirements of the head and heart, but those of the stomach even, tend to keep the two people separated; and in the process of their amalgamation, the stomach of the German must be educated to the American standard, before that amalgamation will be complete.

From all that has been said, it may be inferred that the German does not frown on or flatter the American. He gives him credit for perseverance, enterprise, and pluck, for his ability for self-government; but here ends his praise. He can tell us, on the other hand, and his less intelligent fellow-countryman learns to repeat it after him, that we, compared with the people of Europe, possess a purely colonial character; that we have produced nothing in literature, art, or science that is peculiarly American; that in the little we have accomplished, we have been imitators; he will add, perhaps, if he cares to be severe, that to this there is one exception: that the world is indebted to us for originating spirit-rapping and table-turning and Mormonism,—all of which bear an unmistakable American character.

Such being the light in which we appear to those of our German population

who trouble themselves at all with speculations as to the probable future of their race in the United States, it is not much to be wondered at that they do not wish to be Americanized any faster than they can help it; that they resist the change, if Americanization means changing them into anything like what the American is to-day, east or south, or north or west. In fact, the German looks upon the invitation to Americanize himself as an invitation to forget his early associations and European impressions, to exchange the Alps for the Alleghanies and the Rhine for the Hudson; to efface Heidelberg and Berlin from his memory, and fall in love with Cambridge and New York; “to throw Goethe and Schiller into the fire, and read the Bible and Miles Standish”; to turn away from the grand old minster, and feast his eyes on ordinary houses built of fiery red brick. To hear him discourse of how much he would be under the painful necessity of giving up to become an American, you would imagine him certainly the heir, and the exclusive heir, of all the ages. He dilates on the merits of Schiller and Goethe, as if Schiller and Goethe did not belong as much to the world as to Germany, and might not be appropriated by any one who wished and was able to make them his own, in Cambridge as in Weimar itself. In fact, you might imagine that Schiller, Goethe, and Lessing were his ever-attendant spirits, forever whispering in his ear. Between him and the American alike, and the old cathedrals of Europe and its celebrated galleries of art, the Atlantic rolls; yet he speaks as glibly of them as if, by some mysterious influence, they were where he might inspect them at any moment he chose; and although his great grandfather may be the last of his kin that saw them, he, according to all appearances, knows as much about them as if he carried them all in his breeches-pocket.

But what of the future? By the very force of circumstances, and in spite of what the German wishes,

his descendants will be American. If we are ever to become one nation, a homogeneous people, the distinction of German and American must cease. The German does not like this. He does not like to be swallowed up by the great American people, body, bones, and all. He does not like to be told that he will disappear and leave not a trace behind, for he has within him the instinct of immortality.

Will he live in America in any sense? We think he will. Even at present German ideas are not without their force. It is not for us to say whether this is always for the best. Let others decide whether the German boast—that they are the born enemies of “Yankee” thought and “Yankee” ideas—is true or not, and, if true, whether for the best or not. All we aim at is to take an objective view of them, not sparing them where their faults are patent, nor caring to spare the reader who would fain find everything as he would wish it to be.

Wherever they have settled in any numbers, they hold—or may hold if they so choose—the balance of power, and it would be almost impossible to pass a Maine Liquor Law, or a Sunday Law, or if passed, to enforce it. The principle that Christianity is part of the common law is fast disappearing wherever they settle. In any question involving that point no judge, anxious for the German vote and caring more for the vote than the principle, or the dignity of the bench, would dare to affirm it.

They claim exemption from taxes for institutions professedly devoted to the combating of Christianity on the same ground that churches and schools are exempt from taxation; and there are places where it is not improbable they will carry their point. On all of which we leave it to the reader to make his own comments.

The German will affect the American community in two ways: by his blood and by his ideas. The resultant will be neither “Yankee” nor German; it will be American. The German

character—there are enough of the nation among us to do it—will complement the American, and of all characters it is in some respects the one most able to do it. The American is too much taken up with the pursuit of gain: an infusion of German blood will have the effect of making him less so, but, at the same time perhaps, more saving; less abstemious in the matter of wine and beer, if this could be considered desirable, more so in that of brandy and whiskey; less given to commercial speculation, fonder of music and the drama, of flowers and of nature.

It is not probable that they will influence our form of government or our political principles at all. The mission of the Anglo Saxon race appears to be to educate men into governing themselves. Here Germany must come to school to America. Her genius is not political, however contemporaneous events may seem to favor the opposite view. Among no people are the ties of friendship and the family stronger. Among no people is political coherency less powerful. As a people, they may be manipulated by a skilful hand. Bismarck's success in moulding them in a short period into a great nation, if it proves the ability of the man, proves also a lack of political self-assertion in the people themselves. Were their political prejudices stronger, they could not have been overcome so easily. Of the thousands of Germans who have come to our shores, the late Dr. Lieber is, perhaps, the only political writer of any prominence they have given us; and of distinguished statesmen, they have not produced one. Their own most eminent writers do not hesitate to confess that, as a people, they have no political genius. They had no idea of the State until they came in contact with the Romans; and they have always considered the government as an estate, and not as a trust. We should be inclined to think that, if true to their instincts, they would in this country favor State rights, for they

have always been impatient of universal governments, ecclesiastical and civil, and a tendency to decentralization runs through the whole of their history. Hence, the small States which only yesterday were united into an Empire,—a union of which no one feels warranted to prophesy the perpetuity. We repeat it, therefore, it is only socially, and in our religious history that the Germans will act upon us; and, in the long run, perhaps, more in the latter respect than in the former. There seems to be a tendency in the German character that is anti-Christian. We recollect finding ourselves one Christmas day in the house of a venerable German patriarch,—a man with hair as white as the snow that covered the ground outside. His little grandchildren were about him, climbing his knee, and talking of the “Christ-kind,” or Christ-child, who had sent them all the pretty golden fruit, and the tree that bore it, their aged grandparent the while extolling Rénan, and arguing against the existence of God. Before these children had doffed their small

clothes, Santa Claus and the Christ-kind were both relegated to the mythic age of the nursery. And something like this is taking place every day among the Germans in the West.

When it is known that one of the objects of the Turnvereins is the propagation of the most radical ideas in matters of religion and politics, and that these societies are to be found in every State of the Union, something is learned of how they are affecting us in that direction. These and other influences will survive the German in America. He will go; but they, for good or evil, will remain. The German’s character will not die out, but will change; his name, his feelings, his thoughts, and his aspirations will cease to be German, and, in ceasing to be German, become American; but, on the other hand, not American in precisely the signification that word bears to-day; for America, even, is not exempt from the laws which produce the vicissitudes of nations and the constant variation of national character.

J. J. Lalor.

DANIEL TREADWELL, INVENTOR.

THE name at the head of this paper is that of a man who probably has had less popular recognition than any other great inventor; yet to this comparatively unknown man the country owes the first prosperity of its railroad system; on printing-presses originating from his invention nearly all our books are printed; machines of his device revolutionized the art of rope-making as completely as those of Arkwright revolutionized cotton-spinning, and now supply the world with the best cordage; the most effective artillery of modern warfare is made upon principles which he first discovered and applied; a number of his minor inventions modify modern industry, and add to the wealth, greatness, and honor of

the nation. He has fully earned the right to be associated hereafter with the other great discoverers in the mechanic arts who have given lustre to the American name.

Daniel Treadwell, born October 10, 1791, in Ipswich, Massachusetts, was a descendant from one of the earliest settlers of the town, who emigrated thither in 1638 from Oxford in England. His predecessors were hard-working and respectable farmers. His mother, Elizabeth Dodge, was a descendant of Mayor Isaac Appleton of Ipswich, and Priscilla Baker, granddaughter of Lieutenant-Governor Samuel Symonds, “a gentleman of an ancient and worshipped family from Gildham in Essex, England.” She was the

second wife of his father, and died when Daniel was two years of age. "My early years were therefore," he says, "no doubt much neglected, as my father's housekeeper, however well disposed, had neither the education nor the affection required to make the most of a child, and my father, who was fifty-two years old at the time of my birth, was much occupied in the care of his farm."

On the death of his father, Daniel was placed under the guardianship and lived in the family of Colonel Nathan Wade, an old Revolutionary soldier, who was much esteemed in Ipswich, and whose care and kindness were always held in grateful remembrance. In 1800, he began his grammar-school studies at Newburyport, ten miles distant. The school, like most of the schools of that time supported by the town, does not seem to have been of a very high order; but here he received all the instruction that he enjoyed till he was twenty-five, when he began the study of French, under a teacher in Boston.

It is always interesting to observe the first indications of a genius like that of young Treadwell for any particular branch of knowledge or calling. "In 1803 the town of Ipswich," writes his friend, Mr. S. N. Baker, "purchased a fire engine, which soon attracted the attention of the schoolboys and of Daniel Treadwell in particular, who resolved to make one, which he did. When finished he announced to the boys that he would exhibit and try it during the vacation. "At the time appointed the boys assembled, and we drew it to a two-story building; we then went to work, forced the water on to the roof, and with a shout of joy pronounced it a success." Mr. Baker says of Treadwell, "He was a pleasant boy, though rather sedate, and a favorite among his schoolmates."

In 1805, when nearly fifteen, he began an apprenticeship in Newburyport to his brother Isaac, who had just gone into business as a goldsmith and jeweller. Here he remained nearly two

years, when his brother failed in business, and went to New York, and afterward to Caraccas, where he became director of the mint and of the department of mining, and perished in the great earthquake of 1812.

Daniel came to Boston, and there worked with Mr. Jesse Churchill, No. 83 Newbury Street, for four years, first as an apprentice, and then as a partner in the shop and trade. During this period, as might have been expected, he applied himself to the improvement of the implements of his trade. In making silver-ware the important tool was the hammer, and with this, by a tedious process, the various articles were gradually fashioned without much certainty of the exact resemblance of any two articles intended to be similar. Treadwell, by means of swages, between which the rolled plate of silver-ware was laid, was able, with a few heavy blows or a strong pressure, to give the plate the desired form with great exactness.

"When about nineteen," he writes, "I took to geometry and algebra, and went unassisted through Euclid and Bonnycastle's Algebra. Although I could not give my mind to the works of gold and silver that I wrought, I was always attentive to the operations of machinery wherever I saw them. Before I was fifteen I had gone through the many exercises of puzzling over the problem of perpetual motion. During this labor I pursued, without aid or instruction from any one, the great principle of vertical velocities. The rediscovery or untaught perception of this principle is sometimes given as a mark of great mental force. I am induced to think it not an uncommon occurrence, and that most young men with a little more than medium talents are capable of it. Of the value of a clear, constant, and vivid perception of it to the machinist too high an estimate cannot be formed."

During the war with Great Britain in 1812, when the hard times upon which we had entered admonished the people not to indulge in luxuries of gold

and silver, his prospect of success in his trade was not good and his attention was drawn towards manufactures. An article which was much needed and of which the supply had been cut off by the war was the common screw. During the day he worked in his shop with Mr. Churchill, and the evenings he passed in the adjoining shop of Phineas Dow, a man of considerable skill and ingenuity, some ten years his senior. After some two years of this intermittent work, they invented and perfected a machine which in his specifications he describes as "a machine for making screws of metallic wire commonly called wood screws, at one operation, by water, steam, or any other power." The machine performed the operation of making the screw entirely without the aid of the hand, taking in the wire at one end and delivering a finished screw at the other at the rate of fifteen to twenty-five a minute. For this he obtained a patent, and with the aid of one of his friends, established a screw factory in Saugus. He had great difficulty in obtaining suitable wire, as there was none made in this country, and the English wire was dear and hard to get. Capital also was not abundant with the inventors, and after a while peace was made with Great Britain, when imported screws becoming plenty, the machine and the right to manufacture it were sold to persons in Philadelphia. From the multiplicity of its operations it was necessarily very complicated. It was much admired for its ingenuity, and although it did not make the fortune of its inventors, it has been profitable to others, for it contained many of the principles upon which the screw machinery of the present time is constructed.

His next invention was a machine for making wrought iron nails. This was put in operation, and made finished nails, with heads and points complete, from heated rods fed in from above. About the time it was finished and at work, an Englishman appeared and claimed priority of invention, although his machine never made a perfect nail.

Mr. Treadwell declined to contend with him and abandoned the business. It would seem, however, that his invention, either as then made or with some subsequent improvements, was again put in operation, for he was employed in the profitable manufacture of nails from 1824 to 1827.

In 1816, at the age of twenty-five, worn out with anxiety attendant upon his work, Mr. Treadwell determined to study medicine. He entered the office of Dr. John Ware of Boston, and attended the course of lectures at the Medical School of Harvard University. The attractions of this profession for him were undoubtedly the study of anatomy and physiology, which in many respects are intimately connected with mechanics and hydraulics. One of his papers records an investigation, probably made at this time, into the force exerted by the heart upon the contained blood. He based his calculations upon the height of a jet of blood from one of the larger arterial trunks and the space through which the blood moved in a given time. At that early period one of his fellow-students says, "We, his friends, held him in high esteem and respect for his great scientific knowledge." After studying with Dr. Ware about a year and a half his health improved, and his mind returned to its old habit of dwelling upon mechanical problems. He abandoned the idea of becoming a practitioner of medicine, but he never lost his interest in all matters pertaining to physiology.

In 1818 he again appears as an inventor. "Aware of the fact," he says, "that the legs have a vastly greater muscular force than the arms, it occurred to me that this circumstance might be taken advantage of in the construction of mechanical instruments in which the exertion is necessarily great without a great nicety in its direction. After much deliberation I selected the printing press, as connected with one of our most useful arts, and well-fitted to illustrate the principle assumed."

Following out his plan, he invented a

press differing from the ordinary hand-press in several respects. In the hand-press the "form" of type is upon a movable carriage, by which it can be run in and out beneath the platen, — a plain piece of solid metal covering the face of the form of type, and which, when pressed down by a powerful screw and lever pulled by the arm of the workman, gives the impression. In Mr. Treadwell's press the form is stationary, and the platen, which is light and turns upon a horizontal hinge, is so counterbalanced that it can be turned on and off the form with very little expenditure of force. The impression is given by a lever which rests upon a projecting piece of metal rising from the top of the platen. This lever is connected by means of a descending rod with a treadle near the floor; upon this the workman treads with his whole weight, and thus brings down the platen upon the types with great force. The time and power lost in moving the form is saved, and the muscular effort is a step instead of a pull. To this is added a double *frisket*, — a contrivance by which the paper, after being printed on one side, without being removed, is turned and printed upon the other. This he called the "Treadle Press." It excited a good deal of interest among printers; Colonel Benjamin Russell, an old printer, and the well-known editor of the "Boston Centinel," was much pleased with it and brought it prominently forward. The same friend who had aided Mr. Treadwell with the screw machine aided him with this also. The press when finished was put in operation in Boston for a short time, and seemed so satisfactory that Mr. Treadwell determined to introduce its use, and, being desirous of visiting England, concluded to make the attempt first in that country. He reached London in the latter part of 1819. In the following year it was patented, and two or three were manufactured by Mr. Napier and put in operation. But he found that the attention of printers was directed entirely to steam cylinder presses. Monday, November 28, 1814,

the London Times had announced to the reader that he held in his hand a paper printed by steam. The prospect of success did not warrant a further stay, and he returned home in September, 1820.

After examining the steam cylinder press while in England, he was satisfied that, although it might answer sufficiently well for newspaper work, a better power press for book work might be constructed by using the platen rather than the cylinder for the impression. His own invention and those of his successors have confirmed the correctness of his conclusion. Soon after his return he commenced the construction of such a machine, which was completed in about a year, being the first press by which a printed sheet — a copy of the Boston Advertiser — was printed on this continent by other than human power. The difficulties which Mr. Treadwell encountered in this enterprise may be better understood when we know that there was not a single steam engine at work in any shop or manufactory in the old peninsula of Boston, and but a single one at the foundry at South Boston. There was not a lathe to be procured large enough to face the platen, which was consequently constructed of wood.

All the motions of the press were automatic with the exception of laying on and taking off the paper. It was put in operation by a horse. Mr. Treadwell called it the Power Printing Press, and it was patented March 2, 1826. After satisfying himself of the quality of the work, and of the important saving in expense over that of hand-printing that would be made by his press, Mr. Treadwell determined, in connection with two partners, to commence the business of printing, and continue it until the printers should be satisfied that it would be to their advantage to adopt his press and purchase the right to use it. Accordingly a second machine was built, type purchased, and workmen procured, — probably with some difficulty. Journeymen were opposed to his plan; it was thought to interfere with the demand

for their services, and one of his most reliable assistants was a young woman who laid on the paper to be printed, and became quite familiar with the working of the machinery, so that going afterwards to Philadelphia with one of the presses, she taught others how to manage it. The business was carried on about two years with moderate profit; one of the principal booksellers of Boston then purchased the establishment, with the patent right for Massachusetts. During this time Treadwell received contracts from several booksellers to print works for them; and many books are now to be seen with the imprint, "Treadwell Power Press."* The opposition of the journeymen was violent and unrelenting, and once when his warehouse took fire and the presses were injured, some of the journeymen were suspected of setting the fire.

Mr. Treadwell was soon after a member of the Rumford Committee of the Academy, which is charged with the duty of examining such discoveries or useful improvements in light or heat as in their opinion merit the Rumford medals. To this committee he was annually re-elected for nearly forty years.

In 1826 the Boston Mechanics' Institution was founded. Dr. Bowditch was chosen president, and Mr. Treadwell the first of its three vice-presidents. In 1827 he commenced lecturing in Boston, and gave a course before the Institution on subjects of practical mechanics. In 1829, on the retirement of Dr. Bowditch, he was elected president.

In 1815, at the request of President Josiah Quincy, then the mayor of Boston, Mr. Treadwell examined the various ponds and running waters in the vicinity of the city, for the purpose of ascertaining the practicability of supplying it with pure water. In the report which followed, the advantages of elevated reservoirs within the city are strongly insisted upon, both because they reserve water which passes

through the mains by night when the expenditure is small, and also because they afford a perfect and more steady supply, and a stock of water in case of accident to the mains, especially during a fire. In 1871, more than forty years after this report was written, and when the wisdom of its advice had been forgotten, it was proposed to tear down the reservoirs, and cover their valuable sites with buildings. Mr. Treadwell, then an octogenarian, remonstrated vigorously in the public prints. In the following November, during a severe frost, the whole supply of water for the city was for several hours cut off. The possibility of a conflagration caused great alarm, and the fire engines were at once hurried to the wharves. Fortunately no fire occurred, but the alarm was not without benefit. The reservoirs still stand; though it is with regret that we must add that during the great fire of November 9, 1872, the city reservoir was found empty.

In 1837, under the mayoralty of Hon. Samuel A. Eliot, Mr. Treadwell was again chairman of a committee upon the same subject, and the subject of a suitable supply of water is fully discussed in the first of a series of examinations and reports which ended in the construction of the great Waterworks, opened Oct. 12, 1848.

While engaged in printing, Mr. Treadwell made many experiments with the hydrostatic press used in his establishment as to the effect of pressure on different kinds of woods when placed in the chamber of the press. He also made other experiments on the permeability of wood, and found that a pressure of 400 pounds to the inch forced water through a piece of wood endwise in a stream. Perceiving that in this way salt water or other solutions could be forced through timber, he laid before the Commissioners of the United States Navy in 1823, a plan for applying this process, which could be accomplished in a few minutes, to ship timber, as a substitute for *docking*, which requires several years.

Between the years 1823 and 1829

* Among the lesser contrivances devised by him, may here be mentioned a machine for inking types which is still in use and may be seen to-day employed in the Bank of England.

he constructed several sets of power printing presses, and put them in operation in New York for the Bible and Tract Society there, in Philadelphia, Washington, Baltimore, and Boston; and in some of these cities they were in use for more than twenty years. There is good reason to believe that no form of power press for book printing constructed since then is capable of producing better impressions or making any considerable saving in the cost of work; but some of them have an advantage in being more compact, and in working somewhat more rapidly than the original press. From the manufacture and sale of the rights of using his presses Mr. Treadwell received about \$70,000.

In 1829, as chairman of a committee, Mr. Treadwell made a report to the Directors of the Massachusetts Railroad Association on the practicability of conducting transportation on a single set of tracks. He had already, in a short article in the "Franklin Journal," published in Philadelphia, particularly described his plan. No railroad for the transportation of passengers then existed in New England; no English railway for public use, with other than a double track, had been mentioned; the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad had double tracks, and it was naturally inferred that they were essential. The surveys for the Boston and Albany Railroad had been made. Mr. Treadwell proposed for this road a single set of tracks with proper sidings at considerable intervals, fixed time of starting, and regulated velocities. These propositions he sustained with facts and sound arguments, and showed that by their adoption the transportation then required could be done as well as by double tracks, and that the same amount of capital could distribute the advantages of railroads over a much larger extent of country. The English system, on the other hand, would not only materially limit them, but would render them, in a sparsely settled country, unremunerative to the stockholders.

His system was violently opposed by another committee; it was asserted that the only proper mode of construction was "a double set of tracks, with well-constructed joining places from one set to the other, within 50 or 60 rods of each other. As to the system of fixed times of starting and regulated velocities, "nothing" they said, "in the whole range of human affairs *can* ever be thought of, to which its application would be so ruinous and destructive as to the very railroad (the Boston and Albany), now under consideration." As a consequence of this discussion, the Boston and Worcester, and the Boston and Lowell, and the Boston and Providence Railroads, the pioneer roads in this State, went into operation on the principle indicated and explained in the ingenious paper of Mr. Treadwell.

In the following October was the great competitive trial of locomotives on the Liverpool and Manchester railway, in which George Stephenson's "Rocket" definitely settled the question of motive power for railroads, and with it the necessity for the adoption of Mr. Treadwell's plan of fixed times and regulated velocities. In looking back from this time, one may say that the great primary success of the American over the English railways is in a great measure due to the adoption of the single-track system.

In 1829 Mr. Treadwell received the honorary degree of Master of Arts from Harvard College, and the same year delivered a short course of lectures to the undergraduates and University students on subjects of engineering and practical mechanics, comprising steam engines and railways. It was in this year, also, that he completed his first imperfect machine for spinning hemp for rope making. This subject took up the greater part of his time from 1828 to 1835, and comprised inventions — which formed the subject of five different patents — for preparing and spinning the hemp and tarring the yarn. These processes, which had before been per-

formed entirely by hand, no rope yarn having been spun by machinery in any part of the world, were by his invention transferred to automatic machines, with a vast saving in the cost of production, and improvement in the quality of manufacture. During the whole period he met with determined opposition from the trade of rope makers, was often insulted, and even threatened with violence.

A full description by Mr. Treadwell of this most ingenious machine, under the title "A machine called a Gypsey, for spinning hemp and flax," with drawings, may be found in the volume of *Memoirs of the American Academy* published in 1833. The first works were completed upon the Mill Dam in Boston, in 1832, and were capable of manufacturing nearly a thousand tons of hemp annually. In 1838 he contracted with the United States government for machines to be placed in the Navy Yard at Charlestown, Mass., where he afterwards placed eighty machines with complete tarring works. From a report made some years since, it appears that the saving to the government at the Navy Yard alone was from ten to twenty thousand dollars annually, without mentioning the benefit derived from the superior quality of the cordage. On these machines, and those copied from them and erected at Memphis, Tennessee, several years later, all the cordage for the American navy is spun; and they stand now without a successful competitor in the Navy Yard at Charlestown, as efficient as when they were first placed there forty years ago. Since their invention the character of American cordage has so greatly improved that it has become an article of export to most parts of the world; to the British Provinces, the East Indies, and even Great Britain. The machines, also, have been exported, first to Canada, and then, in 1860, to Great Britain, Ireland, and Russia, with a still increasing foreign demand. One of the inventions — the circular hatchel or lapper — is believed to be generally used wherever hemp is

spun for the making of coarse cloth. With such a widespread demand, it is not surprising that the machines should find pirates and imitators, and these sprang up in all directions. The income derived by Mr. Treadwell from his power printing presses has already been stated; that from the rope machine is believed to have been much greater. It is probable that this very satisfactory result prevented him from undertaking any defence of his rights.

"In 1831," writes Mr. Treadwell, "being then in my fortieth year, I married Miss Adeline Lincoln, a daughter of Dr. Lincoln, of Hingham, who has been my faithful and devoted companion to the present time (1854), and I trust will be preserved to me to the very end."

In 1834 a new field of usefulness opened to Mr. Treadwell, when he was chosen to fill the chair of Rumford Professor at Cambridge, thus adding the office of teacher of the principles of mechanics and the practical application of them, to that of an inventor, which had heretofore chiefly occupied his thoughts. To qualify himself for the place he went to Europe in the following year, visited such public institutions as had for their object the advancement of the useful arts, and studied carefully such subjects as were more closely connected with his new duties, and also secured models of machinery and other apparatus required for the illustration of his lectures. In 1836 he returned, and went immediately to Cambridge to live, and began the duties of his professorship. Professor Treadwell says, "I accepted this place rather against my inclinations, and with the suspicion that I was not exactly suited to it. I was a stranger to college life, its associations, customs, and traditions, unacquainted with some branches of learning, especially the ancient languages, that form, and I believe very properly, a principal subject of college study. But the courtesy and kindness of the professors and officers soon relieved me in a degree from the disagreements of my false position."

His misgivings were not shared by his friends; they knew his high intellectual powers and his abilities. His lectures were remarkable for pure and choice English, clearness of description, precision in the enunciation of propositions, logical sequence of ideas, and well-selected and successful experiments. Few lecturers could surpass him in the ability to fix clearly and permanently in the minds of his pupils the subjects of his teachings. He filled this chair with great honor to the College till his resignation in 1845.

His lectures required but a part of his time, and left him free to engage in other pursuits, and he directed his attention to the making of cannon of greater strength, and consequently of greater calibre, than those in common use. Being intimately acquainted with the properties of metals and the forces to which they are subjected when used in the construction of cannon, he saw the advantages to be derived from the substitution of wrought iron and steel for bronze and cast iron. He knew well the processes of manufacture; he knew that these metals were, as usually wrought, a fibrous structure, as is clearly shown in wire and sheets of rolled iron, and that these fibres are always formed, and their strength or cohesion greatest, in the direction in which they are extended. By a short and clear process of reasoning, he showed that the resistance to longitudinal rupture of a cannon in use, as compared with its resistance to transverse rupture, can never be less than two to one, and may be much more. It was then obvious to him that, to obtain the greatest strength from a fibrous material in the construction of cannon, it should be wound around the axis of the calibre. After a few preliminary experiments, he set about constructing the machinery required to carry out his ideas. The following is his description of the process of manufacture.

"Between the years 1841 and 1845, I made upwards of twenty cannon of this material (wrought iron). They

were all made up of rings or short cylinders welded together endwise; each ring was made of bars wound round an arbor spirally, like winding a ribbon upon a block, and, being welded and shaped in dies, were joined endwise, while in the furnace at a welding heat, and afterwards pressed together in a mould with a hydrostatic press of 1,000 ton's force.

"Finding in the early stage of the manufacture that the softness of the wrought iron was a serious defect, I formed those made afterwards with a lining of steel, the wrought iron bars being wound upon a previously formed steel ring. Eight of these guns were 6-pounders of the common United States bronze pattern, and eleven were 32-pounders, about eighty inches length of bore, and 1,900 pounds weight." The cylinder of metal thus formed was turned and bored, the breech closed by a screw plug, and the trunnions fixed upon a band which was screwed upon the outside of the gun. The trunnion band and trunnions were formed like the cannon, by machinery moved by the hydrostatic press. The Secretary of War, advised by Lieutenant-Colonel Talcott, Chief of the Ordnance Bureau, authorized a contract with Professor Treadwell for a few 6-pounder field cannon. The Secretary of the Navy also contracted for four light navy 32-pounder cannon. After about a year and a half of most devoted and exhausting labor, and a very large outlay of money, Professor Treadwell completed the 6-pounder guns of 800 pounds weight each, to his satisfaction. Two of these were proved at Fortress Monroe with service charges fired 1,500 times without injury. "After this, one of these guns which had been so proved was fired with the following charges:

20	rounds,	3	pounds of powder,	1	shot,	1	wad.
20	"	3	"	"	2	"	2
10	"	3	"	"	3	"	2
10	"	6	"	"	7	"	2

and remains entirely uninjured. There is no enlargement of the bore exceeding one one-hundredth of an inch, and

the gun is otherwise every way serviceable."

The Chief of the Ordnance Bureau, after these experiments, writes to Professor Treadwell, "I shall still say, as I have done, that your guns can be neither burst nor worn out, and refer to the facts of the various trials. No bronze 6-pounder gun ever made would withstand uninjured a single discharge of three pounds of powder and three shot. Cast iron guns are sometimes made to resist that charge, but no confidence can be placed in their safety in service."

Professor Treadwell wrote in 1845, "I have not hitherto spoken of carrying this method of making cannon to those of enormous sizes such, for example, as shall throw a shot of a thousand pounds, perhaps of many tons in weight. I can see no insuperable practical difficulty, however, to making such guns by the method devised by me. On the contrary, I can have but little doubt that further practice will lead to the fabrication of guns of these great calibres with perfect facility." For this invention a patent was granted him in England, July 5, 1844. In November, 1846, the 32-pounders were finished, and although their weight was less than 1,900 pounds, one of them bore, uninjured, a succession of charges commencing with eight pounds of powder and one shot, and ending with twelve pounds of powder, five shot, and three wads.

With these favorable results, a charter was granted by the Legislature, February 28, 1845, to Professor Treadwell and eight other gentlemen of wealth and great respectability, under the title of the Steel Cannon Company. Land was bought in Brighton, and buildings erected suitable for the successful manufacture of the guns.

In 1845 Professor Treadwell published his "Short Account of an Improved Cannon and of the Machinery and Process employed in its Manufacture." Of this he sent copies to England and France, to the respective governments, and to many officers of the

army and navy in both countries. The acknowledgement of the reception of the pamphlet at the Admiralty is dated September 11, 1847. To his Majesty, the King of the French, one of the cannon was forwarded in 1846.

In July, 1847, finding that this gun sent to France had not yet been proved, he determined to go and look after its prospects there and in England. In England he made the acquaintance of Mr. Peter Barlow, through whose introduction he was admitted to the establishment at Woolwich. At that time the description of his gun had merely secured an acknowledgment of its reception at the Admiralty. Professor Treadwell then went to Paris, and there learned that the trial of his gun had commenced at Vincennes, November 9, and that it would be resumed in a few months. He then went to Italy for the winter, and returned to Paris in the spring. The proving of the gun was continued, and a copy of the report of the proving placed in Professor Treadwell's hands in May, 1848. From this it appeared that the gun had been severely tried and remained uninjured. The revolution soon followed. During this, Professor Treadwell remained in Paris, and then returned to America.

Professor Treadwell, after his return, was offered a contract for the supply of several batteries for the army. But as the navy, upon which he had placed his chief reliance, did not favor the change proposed, he was obliged to abandon his project, with a loss of over \$60,000 in buildings and machinery falling upon himself and the few friends engaged precariously with him.

Professor Treadwell was thus prevented from carrying out his ideas of making cannon of large calibre. His views and method of manufacture were well-known, however, in England, through the patents already secured in America, England, and Russia, and from the printed specifications, as well as the pamphlet above mentioned, which in 1848 was translated into French by a professor in the School of Artillery at Vincennes.

"To prove that it was successful as a construction," writes Professor Treadwell to the Secretary of War and the Secretary of the Navy, "I have only to say that Sir W. Armstrong, twelve years after I was obliged to abandon it, and after learning, as I fully believe, the method by which I produced it, formed his rifled cannon upon the same plan; and I defy him now, with the whole patronage of the British government, to produce a more perfect gun, so far as *strength, soundness, and finish* are concerned, than I produced seventeen years ago by private means alone. I limit my boast to the above enumerated particulars, for, as to Armstrong's inventions in rifling and breech-loading, he deserves, in my opinion, much credit for them, and I hope that I shall be the last man to deny to another all that belongs to him."

That Sir William Armstrong's guns are manufactured upon the same principles as Professor Treadwell's there can be but little doubt; for in 1863 Sir William says they are made "with a steel tube surrounded with coiled cylinders." This gun has been adopted as the most efficient arm yet produced. It is a matter for national regret that America should have thus left to England the merit of a just appreciation of Treadwell's great invention.

In 1856 he read before the American Academy of Arts and Sciences a memoir in which he proposes to "form a body for the gun containing the calibre and breech as now formed of cast iron, but with rods of only about half the thickness of the diameter of the bore. Upon this body I place," says Professor Treadwell, "rings or hoops of wrought iron, in one, two, or more layers. Every hoop is formed with a screw or thread upon its inside, to fit to a corresponding screw or thread formed upon the body of the gun first, and afterwards upon each layer that is embraced by another layer. These hoops are made a little—say one-thousandth part of their diameters—less upon their insides than the parts that they enclose.

They are then expanded by heat, and being turned on to their places, are suffered to cool, when they shrink and compress, first the body of the gun, and afterwards each successive layer, all that it encloses. This compression must be made such that, when the gun is subjected to the greatest force, the body of the gun and the several layers of rings will be distended to the fracturing point at the same time, and thus each take a portion of the strain up to its bearing capacity."

It will be remembered that the trunnion-band upon the guns constructed in 1845 was secured by means of a screw cut upon the body of the gun and "splined" so as to prevent its starting: so also each hoop must be splined to prevent its starting. The trunnions in these last guns are welded upon one of the hoops. Cross fracture is resisted by the cast-iron body and also by the outer rings breaking joints over the inner. This gun was patented June 19, 1855. A patent was granted soon after to Captain Blakeley of the Royal Artillery, England, for constructing cannon upon this principle, using cast steel instead of cast iron for the body. No one doubts the great strength of these guns. Whitworth also uses hoops strained on to the body of all his large wrought cannon. Lastly, Mr. Parrott in this country has reinforced his cannon with hoops made of coil, on the principle of Professor Treadwell's first gun, heated to a red heat and shrunk on to the cast-iron body of the gun without screws. This imperfect and partial application of Professor Treadwell's principles has given a much stronger gun,—the only gun, indeed, that has in this country been used effectually as a rifle. Still these guns failed to do all that might reasonably be expected of them from the principle of construction. This failure may be attributed to two causes. First it will be seen that the hoops are of annealed, inelastic wrought iron. When, therefore, they are shrunk upon the cast-iron body and are subjected to a few discharges, they are expanded, and be-

ing inelastic, do not return to their first dimensions, but may remain without useful effect, so far as regards any compression of the cast-iron body or contribution to its strength. Professor Treadwell had already seen this defect of annealed wrought iron, and showed that the hoops should be cold-hammered and stretched, and rendered *elastic*, and never afterwards heated sufficiently to lessen in the least degree this elasticity before being shrunk upon the body. He computed that a gun constructed in this way would be "more than twice as strong as any hooped gun ever yet constructed, of the same materials, weight, and dimensions." * Secondly, the hoops made in neglect of this principle of elasticity did not retain their places, except when the gun was light, the body and hoop gradually changing their relative positions. This, in Professor Treadwell's gun, the screw and spline effectually prevented. He laid great stress upon the accurate adaptation of the screw of the body to that of the hoop; he considered the difference between the thread of a screw cut cold and the same thread when heated, and devised a machine for making screws with slight differences to obviate this very difficulty. A model of the machine is in the Observatory of Harvard College.

From Professor Treadwell's papers, describing his gun and the principles of its construction, it is evident that it is still in advance of all others.

In 1858 we find him with an interest still unabated in the improvement of cannon. At this time he invented an apparatus for firing large guns, and at the same time effectually closing the vent or touch-hole during the discharge. The perfection of this instrument is such that a quantity of gunpowder can be fired in a hole in a steel block, not only without leakage, even for hours after the explosion, but without report. The advantages derived from the invention are: first, avoiding all wear of the vent; second, avoiding

all danger from flame and annoyance from smoke; third, the certain closure of the vent while reloading the gun; fourth, the greatly increased certainty that the priming will inflame the charge; fifth, a slightly increased effect of the same quantity of powder on the shot. Soon after its invention Professor Treadwell gave a full description to several officers of the United States Navy, and also sent a description to the proper department at Washington, but received no acknowledgment. In December, 1862, he sent a model to the Emperor Napoleon III. It was carefully examined by the Emperor personally, and a special commission appointed by the Minister of War to examine and report upon its merits. A special letter of thanks was also directed to be sent to Professor Treadwell through the Consul of France at Boston.

We have briefly noticed the most important of Professor Treadwell's inventions. There are others, upon some of which he spent much time. He says of these, "I succeeded in producing machines to operate as perfectly as I promised myself in the outset; but on trial they did not give that promise of profit which alone would warrant the attempt to establish them as practical instruments in the arts." Among these was a machine for setting type, with a letter-board like the key-board of a piano, by pressing upon which the types were set. It is understood he found no difficulty in composing type, but the distribution of them was unsatisfactory,—a point at which others have been arrested. A contrivance of his for regulating the heat of a hot-air furnace is both simple and effective, and frequently used.

In reference to his inventions, Professor Treadwell writes, "It is dangerous for a man to judge of the merits of his own works, but I have always thought I have received from the public but a scant measure of credit for my inventions in spinning hemp. Few persons know that such machines ex-

* *Memoirs of the American Academy for 1864.*

ist, fewer still that they are of my invention. I believe that if a competent man were to compare these machines with many of the more famous inventions, understand the difficulties overcome, and the means devised for overcoming them, he would accord these inventions a very high place amongst modern machines." In perfection and utility Treadwell's Gypsy ranks with Arkwright's spinning frame; in ingenuity, it far exceeds it; and they stand side by side in the revolution they have produced in the character of their respective products.

In Professor Treadwell's inventions the material from the bale, without special regard to size or smoothness, is presented to the machine; it enters it and lies upon a belted hatchel, through which it is drawn by rollers having a constant velocity, each fibre free to be moved in the direction of its length without carrying others with it. By this the fibres of hemp are straightened and laid parallel, so that they are strengthened for spinning and in the finished yarn. If the number of fibres is too small to form a yarn of the required size, the hatchel containing the roving advances and furnishes a new supply of fibres to the rollers; when of proper size the hatchel stops; if the supply has become too great a smaller hatchel combs out the surplus. It then passes to the spinning section, where it is drawn and twisted, and wound upon a bobbin a perfect yarn. The Gypsy is automatic; it asks nothing of the workmen but to supply the material, and to join or piece a yarn if it happens to break, and of this even it takes care to notify him by instantly stopping, and does not again start until the yarn is made whole. If Richard Arkwright merited knighthood and riches, as he certainly did, for his combination in inventions already known, and their application to new processes, by which a new character is given to cotton manufacture, Daniel Treadwell deserves to be held in grateful remembrance for the originality of his inventions, the new combinations

and new applications of others, and for the ardor and perseverance with which he overcame great obstacles and gave a new character to rope manufactures.

In May, 1865, Professor Treadwell received from the American Academy of Arts and Sciences the Rumford medals, one of gold and one of silver. These medals, during the preceding thirty years that the Academy had been charged with their award, had been given to but two persons; never before to a member of the Academy. To Professor Treadwell they were now given for "Certain Improvements in the Management of Heat," the particular improvements being a series of inventions by which the character of ordnance had been changed and its power immensely increased. This award was most grateful to him. It assured him that, however much his labors had been slighted by his own Government, and however much they had been appropriated by others, they were appreciated by a competent scientific tribunal, and his claims to originality fully recognized.

From 1856 to 1864, having ceased to engage in active pursuits, he prepared further papers on the construction of cannon, stimulated by the impulse the War of the Rebellion had given to this branch of manufacture. He also wrote a paper on the measure of the force of bodies moving with different velocities. These papers may be found in the *Memoirs or Proceedings of the Academy*. At the request of the Section of Civil Engineers, he delivered in 1855 a lecture on the Relations of Science to the Useful Arts. He also wrote several articles on the Natural Theology of Darwin's Treatise on the Origin of Species.

Professor Treadwell's health had been feeble from his early youth; he was himself impressed with the belief that he should sooner or latter succumb to pulmonary disease. In after life his health improved, but was never robust. During his most active period he had attacks which often arrested him in the midst of his labors and compelled

him to remain at rest for weeks together. During the latter part of his life he suffered from excessive pain; still he was interested in what was going on, and kept himself acquainted with discoveries and improvements. But as he grew weaker, he became subject to fits of despondency; he withdrew from his club, and went but little abroad, except for exercise in his carriage. His painful attacks still pursued him. In the night of February 26, 1872, he suffered more severely than usual, but found relief, and went to sleep. From this sleep he never awoke, and died early in the morning of February 27, in his eighty-first year. Professor Treadwell was without children; his widow survives him. In person he was of the medium height, — a spare figure, a pleasing though sedate countenance, and a bright eye. His manners were attractive but quiet; his conversation direct, clear, and instructive. He was a kind-hearted man and a fast friend.

In giving the history of his labors and inventions, and the character of his intellectual abilities, his life is written. He had a taste for English literature and was a great reader of Shakespeare; he formed his own style, which was singularly pure and simple, on that of the best writers. With regard to questions upon which his mind was made up he was positive, impatient of opposition, and sometimes aggressive. He was apt to question the perfection of machines which he examined, and to this questioning it is probable we owe most of his inventions. This habit of mind he carried into other matters than mechanics, and was inclined to doubt what could not be demonstrated. He had a vivid imagination; and when engaged in the invention of a machine, he could close his eyes and in his mind trace all its operations in regular order, — a faculty which enabled him to make rapid combinations and quickly determine their value.

Morrill Wyman.

SOME OBJECTIONS TO THE SEA.

THE notion that people must be happy because they have put off to sea in a boat, is a very puerile one, and, if closely considered, will be found no more capable than a sieve of containing water. Let us take a sail-boat as the kind of craft in which pleasure parties are supposed to attain the highest pinnacle of happiness. If there is no wind, the idle flapping of the sails against the mast is a sound exceedingly irritating to the hearer. Very few persons are capable of listening to this for more than an hour or two, without either getting out of humor, or putting themselves up to the mark by a free use of such stimulants as the locker may happen to contain. Should there be a breeze, a great deal of merriment is affected by the holiday people "out

in a boat." They shout; they sing, "A wet sheet and a flowing sea," or some such twaddle written by designing persons to inspire the land with fudge about the water. The feminine element shrieks prettily, and poses itself for protecting arms. Presently a sea is shipped; then another, and another, and then everybody whose hat has n't been blown off and carried out into blue water uses it vigorously to bale out the boat. From that moment all is either affectation or profanity. The salt water has ruined the lobster salad, and depression broods over what really might have been a pleasure party if it had n't been donkey enough to go to sea in a boat.

Viewing the sea from a level beach, or from some lofty pinnacle of a rock-

bound coast, the sentiment with which it invariably impresses me is one of profound melancholy. One of my earliest memories is of the sea. I conjure up now the beach of the quiet little watering-place where I first became acquainted with the sad salt element. I am a deluded child again. I see before me the retrogressive crab, as it used to shock my young mind by its abnormal way of backing into the heaps of slippery seaweed. All sorts of wet and wriggling creatures — most of them excessively ridiculous in form, all of them suggestive of that cold sliminess which is so disagreeable in the toad and other terrestrial reptiles — flap and palpitate upon the purple sand, into which some of them disappear with a rapidity that is bewildering to the callow mind. It is bathing time, and I am consigned to the clutches of the 'longshore woman, whose name, as I remember, is Dolly, and who, on account of her being as black as the shoes that have just been wrested from me, and partly, it may be, from the circumstance of her head being protected by wool instead of hair, — phenomena which then dawn upon me for the first time, — appalls the chaotic little bit of mind as yet developed within me, and reduces me to the level of a mollusk. I cut my foot with the sharp edge of a razor-shell as I fight with her for the dear land. Blood trickles from the wound, and the sight of it — it is the first that I have seen — completes the shock administered to my nervous system by the sea and its appurtenances. Nothing after this can touch my befogged senses, although I am conscious of the headlong plunge into the odious brine; the gurgling of it from nose, mouth, and ears; the swallowing of it; the general sensation of drowning kitten connected with it. All these memories, and some others that need not be recounted here, recur vividly to my mind whenever I walk upon the shore of the sea.

Therefore it is that the sadness of ocean comes to me in a nature most depressing. Viewed from a flat beach

especially, the endless unbroken line where sky and water meet is one of the most awful things in nature to contemplate. An extensive prairie affects the mind similarly, to a certain point; but when you are on the prairie your foot presses *terra firma*. Around you lie the discernible and familiar. You know approximately how the prairie is inhabited. It harbors the marmot, perhaps, and the badger. There may be spiring rattlesnakes coiled away beneath its grassy waves, which also afford asylum to burrowing owls. Buffaloes and Indians come careering over its painful expanse. The wapiti lifts its tall antlers there, and antelopes vanish beyond ridges that lie far this side of the horizon. But all these have little mystery about them, — nothing to perplex the mind and wrap chaos about the pineal gland. Under the surface of the sea there may be that which the eye of man never has seen, never can see. What do we know about things ten miles down in the stupendous valleys of the ocean? On land, here, the vegetation of the Alpine base is not that of its summit; the wild goat skips upon the peaks of the Himalayas, but the rhinoceros has his lair miles below. Our acquaintance with the mysteries of the deep must be absolutely and literally superficial, for we may assume that its mountain-tops alone are revealed to us, and these dimly, and that to its valleys our senses can never penetrate. All the creatures that disport themselves on or near its surface are more or less familiar to us, — the whales, the porpoises, and the sharks, that come tumbling over its undulations much in the same way that buffaloes come floundering over the waves of the prairie. The countless broods that feed on its shallow banks, and are taken therefrom to feed shallower mortals, are all within our grasp, and we grasp them. On the ledge of the iceberg sits enthroned the walrus, and we salute him as the elephant of the sea, and esteem him unspeakably for the commercial value of his ivory tusks. The huge sea-cow has no mystery for

us. We wake the harmless creature up from its bed of seaweed on the isolated rock, and having wished it a good morning, we stick spears into it, and convert it to the noble purpose of gain. The magnificent sea-unicorn, king of the Arctic waters, is no stranger to us, which is just so much the worse for *him*. We have cognizance of all these sea creatures and many more, the range of which appears to be in the upper regions of the deep; but what can we aver of the mystic realms that lie far, far down about the bases of the great submarine mountain ranges,—mountains compared with which our highest dry-land peaks are possibly nothing but mere hillocks?

There is a sea monster known to fishermen as the Horned Ray, a monster most fearful in itself, but interesting as an illustration of that which is, and a suggestion of that which may be — a veritable dragon of the sea, whose lateral fins extend like wings, and frequently measure more than thirty feet from tip to tip. This voracious fish will sometimes make its appearance among the swimmers in the surf, and, taking one under each arm, so to speak, descend with them to depths unknown. Until ocean shall have been dried up, or drained off, no human being can ever explore the strange grottoes into which this hideous man-eater glides with his prey. The great fishes and sea beasts that are known to us may be creatures of the upper deep alone, never descending below a certain depth, lest they encounter far more hideous and powerful monsters than themselves, which dwell at the bases of the marine mountains leagues farther down. One can easily imagine a polypus anchored there below in some distracting valley, of which it is the lord and tyrant,—a stupendous mass of bloated matter, grasping at everything within a circumference of half a mile, and absorbent of all living creatures under the size of a whale. In the China Sea there are bivalves — whether oysters or mussels I am not certain — the shells of which are large enough to contain a man prop-

erly doubled up. If a monster like this inhabit comparative shallows, there is no limit to one's imaginings of the bivalvular enormities at the bottom ten miles farther down. Stage carpentry has done much to familiarize people with the possibilities of the deep, deep sea; but the wildest conceptions of that fanciful art could never give us a "grotto of shells" such as may exist amid the vast rockeries of the submarine gardens, and of which we have no right to discredit the existence since we have never penetrated the region.

Some islands in the sea have that about them which is absolutely terrible to the contemplative mind. There are places of this kind in which no solitary castaway of civilization could tarry for a day ere Reason would begin to totter on her throne. It is known, on the best authority, that the birds on certain remote islands will gaze listlessly upon man, making so little of him as not to move out of his way. The shrinking of a sensitive human nature at being thus contemptuously treated by a creature no better than a goose must be very distressing. Yet worse than this are the astounding arrangements of the silly penguins, on certain islands to which man penetrates but once, probably, in the lifetime of a sea fowl. These birds are land-surveyors of high mathematical precision. When the season of incubation arrives, they lay out their villages in regular blocks, with commodious streets intersecting each other at right angles, and everything on the square. They are regularly marshalled by leaders when they go down to the sea for their three meals a day, proceeding along the streets in lines of two by two, with a 'sober decency not always observable in cities laid out by man. Humanity must feel insignificant, indeed, in the presence of such natures as this. The dancing bear; the comic mule of the circus; the industrious flea that dwells in amity with the accomplished poodle, — these are mere results of education, exciting no supernatural misgivings in the well-balanced mind. But there is some-

thing that makes the hair straighten and the blood run cold, in the story of the remote sea fowl, and the social science in which it equals, not to say excels, the braggart man.

Boys have commonly a strong inclination for the sea, and in this there is a wise provision of nature, seeing that, until science has done something to rid us of the great liquid barrier, we must have sailors. But the illusion of a sea life vanishes with the first voyage. There are but few sailors who do not look upon the sea as their particular enemy, by fighting which they make their living, else they would turn their backs upon it and flee. I have met with agricultural persons, in places far remote from the sea, who had once been mariners, but on whom the horrors of the sea had settled like an incubus, so that, at last, they bolted away from ploughing it, to plough more happily the steadfast, solid land. Fishermen's wives have a haunting dread of the sea. They are always gazing out upon it with bodeful eyes, and they take their little girls to gaze upon it, too, and instruct them how it is at once their friend and their foe. The only seafaring men I know of who are more contented at sea than ashore are the captains of great passenger steamships. Their position while on board their vessels is one of almost unlimited authority. The serfdom of the sea is nowhere more fully illustrated than it is in the rigorous discipline maintained by them with their officers and crews. On the "bridge," the steamship commander is a despot and a power from which there is no appeal: ashore he is no better than anybody else; and so, he swears by the sea, and tolerates the land only as a necessity to which we must all come for water and coal.

The metaphors furnished by the sea are not always of the most cheerful character. Breakers ahead remind us of passages from which few lives are exempt, and every human being is a ship, in readiness for whom there is a rock on which to split. There is a lee shore for everybody through life. The

shark lurks for us on the land as in the sea. We have our quicksands, though we dwell between brick walls; and when sickness and misfortune come upon us, it delights our dearest friends to have the opportunity of describing us as a mere wreck. Consider all this, and say whether it is not very sad; and then consider how many far sadder things there are associated with the cruel sea, and how many loving hearts it has caused to "Break, break, break," forever.

When that royal old gentleman, Canute, ordered his rocking-chair to be shunted out upon the shingle, his heart was depressed with the vanity of all human things. Heads might fall at his nod, but the undertow was a thing upon which he could not put down his foot. He might write his royal autograph with the point of his umbrella on the sand, but no minions of his could prevent the next wave from washing it away. Very small must he and his courtiers have felt as they backed ignominiously away from the audacious tidal wash. It is one of the most vexatious things about the sea that it makes us feel so small as we gaze upon it. The juxtaposition of a mountain belittles us, certainly; but then the mountain is motionless, and we can climb it, and light fires on the top of it, and dig in its opulent ribs for ore. But it is the surging of the everlasting sea that makes it so awful to the mind. In its roar our voice is shattered and lost, and as we shrink from its assault we are scarcely conscious of our own existence, so ineffably atomic have we become in its presence. Truly the sea is a terrible damper for our self-conceit, and this, as I have said, is one of the most odious features belonging to it.

Very fallacious are the songs that have been written in praise of the sea. Dibdin was one of the worst deluders in this way, and herein Barry Cornwall has much to be answerable for, too. The bright gleams of the mariners' life as depicted in these lyrics, are deceptive as the phosphorescent sparkles

that follow in the wake of ships, flashing brilliantly to the eye, but eluding the grasp of the hand. Dr. Johnson's definition of a ship — "a prison, with a chance of being drowned," — has more of the downright truth in it than is contained in a bushel of nautical songs. The sophist who tried to persuade the mariner, in musical numbers, that the sea is a much pleasanter and safer place in a storm than the land was a decoy setter and a premeditating sham. There is more danger, says he, from the falling chimney pots in a city, and the flying tiles, than ever seaman is liable to encounter when out on the stormy deep. Another will sing you merrily of the stormy petrel, — a dire sea-chick that has more of calamity in its puny but perpetual hover than has the largest condor that ever swept down from a ledge of the Cordilleras to deal death and consternation among the harmless flocks below. When does the petrel take its rest, and where? The same individual, recognizable by some peculiar mark, has been known to follow a ship for many days and nights at a stretch, without resting for a moment its vibrating wings, or ceasing to patter the crests of the waves with its tiny feet. To the earnest mind there is something essentially perplexing in all this, and one is fain to solve the question at last by supposing that

the petrel is either the receptacle of a soul condemned to eternal unrest for crimes unknown, or that it is the only embodiment of that perpetual motion to the discovery of which the scientific mind has devoted itself so long. So of all the sea things and sea changes about which the singers tell their tales to the marines. Jack may have come to grief somewhere about the middle of the song, but, after tearing his way through several succeeding verses, with a hatchet in one hand and a handspike in the other, he is sure to turn up all right in the end, and his cheers are heard above the roaring of the tempest as the chorus to the last verse rings merrily out. This is all as it should be, — except that it is not exactly true. Policy demands that we should imbue the mind of maritime youth with a due sense of the amenities of the sea, and of the glories that are to be derived from tossing and tumbling about upon it. The singer, therefore, who should chant the horrors of the cyclone, the waterspout, the shark, the fire in the powder magazine, the damaged provisions, the privation of fresh water, the scurvy, and the thousand other little incidents to which seafaring men are all more or less liable, would be a traitor to his country, and an object of the well-deserved scorn of all true men.

Charles Dawson Shanly.

OUR POPULATION IN 1900.

TO forecast for the year 1900 the population of that portion of the earth's surface now and probably at that date still to be known as the United States of America has been a favorite exercise for our patriotic orators, and even for that austerer race who style themselves "statisticians." A few bold spirits have indeed carried these computations unflinchingly out to the middle of the twentieth century, and have gazed full at the intolerable brightness of such figures as 1950 — 497,246,365. There have been Congressmen released from fear, who could contemplate without blinking a population of one hundred and fifty millions on the Atlantic Slope, and two hundred and fifty millions in the Mississippi Valley. But to all fainter souls the close of the century has afforded a natural and easy resting-place in their imaginative flights; and perched on the barrier which divides this much bespattered hundred-years-after-Christ from the next, they have been content with the elevation gained, declining the giddy heights to which so short a continuance, as for twenty or thirty years longer in their ascending course, would conduct them. And therefore it is, and apparently for no other reason, that the popular prophecy of our national growth has stopped at 1900, where, in the gratifying contemplation of a population exceeding that of Great Britain, France, and Germany combined, we have been content to await what the future should bring forth, holding the evil and the good of the century to be sufficient thereunto.

It has not seemed, however, to occur to those of us who have thus indulged in dreams of our national greatness, that if the perfection of the line of population for sixty, eighty, or one hundred years, according to the ratio of past growth, led to a palpable and gross absurdity, suspicion might not

unreasonably arise as to the earlier course of that line; that if causes were certain to operate, at the latest, within the first few years after the beginning of the twentieth century, such causes would probably be felt in some degree, and in an important degree, prior to the close of the nineteenth century; that consequently if it was impossible that the population should rise by a steady course to be five hundred millions in 1950, it might not be as much as one hundred millions in 1900; but, on the contrary, it was in the highest degree probable that the great change which was to reduce population from its theoretical maximum as five hundred, to a reality of three hundred, two hundred, or perhaps only one hundred and twenty-five millions at the later date, would be found bringing that population sharply down from its projected altitude fifty years earlier.

As has been intimated, the sanguine view of the national future has not been confined to stump-speakers or Members from Buncombe. It has been put forth officially in more than one census of the United States, with great show of authority, and with precision, not only as to the millions, tens of millions, and hundreds of millions who were destined to inhabit this happy land in 1900, but also as to the hundreds, tens, and units of the fortunate population. Not a man, woman, or child was to be lost through any failure of the statisticians to carry their calculations all the way out, even to the first decimal place. If "the rule of three" showed that there were to be 100,355,801.6 persons within the United States in 1900, the presumption has, both humanely and patriotically, been taken as in favor of the fractional citizen, and the population at that date been set down at 100,355,802.

The best known of all the definite predictions in respect to the future pop-

ulation of the country are those of Elkanah Watson, who, in 1815, forecast the results of the census from 1820 to 1900. Mr. Watson's estimates are certain always to be treated with a degree of consideration, from the fact that they were made so early in the

history of the country that they were verified with exactness for several successive decades, before the great inevitable change set in. The following are his figures from 1820 to 1860, in comparison with the actual results of the census.

	1820	1830	1840	1850	1860
Watson	9,625,734	12,833,645	17,116,526	23,185,368	31,753,824
The Census	9,933,822	12,866,020	17,069,453	23,191,876	31,443,321
Watson's Error	- 8,088	- 32,375	+ 47,073	- 6,508	+ 310,503

Probably no social philosopher, skilled to discern beneath the variously agitated surface the deep, strong current of human affairs, ever obtained one tithe of the popular applause on account of a prediction fulfilled, which Mr. Watson received, as from decade to decade his estimates of the future population of the United States were thus borne out by the census. At each successive verification, newspaper editors laid down their pens to admire, and took them up again to write, *Prodigious!* That a man, a mere human being, should be able to predict fifty years in advance the number of inhabitants in a rapidly growing country, within a fraction of one per cent, seemed to those who knew nothing of statistical methods, but imagined, as ninety-nine out of a hundred persons did, that Mr. Watson obtained his results by direct and immediate intuition, wonderful, almost beyond belief. And yet, if one will be at pains to examine these much admired predictions, he will find that they were founded upon no prophetic conception of the future, no philosophical analysis of existing forms and forces, nor even upon an exhaustive study of the territorial conditions of the present and future population of the country. There was not even mathematical ingenuity displayed in the computations; no transcendental processes appear to have been employed; a school-boy's arithmetic was sufficient to have carried the scheme out to the end of the twenty-ninth century, as perfectly as Mr. Watson carried

it to the end of the nineteenth. Mr. Watson himself assumed no mysterious function in the matter. His entire introduction to the estimates, so far as it concerns his method, was as follows:

"In 1810, it (the population) was 7,239,903. The increase from 1790, the first census under the Constitution, has been about one third at each census; admitting it shall continue to increase in the same ratio, the result will be as follows."

It will be seen that Mr. Watson's method was simply to assume an uninterrupted growth of population for ninety years, and thereupon to compound the population of 1810 at the rates of increase previously maintained. The whole merit or vice of these predictions was, therefore, to be found in the assumption of an uninterrupted growth. Mr. Watson simply bet nine times upon the red. Five times the red won, — a wonderful run of luck, certainly; but when we think that had nullification proceeded, as it was more likely to do than not, to secession in 1832, the estimate for 1840 would not have been realized; that had not the potato crop failed in Ireland in 1846-7, the estimate for 1850 would not have held good; that but for the acceleration of European and especially of German immigration between 1850 and 1854, due wholly to domestic causes, the results for 1860 would have been more than a million short of the estimate, we cannot but think that Mr. Watson had a narrow escape on the third,

fourth, and fifth ventures. At the sixth, the luck changed. Of the predictions for the three remaining decades of the century, the less said the better; and as the responsibility for the estimated population of the United States, 1870-1900, is shared by others, among them two professed statisticians, speaking with the advantage of forty or fifty years of added experience, we shall, at this point, drop all exclusive reference to Mr. Watson, merely remarking that in what we have said, we have intended no disparagement to his eminent services in connection with the industrial development of the country, and no disrespect to his memory. Doubtless, while he was interested in observing the fulfilment of his predictions for three successive censuses (he died in 1842), he would have smiled at the value popularly assigned to the estimates for the latter decades of the century, knowing well that the fundamental assumption was beset by so many chances as to render the remoter results exceedingly questionable.

The late Mr. DeBow, Superintendent of the Seventh Census, one of the most meritorious of the earlier generation of American statisticians, after computing the population of the United States successively on eight "distinct and more or less probable assumptions of future increase," pronounced the opinion that the figures 100,337,408 "more nearly express the truth than any other for 1900." [See Compendium of the Seventh Census, p. 130, 1.] The assumption by which this particular result for 1900 was reached would require a population in 1950 of 330,846,389, or an excess of the population of China, according to the better estimates. Whether Mr. DeBow doubted the capacity of the American people to adapt themselves to the use of dogs, cats, and mice, as food, upon so short notice, or for some other reason, he refused the leap, and, like Mr. Watson, stopped short with the nineteenth century.

Precisely what were the data taken, and what the principle of connecting

them assumed, in thus forecasting the probable future population of the United States?

In 1854, when Mr. DeBow made the computations referred to, seven censuses had been taken under the Constitution, with the ascertained population following:

Year.	Population.	Positive Increase.	Increase Per cent.
1790	3,929,214		
1800	5,294,390	1,365,176	34.74
1810	7,215,858	1,921,468	36.31
1820	9,600,783	2,384,925	33.05
1830	12,820,868	3,220,085	33.54
1840	17,619,641	4,798,773	37.43
1850	23,067,262	5,447,621	30.92

Such, with the addition of the returns of immigration made to the Department of State, appear to have been the data concerning the population of the United States as a whole which Mr. DeBow used in his computations of the probable increase to 1900. It will be observed that the period 1840-1850, the last of the decennial periods in contemplation, had shown a marked decline in the rate of national increase, the per cent gain being but 30.92 against 37.43 for the ten years immediately preceding. A change so marked might not unnaturally have indicated to DeBow's mind a change in the conditions of population within the United States, and have led him to take a diminishing ratio of increase for the future. But the Superintendent of the Seventh Census would seem to have had his own reasons for believing that the causes which effected this falling off between 1840 and 1850 had already done their worst, and to have had no hesitation in assuming the ratio for that decade as the most probable rate for the immediate future. The event proved that, so far as the next succeeding decade was concerned, he was right in not anticipating a further decline in the rate of increase. On the contrary, the Eighth Census found a population of 31,443,321, being a positive gain of 8,376,059, a gain per cent of 36.31.

The Eighth Census brings us to

another and professedly an original and independent computation of the population of the United States in 1900. Mr. Kennedy, the Superintendent, was, however, in general only an imitator, and not a successful one, of his predecessor's methods. In this particular case there is reason to allege something even worse than imitation. In the preliminary report of the Eighth Census, bearing date 1862, Mr. Kennedy presents what purports to be a computation of the future population of the country "based on the well-known and very correct assumption of a mean annual increase of three per cent."* Treating the ascertained population of 1860 according to this rule, however, we find that in not a single instance does the result correspond to Mr. Kennedy's table; and on placing the figures side by side with those of Elkanah Watson, for the first time while writing, we discover, much to our astonishment, that they are identical to the last unit for each decimal period until 1900, and at that point differ only by hundreds in a total of a hundred millions. We now set in comparison the estimates of Watson and DeBow for 1870-1900, placing opposite their estimates for 1870 the figures of the Census. Here

Year.	Watson.	DeBow.	The Census.
1870	42,328,432	42,813,726	38,558,371
1880	56,450,241	58,171,009	
1890	77,266,989	79,036,950	
1900	100,355,985	100,337,408	

then, at the Ninth Census, we meet the first important deflection from the projected course of population. The ascertained aggregate of 1870 falls short of the estimated aggregate by 3,770,061, according to Mr. Watson, and by 4,255,355, according to Mr. DeBow.

From the point of view occupied in either of these computations, there are three ways of regarding this failure of the period 1860-70 to realize the gain in population anticipated therein; and by consequence three methods of

treating the estimated population of 1900. The first is to consider the rapid decline noted in the ratio of national increase as significant in respect to the remaining decades of the century, i. e., as due to causes certain or likely to operate in the future, in an equal, or greater, or smaller degree; and hence not only to accept the actual loss of the one decade already concluded, but to reduce the estimated ratios for the three unexpired decades. The second method likewise treats the actual loss of the period 1860-70 as irretrievable, but considers it as due to exceptional causes, which have not only ceased wholly to operate for the present, but which are exceedingly unlikely to be again experienced within the century; and in this view discounts the computed population of 1900 by just the loss realized in the single instance. The third method would be to claim for the country a recuperative power, which will enable it to repair the loss sustained, not only maintaining the assumed ratios in the time to come, but by a display of energy not otherwise to be expected, making good the deficiency of the decade 1860-70, and bringing the population of the United States up to a round hundred millions at the end of the century.

These three methods may be discussed in an inverse order. The third is easily dismissed, since it would be in the highest degree irrational in the face of a population in 1870 of only 38,500,000 to predict a population of 100,000,000 in 1900.

The second is the method most likely to receive the countenance of those who have been accustomed to indulge without misgiving in anticipations of an uninterrupted national growth. By what amount, then, must we reduce the final result in 1900, to meet the facts of 1870?

It has been shown that the ascertained population at the Ninth Census was short by 4,255,355, according to Mr. DeBow's scheme, and by 3,770,061, according to Mr. Watson's projection.

* Report. p. viii.

For the further purposes of this discussion, we will take the mean of these two sums, calling the realized loss of the decade four millions. But this is not necessarily or probably the sum by which the population of 1900 is to be reduced to meet the unexpectedly developed loss of the period 1860-70; for it is evident that the computations of both DeBow and Watson required that the four million persons thus "turning up missing" in 1870 should have been responsible for a portion of the population of 1900. This they are now ascertained to be disenabled to effect, by reason of their own non-existence at the earlier date. What loss, then, at 1900 is represented by the loss of four millions at 1870?

It is clear that, without reference being had to the longevity or fecundity of individuals, — a thing wholly impossible, especially as the individuals in this case are not to be found, — the answer to the above question must depend on the answer to the prior question, Out of what class, or classes, of persons, in respect to age, was the loss sustained? The scope of this inquiry will be most fully appreciated if we make successively four characteristic suppositions. Suppose, firstly, the loss to have been distributed proportionally among all the classes of the population in respect to age: the number of persons, on Mr. DeBow's computation, who, in consequence of the loss of four millions in 1870 will be returned by the United States Marshals in 1900 as *non est inventus*, is easily ascertained by "the rule of three" to be 9,770,431. Mr. Watson, having pitched the intermediate population at 1870 somewhat lower than Mr. DeBow, his final term is less reduced by the falling off. Taking the mean of the two, we shall still have, in round numbers, ten millions as the loss to the population of 1900 resulting from the loss of four millions at 1870.

But suppose, secondly, that the loss were wholly out of that class of persons who are in the decline of life. In this case, the loss of such a number of persons would not only not reduce the

population of the country thirty years later by a greater number than their own, but would clearly reduce the ultimate population by a number much less than their own, that is, less than four millions, inasmuch as on the one hand, comparatively few of these persons could have been expected, in any probable event, to survive at so distant a date, and on the other hand, by the ordinance of nature, persons of this class cannot be expected to increase the population of the country by offspring; that is to say, the whole loss at 1870 would, under this supposition, have been out of a class the members of which, as a rule, could not be expected either themselves to survive in 1900, or to be represented at that date by descendants born, or born of parents born, after the present time.

Suppose, however, that the entire loss at 1870 had been out of the class under five years of age: the loss thereby caused to the population of 1900 would have been, not only directly from the loss of those who out of this four millions would naturally have survived thirty years later, but, secondly, from the loss of all the descendants who might fairly have been calculated on as representatives at 1900 of these four million children of 1870. These descendants, however, it should be noted, would generally be in the first degree only, that is to say, the class under five at 1870 would have become 30-35 in 1900, quite too young to have had grandchildren born to them.

But suppose, finally, that the loss at 1870 had been wholly out of the class 20-40 years of age; then the direct and contingent losses to the population of 1900 would have been very much increased, inasmuch as not only would the natural survivorship out of these four millions have been defeated, but also the survivorship out of the children who might have been born to them after 1870, and out of the children of such children; so that three generations at 1900 would be decimated by the causes which cut down the population of 1870.

Now, it is true that no cause, or combination of causes, could importantly affect by reduction any one of these general classes in respect to age, without appreciably affecting the others. All must suffer with every one, but by no means equally. War affects population differently from pestilence; the influence of immigration or emigration on the distribution of the population by ages is very marked; while social habits, going to the birth rate, may cause a disturbance far exceeding that produced by any of the agencies mentioned. It is, therefore, of importance in this connection to ascertain whether the causes that have reduced the estimated population of 1870 have affected the distribution of the ascertained population by ages in such a degree as to materially change the expectation of increase between 1870 and 1900.

Reference to the Table of Ages for the living population at the Ninth Census shows that from each 100,000 of the population there were the following number of persons living within each specified period of life, at 1860 and 1870 respectively:

Period of Life.	Census of 1860.	Census of 1870.
0 - 10'	28,665	26,789
10 - 20	22,524	22,892
20 - 30	18,211	17,696
30 - 40	12,789	12,651
40 - 50	8,314	9,125
50 - 60	5,043	5,821
60 - 70	2,827	3,277
70 - 80	1,109	1,349
80 and over	351	387
Unknown	167	13
All ages	100,000	100,000

Grouping these figures into three grand divisions, we have the fact that, in round numbers, there are 1,500 more persons above fifty years of age, and 1,500 fewer below the age of twenty, in each 100,000 of the population in 1870 than in 1860. On the other hand, the class twenty to fifty holds about the same proportion to the aggregate population as at the previous census. Our space will not serve for anything like an adequate discussion of the degree

in which this increase of the aged and sterile class of the population, at the expense of the class under twenty years of age, should affect the growth of population in the next thirty years; we shall content ourselves with simply pointing out the direction of this tendency. It is at least evident that we must discount the estimated population of 1900 by considerably more than the 10,000,000 which has been shown would be the loss at that date proportional to the developed loss of 4,000,000 out of the aggregate of 1870. This would bring the United States, at the close of the century, distinctly below 90,000,000, — say to 89,000,000, — were all other causes to conspire equally as heretofore to the increase of population.

This last proviso brings us at once to another method of treating the failure of the period 1860 - 70 to maintain the rate of growth characterizing the eight preceding decades of the nation's history, which is, to regard the relative decline of the last decade as due to causes certain or likely to operate in the future in an equal, or greater, or smaller degree, and to reduce the estimated ratios for the three unexpired decades of the century correspondingly. If the computations of Watson and DeBow accurately projected the line of the national ascent, according to the rates previously maintained, there was a loss of approximately four millions in the ten years under discussion. To what cause or causes was this loss due? The natural and immediate suggestion is, of course, the War of the Rebellion; but can we, on a careful analysis of known facts, maintain the position that the proper effects, whether direct or consequential, of that struggle, bloody and protracted as it was, involved a deficiency of four millions in the otherwise population of the country? This is a question most important in the consideration of the national future; and while it cannot be answered either way with absolute assurance, reason appears for believing that social forces and tendencies, not

heretofore felt, or at least not heretofore recognized, in our national life, are beginning to affect powerfully the reproductive capabilities of our people; and that these forces and tendencies have contributed in a very large degree within the last decade to bring down the ratio of increase in the native population.

The Report of the Superintendent of Census, November 21, 1871 [pp. xviii, xix, vol. in population], contains a computation of the effects of the Rebellion on the population: first, through the direct losses by wounds or disease, either during service in the army and navy, or within a brief term following discharge; second, through the retardation of increase in the colored element, due to the privations, exposures, and excesses attendant on emancipation; third, through the check given to immigration by the existence of war, and the apprehension abroad of results prejudicial to the national welfare. The aggregate effect of these causes is estimated by the Superintendent as a loss to population of 1,765,000.

There remains but one effect to be ascribed to the war in such a sense, that the war ceasing and the political and social order being measurably restored, further and manifestly new or original effects in the same direction should not be anticipated; and that is the temporary reduction of the birth-rate consequent on the withdrawal of from twelve to fifteen hundred thousand men from domestic life for an average term of from three and a half to four years. "Speaking roughly," says the Superintendent, "one half of these were unmarried men, who on account of their military engagements failed to form marriage relations. The other half were married men whose families were rarely increased by birth during the continuance of the war." Do we find here explanation of all the loss in population during the decade, not accounted for under the three heads previously mentioned? This question we can best answer by comparing the number of persons thus withdrawn from domestic life with the total num-

ber of the class from which they were taken, and comparing the period during which they were thus withdrawn with the entire term of ten years under discussion. The natural militia of the United States, i. e., the males between eighteen and forty-five, numbered in 1870, 7,570,487. Taking the middle of the war-period, 1863, the number was probably in the neighborhood of 6,600,000. Assuming therefore the largest number (1,500,000) for the average strength of the two armies, and assuming that this body of men were engaged in military service for the solid term of four years (instead of three and a half), we should still have less than one fourth the natural militia of the country withdrawn from domestic life, and that for two-fifths of the decade; so that, on these extreme suppositions, the number so withdrawn, taking time into account, would stand to the number not so withdrawn as less than one to nine; while on the supposition of a smaller aggregate number and a shorter average term, we should reach the proportions of one to twelve, or even of one to thirteen. Inasmuch, then, as births aggregating in the ten years not exceeding eleven and a half millions would have maintained the population of the United States at its numbers in 1861, and have increased that population in the ratio in which it did increase from year to year till 1870; and as this aggregate of eleven and a half million births would have been separated at the latter date by not exceeding eight and a half millions of survivors, it is difficult to believe that the otherwise population of 1870 could have been diminished by this cause to the extent of more than three quarters of a million. Adding this latter number to that number previously given as expressing approximately the losses by emancipation, by the check given to immigration, and by wounds and disease among the soldiers of both armies, we have an aggregate loss to population from the effects of the war, both direct and consequential, exceeding two and half millions.

If, then, the probable population of 1870 had been properly projected by the early statisticians of the country, there was a loss of something like a million and a half due to causes other than the Rebellion. If we shall be able to show, or, rather, if a simple appeal to the daily observations of our readers shall suffice to convince them, that these causes are likely to continue and even to operate with increasing force in the immediate future, we shall reach almost an assurance that the population of the United States at 1900 is to be brought down from its projected height as 100,000,000, not only below 90, but even to 80, 75, or it may be 70,000,000.

And, indeed, the expectation of the larger result never was a reasonable one, nor could the estimates of Watson and DeBow at any time have been justified by a comprehensive survey of the physical and industrial conditions of the country, or by reference to the experience of any race or people known to history. Geometrical progression is rarely attained, and never long maintained, in human affairs. Whenever it is found, the most improbable supposition which could be formed respecting it is that it will continue. Gibbon has shown that the further conquest is carried, the wider and the weightier become the resistance and the hostility which the conquering power is forced to encounter. So it is with national growth whether in wealth or in population. Not only do the limitations of nature become more and more stringent in reducing the rate of increase, but that increase does of itself create moral and social, not to speak of distinctly political, tendencies, which traverse its own course, and, if not strong enough to defeat further growth or accumulation, do at least make every successive gain more slow and painful. It was sufficiently hazardous for Mr. Watson, writing after the Third Census, to predict an uninterrupted and unretarded advance for as many as five decades; but it was far more hazardous for Mr. DeBow, writing after the Seventh Census, to predict the continuance of the previous

ratio of increase for the remaining five decades of the century; more hazardous, because the long continuance of that ratio was an argument for and not against a change.

The change came; came later even than it had been reasonable to expect. It began when the people of the United States began to leave agricultural for manufacturing pursuits; to turn from the country to the town; to live in up-and-down houses, and to follow closely the fashion of foreign life. The first effects of it were covered from the common sight by a flood of immigration unprecedented in history. Even its more recent and more extensive effects have been so obscured by the smoke of war, that the public mind still fails to apprehend the full significance of the decline in the rate of the national increase, and vaguely attributes the entire loss of population to the Rebellion. But a close observer must discern causes now working within the nation, which render it little less than absurd longer to apply the former rates of growth to the computation of our population at 1880, 1890, or 1900. What rate will be substituted therefor, it would be futile to inquire. As the line of agricultural occupation draws closer to the great barren plains; as the older Western States change more and more to manufactures and to commerce; as the manufacturing and commercial communities of the East become compacted; as the whole population tends increasingly to fashion and social observance; as diet, dress, and equipage become more and more artificial; and as the detestable American vice of "boarding," making children truly "encumbrances," and uprooting the ancient and honored institutions of the family, extends from city to city and from village to village, — it is not to be doubted that we shall note a steady decline in the rate of the national increase from decade to decade. But it would be merely an attempt at imposture to assume that numerical data exist for determining, within eight or ten or twelve millions, the population of

the country thirty years from the date of the last census. As long as one simple force was operating expansively upon a homogeneous people, within a territory affording fertile lands beyond the ability of the existing population to occupy, so long it was no miracle to predict with accuracy the results of the census. But in the eddy and swirl of social and industrial currents through which the nation is now passing, it is wholly impossible to estimate the rate of its progress, even though we may feel

sure that the good ship will steadily hold her course, and in time round the point which hopes too fond had — on the strength of a fortunate run made upon a smooth sea, with favoring winds and following floods — predicted would be reached by the blessed year 1900. This much, however, may with diffidence be said: that the best of probable good fortune will hardly carry the population of the country beyond seventy-five millions by the close of the century.

Francis A. Walker.

RECENT LITERATURE.*

CONSIDERED as an application of the old saying that it takes nine tailors to make a man, the most noteworthy product of the Centenary celebration of Alexander Von Humboldt's birth is the piece of literary patchwork edited by Karl Bruhns, and styled "a life" of the great traveller, in which four German professors have united to sketch his career, and eight more to catalogue and criticise his works, — a combination curious even in these days of literary partnership, and typical of the character of the subject. The German book was printed in three volumes last year, and the merely biographical part of it has been promptly made available to English and American readers, through a translation in two volumes by the sisters Lassell, which deserves credit for not repeating the idioms of the German language.

The first volume, compiled wholly by Julius Löwenberg, describes Humboldt's youth and early manhood, his family, education, official service in the bureau of mines, connection with the society of Jena and Weimar, projects of travel, and presentation at the court of Aranjuez in 1799; and then sketches in two monographs his journeys in America (1799-1804), and

preparations (1804-1808) for publishing their results, and his travels in Asia in 1829. The second volume opens with a monograph, by Robert Avé-Lallemant, of Humboldt's sojourn in Paris from 1808 to 1827, comprising brief accounts of his scientific companions at the French capital, and references to his diplomatic services during that period; and ends with a critical narration, by Alfred Dove, of the decline of Humboldt's life at Berlin, from 1827 to 1859, including details of his association with the Prussian kings, and the conception, preparation, and publication of the *Kosmos*. An extraordinary list of Humboldt's writings, with which the second volume of the German book concludes, has been omitted by the translators; and they have not attempted to add or even epitomize the scientific essays of the eight professors, which form the third volume.

None of the natural defects of such a work have been remedied by the supervision of Professor Bruhns. Each compiler measures Humboldt with a different gauge, and describes him by a different method. Herr Löwenberg is more enthusiastic than critical; Dr. Avé-Lallemant is uncritically statistical; and Dr. Dove is more critical

* *Life of Alexander Von Humboldt*. Compiled in Commemoration of the Centenary of his Birth, by J. LÖWENBERG, ROBERT AVÉ-LALLEMANT, and ALFRED DOVE. Edited by Professor KARL BRUHNS. 2 Vols. Translated from the German by Jane and Caroline Lassell. London: Longmans, Green, & Co. Boston: Lee and Shepard. 1873.

Studies in the History of the Renaissance. By

WALTER H. PATER. London: Macmillan & Co., 1873.

Orations and Addresses. By WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1873.

A Pair of Blue Eyes. A Novel. By THOMAS HARDY. New York: Holt and Williams. 1873.

A Simpleton. By CHARLES READE. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 1873.

than enthusiastic. This shifting of standard and style is as vexatious to the reader as sudden changes of conveyance to a tourist. Löwenberg, for instance, says that, "highly gifted as Humboldt was with mental power, he was not less endowed with moral excellence"; while Dove denies to him "any perceptible development of moral culture." Nevertheless, the book is deeply interesting, and a valuable contribution to literature, for it contains much new information, and shows (especially on the part of Dr. Dove) much nice discernment. During the half century since Humboldt became a household name in the United States, the American conception of him has been derived from the effusions of popular scientists, and the fugitive correspondence of the press, and has always been remarkably vague and blindly enthusiastic. The present work, without detracting from the full measure of his glory, will do something to inform the English-reading public of the contradictions of his character, and to clarify, even if it lessens, their admiration of his virtues and achievements. And this is the more important, since he must ever be a unique and romantic figure in the history of physical science; for the almost completed exploration of the surface of the planet, and the growing tendency of the age to specialties, will render the reproduction of such a man impossible. The fact marks an epoch in the world's progress, that no future traveller can ever reveal so much of the new and strange, nor any future intellect grasp so nearly the whole knowledge of its era. Dr. Dove says truly that, "the honors profusely showered upon the author of *Kosmos* may, after all, be regarded merely as the homage offered by the men of the nineteenth century, proud of the grand achievements of modern science, to their own comprehensive genius, impersonated, in a manner not granted to every age, in a living representative gifted with a mind alike distinguished for power of arrangement and universality of comprehension."

One omission in Dr. Dove's summary of Humboldt's character is remarkable. He refuses to attempt a definition of Humboldt's religious faith, "leaving it," he says, "to the hyenas of orthodoxy to drag from the grave of the dead that which he, to some extent, kept concealed from himself," — an unfortunate expression, unjust alike to the memory of the dead and to the natural and reasonable desire of mankind to be instructed by the opinions of a great intel-

lect, which was devoted, throughout a life of extraordinary length, to studying the manifestations of an Intelligence in Nature. All the world knows that the abstinence of the evangelical clergy (with a single exception) from any share in the ceremonies of Humboldt's funeral was, perhaps, its most remarkable feature; and this fact is duly chronicled by Dr. Dove, who elsewhere alludes to the assertion by "an authority otherwise trustworthy," that Alexander von Humboldt confessed to a "heresy," similar to his brother William's, in that, besides two things that passed his comprehension, namely, romantic love and music (which last Alexander was accustomed to style the *calamité sociale*), there was a third, namely, orthodox piety. Granting that the opinions of historical personages on all matters of belief are not rightful property of the public, yet a book is defective which undertakes to tell the whole story of a life, and expressly leaves its religious faith to doubtful inference. It is no definition to describe it generally as a "System of Pantheism or Naturalism," nor any excuse that the subject of the biography "held himself aloof from any attempt to reduce it to formulæ." When so much is hinted, it is better to ascertain and tell the whole. If the religious opinions of Humboldt were nowhere positively asserted by himself, they are nevertheless discoverable by any willing biographer from his criticisms of the beliefs of others. It is pitiful to see a writer who does not scruple to unveil a hundred petty instances of the sarcasm and vanity of his hero, nor even to recount all the sorry correspondence with Uhland about the Order of Merit, pretend that delicacy forbids a disclosure of his honest theory of the sustaining principle of the Universe.

— As Mr. Pater several times explains, both in the preface and the body of his work, his *Studies in the History of the Renaissance* do not relate merely to that period when Gothic art in Italy yielded to the reviving taste for the classic forms. The Renaissance he thinks a process so gradual, and of such vague limits, that it may be traced far back into the dark ages, when the sense of beauty first began to stir after the fall of Greek art and letters. In this he seems right enough; but it is only giving a more general meaning to a word which was specifically used before. Nothing new is established; and we doubt if the cultivated reader of Mr. Pater's

agreeable essays will learn from them to see the Renaissance in a light different from that in which it had already appeared to him; while we think he will feel that Mr. Pater has strained some points in making Du Bellay and kindred French poets active elements of the Renaissance, though it undoubtedly found its literary consummation in Winckelmann and Goethe. We do not undervalue the particular services that Mr. Pater renders the student of the Renaissance; there is hardly a page which does not suggest or present some acceptable view of some phase of the subject. Perhaps this is all that he hoped to accomplish; at any rate it is a very great deal; and his essays are written with so much toleration and decency that he might seem to be treating of anything but matters of art, which inflame controversy as nothing else but matters of religion can. Imagine a manner as unlike Ruskin's as possible, and you have Mr. Pater's manner. His essays are on the old French poem, Aucassin and Nicolette, in the gay sensuousness of which he fancies the beginning of a return to the Greek spirit; on Pico della Mirandola, the first of the Italian Platonists, who dreamed of identifying the truth and beauty of paganism with those of Christianity; on Sandro Botticelli, in whose paintings the love of unreligious beauty is manifest; on Luca della Robbia, whose place in art is midway between the system of the Greeks and that of Michael Angelo, who partakes of the universalizing tendency of the former and the individualizing tendency of the latter; on Michael Angelo, on Lionardo da Vinci, and on Winckelmann, whose relation to the Renaissance is evident, and on Joachim du Bellay, who is not so evidently related to it, though he may be claimed for it, if one likes.

One of the best of these essays is that on Da Vinci. It is constant enough to all the known facts of Lionardo's career, and where those are wanting it supplies them by reasonable conjecture, or, rather, question. Yet much is to be forgiven to all writers on art, who oblige themselves to see more in the great *chefs d'œuvre* than the honest old masters ever put there; and Mr. Pater requires clemency in this way with the rest. Here, for example, is what he writes of one of the most famous of Da Vinci's pictures.

"'La Gioconda' is in the truest sense Lionardo's masterpiece, the revealing instance of his mode of thought and work.

In suggestiveness, only the Melancholia of Dürer is comparable to it; and no crude symbolism disturbs the effect of its subdued and graceful mystery. We all know the face and hands of the figure, set in its marble chair, in that cirque of fantastic rocks, as in some faint light under the sea. . . . The presence that thus so strangely rose beside the waters is expressive of what in the ways of a thousand years men had come to desire. Hers is the head upon which all "the ends of the world are come"; and the eyelids are a little weary. It is a beauty wrought out from within the flesh, the deposit, cell by cell, of strange thoughts and fantastic reveries and exquisite passions. Set it for a moment beside one of those white Greek goddesses or beautiful women of antiquity, and how they would be troubled by this beauty, into which the soul with all its maladies has passed! All the thoughts and experiences of the world have etched and moulded therein that which they have of power to refine and make expressive the outward form, the animalism of Greece, the lust of Rome, the reverie of the middle ages with its spiritual ambition and imaginative loves, the return of the Pagan world, the sins of the Borgias. She is older than the rocks amidst which she sits; like the vampire, she has been dead many times, and learned the secrets of the grave; and has been a diver in deep seas, and keeps their fallen days about her; and trafficked for strange webs with Eastern merchants; and, as Leda, was the mother of Helen of Troy, and, as Saint Anne, the mother of Mary; and all this has been to her but as the sound of lyres and flutes, and lives only in the delicacy with which it has moulded the changing lineaments and tinged the eyelids and hands. The fancy of a perpetual life, sweeping together ten thousand experiences, is an old one; and modern thought has conceived the idea of humanity as wrought upon by, and summing up in itself, all modes of thought and life. Certainly, Lady Lisa might stand as the embodiment of the old fancy, the symbol of the modern idea."

She might, but does she? There is really nothing to prove that Lionardo, who lived before the modern thought, had the old fancy in his mind. In fact, there is nothing to show that he had any purpose, save to make the most beautiful picture he could of a strangely beautiful woman. But modern art-criticism is attributive when it

supposes itself interpretative. The sight of an old painting inspires the critic with certain emotions, and these he straightway seizes upon as the motives of the painter. It *may* happen that both are identical; or it may happen that the effect produced was never in the painter's mind at all. Very likely it was not; but this vice, which Mr. Ruskin invented, goes on perpetuating itself; and Mr. Pater, who is as far from thinking with Mr. Ruskin as from writing like him, falls a helpless prey to it. Yet, as Mr. Pater deals more with the general character of the painter than with his intentions in particular works, his offence is far less than that of his original in this respect, and he does really give us an almost satisfactory impression of a genius as grand as it was fine, as profound as it was various, in his study of Lionardo.

His theory of Michael Angelo, as the last rather than the first of his kind, has also much to support it; and the idea that he is to be understood through those sculptors who went before him, and some modern authors and artists, and not through his immediate successors or his school, is quite acceptable. His "professed disciples are in love with his strength only, and seem not to feel his grave and temperate sweetness. Theatricality is their chief characteristic; and that is a quality as little attributable to Michael Angelo as to Mino or Luca Signorelli. With him as with them, all is passionate, serious, impulsive. . . . That strange interfusion of sweetness and strength is not to be found in those who claimed to be his followers, but it is found in many of those who worked before him, and in many others down to our own time, — in William Blake, for instance, and in Victor Hugo, who, though not of his school, and unaware, are his true sons, and help us to understand him, as he in turn interprets and justifies them. Perhaps this is the chief use in studying old masters."

It is Mr. Pater's delicate suggestiveness in this place and in other places that makes him useful in the study of a subject which, if you do not limit it by the exactest statement, has no limits. His Renaissance is a larger affair than the Renaissance of most writers and thinkers, but it is also vastly vaguer, and his thoughts about it partake in general of this vagueness. One follows him well pleased with his style, and grateful for his clear perception of particular aspects and characteristics; yet doubtful after all whether much that he calls Renaissance was

not merely ripe and perfect Gothic in literature and art. That it is at least as much the one as the other may be safely maintained. In fact, until we come to Winckelmann, we are not certain that it is the Renaissance which we have had to do with. But Winckelmann became so truly Hellenic that there can be no question but we lay fast hold upon the Renaissance in him. Coming long after the mystical middle ages, he is no more of them than if he had gone before them with the other Greeks; and as Mr. Pater says in one of the finest passages of his book, "with the sensuous element in Greek art he deals in the pagan manner; and what is implied in that?" It has sometimes been said that art is a means of escape from the tyranny of the senses. It may be so for the spectator; he may find that the spectacle of supreme works of art takes from the life of the senses something of its turbid fever. But this is possible for the spectator only because the artist in producing these works has gradually sunk his intellectual and spiritual ideas in sensuous form. He may live, as Keats lived, a pure life; but his soul, like that of Plato's false astronomer, becomes more and more immersed in sense until nothing else has any interest for him. How could such a one ever again endure the grayness of the ideal or spiritual world? . . . To the Greek the immersion in the sensuous was indifferent. Greek sensuousness, therefore, does not fever the blood; it is shameless and childlike. But Christianity, with its uncompromising idealism, discrediting the slightest touch of sense, has lighted up for the artistic life, with its inevitable sensuousness, a background of flame. 'I did but taste a little honey with the end of the rod that was in mine hand, and lo, I must die!' It is hard to pursue that life without something of conscious disavowal of a spiritual world; and this imparts to genuine artistic interests a kind of intoxication. From this intoxication Winckelmann is free; he fingers those pagan marbles with unsinged hands, with no sense of shame or loss. That is to deal with the sensuous side of art in the pagan manner."

And this was the true, the perfect Renaissance. But it came in a critic, it seems, and not in an artist.

— Mr. Bryant's Orations and Addresses were delivered on a variety of occasions, such as commemorative observances in honor of eminent authors and artists, the dedications of statues and institutions, and

the celebration of great public interests, like the electric telegraph, Italian unity, and the reform of city government. But the greater part of the volume into which they are now collected is filled by the orations on Cole the painter, on Cooper, Irving, Halleck, and Verplanck; and it need not disparage the rest to say that these are altogether the best. They are longer and more complete, and they form the most intelligent and intelligible sketch we have of the main intellectual and social features of our first great literary epoch. Mr. Bryant, of course, must speak of those times with something of a contemporary's slight of detail; but on the whole the reader of his criticisms (for such in a high and generous sense they are) cannot very well fail of a true conception of the period which we have called a great one. Our literature has since vastly increased in variety, and it has no doubt gained in depth and subtlety; but the men who first made it known—the Knickerbocker School, as it has been called—were masters in their art, and in their several ways remain unsurpassed. Irving is still the first of American writers in ease and grace, and if we could but lift the veil of the large popular world, which is so remote from the critic, we suspect that we should still find him first in the general favor and admiration. The publishers multiply editions of Cooper, and the translations of his works continue to introduce the American name to readers who know nothing and care nothing for our later literature. That school underwent and overcame more than any since, and gave us fame abroad when English criticism was as maliciously inimical as it is now mischievously fond. Indeed, it is doubtful if even Mrs. Stowe's great novel has made us more widely known than Cooper's romances; and it is a satisfaction to have the work he accomplished so heartily recognized by a contemporary who was himself a great part of the literary epoch of which he speaks. Mr. Bryant does not stint his praise; neither does he fail to trace the limitations, or to point out the faults of the author he praises; and whatever may be thought of his estimate of them, it must be allowed that his analyses are models of criticism, in temperance, discrimination, and liberality. The discourse on Cooper is particularly interesting, because of the approval given by a life-long journalist to Cooper in his contests with the newspapers. The press had aspersed

his motives in attacking his works, and Cooper sued his unfair critics in the courts. Mr. Bryant doubted the policy, not the justice of the proceeding. "I said to myself,

'Alas! Leviathan is not so tamed!'

As he proceeded, however, I saw that he understood the matter better than I. He put a hook into the nose of this huge monster, wallowing in his inky pool, and bespattering the passers-by; he dragged him to the land and made him tractable. One suit followed another; one editor was sued, I think, half a dozen times; some of them found themselves under a second indictment before the first was tried," and he beat every one who did not retract his libels. "The occasion of these suits was far from honorable to those who provoked them, but the result was, as I had almost said, creditable to all parties: to him as the courageous prosecutor, to the administration of justice in this country, and to the docility of the newspaper press, which he had disciplined into good manners."

The orations on Irving and Halleck are of the same general character as that on Cooper, and unite biographical notices with a sketch of their times and an examination of their work. Irving's world has been kept present with us by the vitality of his writings; but Halleck's world, and that of Verplanck, are curiously lost and forgotten. One splendid dramatic lyric and one exquisite elegy are nearly all that remain of a poet who wrote satires, and laughed at fashions, and mocked magistrates, and made the town talk of him. Of Verplanck—the eminent citizen, the friend of letters, the conscientious politician—there is even less left; but if it is mournfully instructive to recall the faded glories of the poet, it is also useful to consider, in Mr. Bryant's tribute to his friend, how very little time it is since public men in New York had liberal culture, and combined social worth with popular influence. He does full justice to the valuable qualities of such a man, and he gathers with a generous tenderness the remnants of Halleck's fame around an amiable figure; but it seems to us that Irving is more affectionately touched than either of the others. One of the closing passages of the discourse on him embodies so much that is characteristic of Mr. Bryant's warmer strain in these commemorations of his old friends, and so much that is true concerning the endurance of all good literature, and its ele-

vating and consoling influence, that we cannot render his admirable volume a less service than to quote it :—

“ Since he began to write, empires have risen and passed away ; mighty captains have appeared on the stage of the world, performed their part, and been called to their account ; wars have been fought and ended which have changed the destinies of the human race. New arts have been invented and adopted, and have pushed the old out of use ; the household economy of half mankind has undergone a revolution. Science has learned a new dialect and forgotten the old ; the chemist of 1807 would be a vain babbler among his brethren of the present day, and would in turn become bewildered in the attempt to understand them. Nation utters speech to nation in words that pass from realm to realm with the speed of light. Distant countries have been made neighbors ; the Atlantic Ocean has become a narrow frith, and the Old World and the New shake hands across it ; the East and the West look in at each other's windows. The new inventions bring new calamities, and men perish in crowds by the recoil of their own devices. War has learned more frightful modes of havoc, and armed himself with deadlier weapons ; armies are borne to the battle-field on the wings of the wind, and dashed against each other and destroyed with infinite bloodshed. We grow giddy with this perpetual whirl of strange events, these rapid and ceaseless mutations ; the earth seems to reel under our feet, and we turn to those who write like Irving, for some assurance that we are still in the same world into which we were born ; we read and are quieted and consoled. In his pages we see that the language of the heart never becomes obsolete ; that Truth and Good and Beauty, the offspring of God, are not subject to the changes which beset the inventions of men.”

—No just novel-reader can complain that he (or she) has not full measure of most delicious love-making, in the very pretty story called, *A Pair of Blue Eyes*. In fact, there is no stint of that mental sweet (if it *is* mental), and the quality is so delicate that it does not cloy. But the author had need to lavish it with a generous hand, for he brings his romance to but a sad close at last, of which we feel it our duty to forewarn all tender-hearted readers, who do not want character, or life, or subtle analysis, but marriage, and marriage, and again marriage, in a novel. To be sure,

there *is* a marriage in *A Pair of Blue Eyes* ; but it is not the marriage of the two people who ought to marry ; the author effects a compromise : the heroine marries—the wrong person, and dies. We try to carry it off lightly, but we will privately own that poor, pretty Elfrida's fate has been an affliction to us, and that we would willingly have had her innocent guile, her simple duplicity bring her to a happier if less probable end than they do. Her character is nearly all there is of the book, though neither of her lovers is drawn with a touch wanting in distinctness. Of the two, Stephen Smith, on whom she first tries her romantic and adventurous heart, is the better piece of work, his gentle, negative, constant nature being studied to admiration ; yet Knight also is a genuine man, and it is not his fault if he is uninteresting in proportion as he is literary. Since Pendennis and Warrington, many personages of our calling have figured in fiction, and they have nearly all been bores ; and some blight of tiresomeness seems in novels to fall upon a class who in life are so delightful. It is to be said of Knight, that he is something more than the conventional literary man of fiction ; but he at no time gives us the sense of entire projection from the author's mind that Stephen Smith does, and that, in a vastly more triumphant way, Elfrida does. He remains more or less dependent, more evidently a creature of the plot ; but he very imaginably serves as the object of Elfrida's adoring love, after her heart has helplessly wandered from its first ignorant choice. She is as fresh in fiction as she is lovable and natural. With all her little complexities of action, she is essentially very simple. She desires to love and to be loved, and when her father forbids the thought of Stephen Smith, she runs away with him “ to make sure,” and when afterwards she falls more profoundly in love with Knight, the sense of having first loved some one else oppresses her as a wrong to him, which she longs to have redressed by some former love affair on his part ; she would like to show him how much she could forgive him, but she has nothing to forgive in that way, and this makes it impossible for her to tell of her own former engagement. She has no pride, she has only love ; she has no arts save in love, and thrusts herself a helpless victim into the power of the wretched woman, Jethway, whom she had never wronged.

She pursues Knight to London, when he breaks off the engagement in the same blindly loving way that she runs off with Stephen. We cannot give any just idea of how gracefully and modestly all this pure analysis of character is managed by the author, whose knowledge we ask the reader to compare with the knowingness of Mr. Charles Reade, for example, in similar performances. The charm, the sweetness, the tenderness of the story are not excelled by its truth; and for a good, solid, intolerable bit of tragedy, we commend the close of the story as something that may almost stand beside the close of Turgénieff's *Liza*. The meeting of Smith and Knight, and their mutual explanations; their going down to Elfrida's home together in open rivalry, on the same train that carries her lifeless body thither,—is a passage of such gloom that a dark shadow falls retrospectively from it over all the book, and solemnizes every part of it. We shall probably not have a hand in parcelling out the laurels of posterity, but we would fain see *A Pair of Blue Eyes* decked with a durable leaf or two.

—A very beautiful, adorably inconsequent, empty-headed young lady, who laces herself almost to death, but abandons her corsets just in time to marry the brilliant young medical genius who forbids them, and then to bring him to the verge of ruin by her extravagance; the gifted young doctor in question, who drives his own carriage as a public vehicle at night, to repair her ravages in his fortune, who goes to sea in charge of an epileptic young lord,—epileptic, but noble-hearted,—and falls overboard, and saves himself on a raft manned by an unknown corpse with a pocketful of precious stones, which the newcomer secures and then goes mad with mental and physical suffering, and stays mad above a year, and comes to himself in the home of a good English farm wife, living in South Africa; the wicked, worthless husband of this good woman, who loved Mrs. Staines before she married, who goes with Dr. Staines to the diamond fields and profits by the doctor's knowledge of everything but human nature to carry their common findings to Capetown to sell, and then concludes to push on to England, where he reports Staines dead, woos Mrs. Staines, and, by the guilty facility of her father, has the banns twice cried in the church, and has brought the lady to the extremity of buying a phial of poison when Dr. Staines returns and throws him

out of the window, and he falls on the spikes of the area railing, and goes with a very bad limp ever after; a statuesque young noblewoman full of good offices to the Staineses, and incapable of pronouncing the letter *r*; who gets rid of dyspepsia by marrying an Irishman, an old Dr. Staines, uncle to the young doctor and every bit as miraculous (would to heaven they cured diseases as promptly and dramatically in real life as those doctors of Mr. Reade's always do!), who prescribes the Irishman; these, with a few Boers, Hottentots, lion-hunts, and a trifle of storms and child-stealing, are the simple and unambitious elements out of which Mr. Reade constructs his story of *A Simpleton*. Its prime qualities are uniform probability, moral elevation, modest unconsciousness of the author of any good points made, profound medical science, and encyclopedic grasp of general information. These characteristics are so conspicuous that we think it all the more our duty to call the preoccupied reader's attention to the skillful study of a lightish sort of womanhood in Mrs. Staines. The story would have been better as a play; but it is a prodigiously entertaining story.

FRENCH AND GERMAN.*

It is always with pleasure that we hear of a novel by M. Cherbuliez; for, with all his faults, he has certainly the merit of being entertaining whenever he puts pen to paper, whether it be to write about German literature, or to keep us for three months in a state of fierce uncertainty about the result of some sensational novel. And we are willing to call him always entertaining, in spite of some disappointment at finding *Le Prince Vitale* and *Le Cheval de Phidias* anything but plain works of imagination. If one goes to them for information he will be entertained as well; if he goes for entertainment alone he will be disappointed. But no one will ever fall asleep over his novels. Not only is the plot puzzling enough, in general, to keep one awake even on Sunday afternoons in midsummer, but every page, every paragraph has a snap to it which is more interesting at the time than words of weightier wisdom are apt to be. Over some of his novels one is not tempted to ponder; there is no deep les-

* All books mentioned under this head are to be had at Schönhof and Müller's, 40 Winter St., Boston, Mass.

Meta Holdenis. Par Victor Cherbuliez. Paris: 1873.

son to be found in such a melodramatic novel as *La Revanche de Joseph Noirel*; or if any is intended to be given, its whole effect is lost in the whirl and excitement of the story. One is satisfied with the great interest of the novel; he gets no moral instruction from it any more than from an opera. No rake was ever reformed by seeing *Don Giovanni* well given.

But there is something depressing in the sight of mere cleverness,—one is too strongly reminded of rich young men of thirty who spend their days in carving cherry-stones to hang on ladies' watch-chains,—and the more fascinated by it we are at the time, the greater is our subsequent dissatisfaction. But in some of Cherbuliez's novels we find something better than a delectation of our curiosity, namely, a careful study of character. In *Prosper Randoe*, for instance, a translation of which is announced, there is a very careful delineation of an interesting man, one of a complex nature, modified in a way that perhaps marks the present time as strongly as any. For it is the impression made by his period upon the inactive man of thought by which that period is known to posterity. A busy worker is not annoyed with doubts,—he does what is set before him without troubling himself about the meaning of hidden things; but it is his introspective brother who gazes at the reflection of the times in his own soul, and who records it for the delight of his contemporaries and the amazement of his grandchildren. We now-a-days read Goethe's *Werther* with a very definite feeling of wonder, but yet few books have ever been written that were so successful at the time as that. Its predecessor, Rousseau's *Nouvelle Héloïse*, again, as is well known, created an immense excitement, which is only partly explained to us by the grace with which it is written. The same man who, a hundred years ago would have bewedded *Werther* with his tears, and under slight provocation have added one to the long list of names which caused Madame de Staël to say that that book had been the cause of more suicides than any beautiful woman, would now smile at such unreserved emotion, and content himself with a vague feeling of wonder as to whether after all it made much difference if he were not successful in his love making. It is the worst thing about pessimism that it creates indifference. Such a man is painted in Didier in *Prosper Randoe*. Cherbuliez

has caught an image of the times and drawn him in that book. In this his new novel he has drawn a being who, if faith can be given to older writers, is not a product of the nineteenth century alone, we mean, namely, a crafty woman.

The story is told by a young man in letters to a friend of his, a lady living on the shores of the Rhine, who asks him to visit her, and who adds to her offer the statement that she has chosen for him the young woman—a lovely creature with eyes of heavenly blue—whom he is to marry. In answer to this proposition he gives her an account of his past life, which has had the effect of putting him on his guard against the fascinations of such eyes. When about twenty-five he made up his mind, much against his plain-speaking father's will, to devote himself to painting rather than to business, and in accordance with this plan he sets out for Dresden. On his way he stops at Geneva, where he makes the acquaintance of the Holdenis family. The father is a venerable German, who very probably corresponds to the Frenchman's idea of Emperor William, inasmuch as beneath a mask of piety he hides a very dishonorable nature. He wheedles the young man, Tony Flamerin, out of the greater part of the little sum with which he had started in the great world. But before this was discovered, Tony had fallen in love with his eldest daughter Meta, who was kind to the rest of the children, who wept over German poetry, whose blue eyes attracted him, while he was kept from flagging in his attentions by the presence of an aged lover, a baron, on whom she never frowned. One fine day he finds her in silent and apparently joyous contemplation of her name as baroness, which fills him with sudden wrath, and drives him from the house. The next moment he hears of M. Holdenis's failure, and a visit to that gentleman gives the assurance that he is a swindler, and he does not derive any consolation from the texts of Scripture which the old gentleman quotes for his comfort. He leaves at once for Dresden with the scanty remnants of his small fortune, and a heart full of bitterness against the false-hearted Meta. In that new home he devotes himself to painting, and by his success he attracts the attention of M. de Mauserre, the French minister. This gentleman is in love with a woman who is unfortunately married to a worthless man, and he meditates throwing over his diplomatic career in order to

live with her in retirement, and await either separation from her husband or his much-longed-for death. Soon he yields to that plan, and in a few years we find them living in France with their daughter, a little girl about five years old, for whom a governess is needed. Much to Tony's surprise Meta Holdenis comes to take that place. She succeeds in conquering the temper and winning the love of the spoiled child, she delights them all with her singing, she makes herself invaluable to the child's mother, and Tony soon finds the iciness he had assumed melting away before her explanation of her apparent faithlessness in Geneva, and her charmingness at the time. He even goes so far as to tell her his love, but without any definite answer from her. But this young woman does not content herself with such small game, she begins to make herself of service to M. de Mauserre, artfully to flatter him, both about his youthful appearance and the possibilities of success if he were to re-enter active life; for he had, not unnaturally, been thinking in his cooler moments of what he might have done if he had stayed in the diplomatic service. Tony overhears more or less of her conversations with M. de Mauserre, and the complications of the novel grow thicker. For the reader to follow them in this brief analysis would be as wearisome as to trace a journey on a map instead of taking it one's self. It is with great skill that the author acts before us Tony's love, as well as M. de Mauserre's, the blindness of Madame de Mauserre, and the great williness of Meta. Meta fascinates every one; Tony knows her to be crafty but he cannot help loving her, and even in this his confession, when, naturally enough, he tries to make it out as slight as possible on his part, it is easy to see how interested he was, and partly, too, from jealousy of M. de Mauserre. At last she is beaten at every point; she comes very near marrying M. de Mauserre, but she fails. Tony frees himself, and she leaves the house. Later, Tony sees her again in the dress of a Protestant sister, decrying the vices of the French, and recounting her version of her adventures as a governess in that country in confirmation of her statements.

We can certainly commend this book as entertaining. To be sure, it has a tendency to put the Germans in an unfavorable light, but no one can imagine that M. Cherbuliez thinks all Germans are hypocrites. There are swindlers in Prussia as

well as in France or America; a German was taken probably because the contrast between the saintly exterior and the evil heart within was more marked, and would be felt more strongly by the reader. At any rate, we can read it without looking upon it as a political tract. And then, no country will be able to point at Meta Holdenis, and rejoice that there are no such intriguing women within its boundaries as there are in Germany, or if there be any, it speaks highly for the craftiness of the women. But, jesting aside, every one will be interested in this picture of the wily woman. In the first place, she is really ingenious; often when men undertake to give us a representation of such a character they set before us a clumsy person with no device, who is no more to be feared than is a beetle-browed conspirator upon the stage. But Meta is fully armed and equipped, she pleases every one, not only until she is found out, but even after she is found out, which seems to be the truest touch in the description of such a person.

Then, too, the question of her moral guilt is left in a certain obscurity. There are many who judge such a character with absolute severity, they are unwilling to hear a word in its defense, and, in fact, one may very soon get into deep water in apologizing for such a fault as distinguished Meta; but she is shown to have half believed in herself, to have been able to persuade herself to whatever she pleased. There is no apology for her, nor, indeed, any perfectly satisfactory explanation of her conduct; we have simply a study of a character such as is not unknown in other parts of the globe than those in which the scene is laid. Some of the devices which Meta employs, as, for example, that of the letter towards the end of the book, are very much like the epistolary complications we see oftener in a theatre than elsewhere; but throughout the book we find Meta herself, as well as all the others, including the clear-sighted people who disbelieve in her from the first, admirably described. Especially is this true of M^{me}. de Mauserre, whose simplicity and perfect honesty, as well as her confidence in M. de Mauserre, are set in broad contrast with the conduct of Meta. We see her perfect frankness and her inability to act with any deceit at a time when, if Meta were in her shoes, M. de Mauserre would have been speedily brought back to his allegiance by a little coquetry. Probably, M^{me}. de

Mauserre could have easily advised any friend of hers how to act under similar circumstances, but she was incapable of acting in that way herself.

As for M. de Mauserre he is well-drawn; we see him as an ardent lover first, then somewhat regretting all the opportunities he had given up on account of the scandal of his life, and then succumbing to flattery, and open to jealousy in a very human way. Tony, without going into self-analysis, gives us a very definite notion of his own character, and shows himself far removed from duineness. "It is pretty to see," to use

Pepys's phrase, the way in which he softens the account of his love for Meta, as if he were conscious, as he undoubtedly was, of the folly of his love, and that is a quality that a man finds it hard to pardon in an old love.

To our thinking, this novel is one of the best, if not the best, that Cherbuliez has yet written. But too careful comparisons are idle. Every one will find it entertaining, and from a young writer, who is so far from showing any signs of exhaustion, we are justified in expecting a great deal in the future. We await another novel from him with considerable impatience.

A R T.

A SLIGHT accession to the regular and somewhat conservative and unvaried array of pictures in the gallery of the Athenæum has of late brought into fresh notice the eminent name of Copley, with which we perhaps do not commonly concern ourselves enough. The addition consists of one small and three large paintings, executed at different periods, but all fruits of the artist's English life, which, of course, was by far the most important part of his career, and loaned to the Athenæum by their present owner, C. Amory, Esq. As it chances, they differ considerably from each other in point of treatment, and we shall therefore remark upon them in their historical order. The first is the preliminary painting for the *Youth Rescued from a Shark*, which now hangs in the Christ's Hospital School, in London. The incident which it commemorates occurred to Watson, afterward Lord Mayor of London, who while a "sea-boy" (as Cunningham phrases it), was attacked in the harbor of Havana by a shark, and lost one of his feet before his companions could draw him into their boat. Copley, the catalogue tells us, made the voyage to England with Watson in 1776, and was attracted by the anecdote of this adventure, as furnishing subject-matter for a picture. It is mentioned as the first attempt of the painter in the historic style, and must have been one of his first ventures in London. There is a certain harmoniousness in the coloring, despite its paleness and aridity;

and the figures are wrought out with more or less success. But, on the whole, it is characterized by a groping, though by no means impotent, uncertainty. Nine or ten men are clustered into an eager group, in a boat which, judged by its proportion to their size, is very much too large to be moved by the single pair of oars with which it is provided. In the water immediately in front, the wounded boy lies on his back, drawn rapidly in the direction of a very greedy, but also somewhat improbable-looking, shark, who has his mouth wide open in unmistakable readiness for the youngster. We confess to a want of knowledge in the matter of shark-anatomy, as well as in that of the physical aspect of these monsters; but we nevertheless cannot help feeling that Copley must have drawn this crude prodigy from some private reservoir of his own imagination. Of the water surrounding the boat and filling the harbor of Havana, we can speak with certainty as being wholly inadequate, and indicative of lack of study on the painter's part. Even in his rudest sketch, the master of sea and sky cannot so depart from the abiding laws of form in wave and cloud as Copley does here. But among the figures in the boat, the two in white shirts who lean over, endeavoring to grasp the hurt swimmer, and he who stands at the bow, in the act of delivering a death-blow to the gaping shark, are refreshingly vigorous. They tell upon the eye more strongly, perhaps,

for the very contrast which subsists between their brisk though unripe strength and the feebleness of the surroundings. We do not know how far Copley improved upon this first draft in the finished work; but the general conception is good, and might develop well were it not for the unmistakable defect in the artist's notions of sky and water. The truth is, Copley was not strong in "history," nor even in accessory landscape. His most important undertakings in the way of historical painting, namely, his *Death of Lord Chatham*, and the *Arrest of the Five Members of the Commons*, derived a large part of their importance from the fact that they contained accurate portraits of all the chief personages of the House, at the epoch when the events commemorated in those works occurred. But the whole interest of such a collection of portraits, under pretext of some particular event, is literary, rather than pictorial; and, moreover, in the representation of a great occurrence, where some special action demands notice, concentration of attention must be more difficult, when so many separate claims are put forward by the effigies of distinguished minor actors. It is for this reason that a work of portraiture pure and simple, from the hands of Copley — such as the picture of his own family, which we next come to — is more valuable to us than either of the historical paintings we have mentioned; for even their elaborate portraiture could not carry them through, and, as Leslie said, there were "too many figures *to let*" in them. In this *Family Picture* we have Mrs. Copley and her children, with her father, Mr. Clarke, — the consignee of that precious tea from which the first brew of rebellion was extracted, by mixture with salt-water, — and Copley himself in the background, leaning against a pillar, and looking a little sad and cynical. A somewhat flimsy landscape is seen through a wide aperture at the back; but the complexion of Mrs. Copley, seated against this ground, on a crimson sofa, and attired in a lustrous blue silk, is marvelously clear and perfect. The children, too, are rendered with a happy charm that is irresistible. The father's heart must have been most fully given to this work, for the little people burst upon us with a dewy freshness of countenance and a sturdy, tumultuous joyousness of expression such as painters seldom succeed in investing their children with. The flesh-tints are all laid

on with the greatest care, evidently, and with a corresponding result in beauty of appearance. If Copley was exceptionally laborious in his mode of work, he was rewarded for his pains by great and exceptional triumph in the rendering of color in the human face. Here are faces which he moulded into mimic being nearly a hundred years ago, and they bloom before us still with all the pure perfection of enamel, enhanced by a softness, and an aspect of actual physical porous structure, which it would be difficult to surpass by the exhibition of any modern portraiture. There is, however, a "spottiness" in the picture as a whole (owing to the lack of a side-light, which should balance the strong illumination of the faces from the front, as it at present exists), which gives to the flesh-portions something of the appearance of being about to fly forth from their less forcibly executed surroundings. We fancy something of the same effect is seen in the *Red Cross Knight*, on another wall, in which the painter's son, Lord Lyndhurst, and two of his daughters appear at a more mature age. It is rather singular that the artist should not have learned, by this time, to redress this preponderance of the flesh-tints. In all probability, he bestowed too small a degree of care upon draperies and so on, to ensure the equilibrium between these and the more brilliant flesh, after the lapse of years. In *Saul reproving Samuel*, which is the third of Mr. Amory's pictures, we find, to be sure, a great advance in the historical style upon the *Youth's Rescue*. But this is chiefly in the manifestation of academic discipline, which had now been at work some twenty years upon Copley. We do not like the blue mail of the warrior, holding the blue-white horse on the right, nor the red drapery of Saul, the red banner above him, and the rosy cloud behind, in the centre; followed by a deep black cloud on the left, and Samuel in dark dove-color and blue, with a yellow scarf. But the drawing is good and vigorous. In those days, if a man made an unsuccessful picture, he was at least at considerable pains to do so. *Lady Jane Grey refusing the Crown*, painted in 1809, is skilful and dignified, slightly cold, and in one or two points stiff, but really a fine achievement. Perseverance and determined industry, applied to a genius not naturally inclined to this kind of painting, led Copley to this eminence.

SCIENCE.*

DOCTOR YOUMAN'S International Scientific Series promises to be an admirable collection of popular treatises. Dr. Edward Smith, well known to physiologists for his many careful researches in vital statistics, has given us a volume here on Foods, not unworthy to rank with its forerunners, and promises to follow it up by another on Dietaries. The present work courts comparison with the Lectures of Professor Letheby on the same subject, published a year or two ago. Both are full of information of a sort useful to everybody; but while Letheby's book enters a little more fully into the physiology of digestion and has a chapter upon dietaries, Dr. Smith's work is ampler and more practical in its account of particular articles of food, is more simply and clearly arranged, and, when its companion volume is added, will no doubt supplant the earlier and (then) the smaller work. Each kind of food is treated by itself; and its mode of cultivation, the common impurities and adulterations to which it is liable, and the different manners in which it may be prepared, with their respective merits, are successively described. This makes quite a fascinating sort of hotch-potch to take up and read for half an hour; and as it is hard either to criticise or to give an account of the "general drift" of a book composed almost wholly of separate facts, we are reduced to noticing a few points at random. Liebig's extract of meat, for instance, which is so largely consumed, and still believed by the public to be nutritious, is reaffirmed by Dr. Smith to belong solely to the class of stimulant condiments. "There is but little left in the extract to nourish the body, and the elements which it really possesses are salts, which may be obtained otherwise at an infinitely smaller cost, and the flavor of meat which disguises the real poverty of the substance. . . . It should be classed with such nervous stimulants as tea and coffee, which supply little or no nutriment, yet modify assimilation and nutrition. Used alone for beef tea, it is a delusion."

* *Foods*. By EDWARD SMITH, M. D. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1873.

Popular Lectures on Scientific Subjects. By H. HELMHOLTZ. Translated and edited by E. ATKINSON. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1873.

Under the head of horse-flesh, he says that, considering that the poorer classes in England "strongly object to eating anything which is regarded as of inferior quality or rejected by their richer fellow-citizens, it is really useless to bring the subject before public attention in this country," — a mode of dealing with the matter which may be practical; but in a book designed to enlighten public opinion, one looks for a touch more of the enthusiasm of reform. In speaking of pork, too, he might well have devoted a few lines to refuting the vague prejudice against it which is so common in this country, but for which few can give any reason beyond the fact that it contains trichinæ and "measles," and took longer to digest than other meats in the fistulous stomach of the celebrated St. Martin. This latter undesirable quality, Dr. Smith says, is due to the hardness of the muscular fibres, which need more mastication than those of other meats.

Under the heading of wheaten flour, he compares the value of meal made from the entire grain with that from which the outer particles have been sifted, and justifies popular prejudice, which insists on sticking to its loaf of fine bolted flour, in spite of the warnings of that numerous school which believes that salvation depends on "Graham" flour. Both he and Professor Letheby give the palm for composition and digestibility to "seconds" flour, which is of the degree only once removed from the finest. The coarser qualities, which contain more of the hull, are, it is true, richer in gluten and in salts, but are, as Voit of Munich has recently confirmed, less completely digested. The indigestible part of the bran excites the bowels so much that a part of what otherwise would be absorbed is carried off with it. So Graham bread makes a less instead of more economical food for the poor. For many, to whom the superiority in economy is unimportant, it is, however, no doubt the better article. And we may say, in passing, that few people know by experience whether Graham flour suits them well or ill, for few have tasted it finely ground and made of the best wheat. The stuff usually sold by that name is made from wheat unfit to make white flour, and often has had extra bran added to it. The best

Graham flour certainly has not that inferiority of flavor which our author ascribes to it; and there are some observations on the improvement of children's teeth under its use which may make one suspect that its whole alimentary history is not disposed of when we have found that most of its nitrogen is wasted in the bowels.

After all, not physiological analysis, but the rough verdict of long practical use, where one could get true *comparative* data by it, would be perhaps still our safest guide, if we must needs have one exclusive guide in dietetics. We are led to this remark by Dr. Smith's articles on tea and alcohol, in which his conclusions are in large part inferences from the *direct* physiological effects of the fluids when taken in. Thus, because tea largely increases the amount of carbonic acid exhaled, he considers it favorable to "vital action," whilst his verdict is as unfavorable to gin, brandy, and whiskey, because they diminish the same excretion. And because the alcohols do not exert their maximum effects in a precisely corresponding way on the different functions which are influenced by them, he says they "disturb" the vital harmony, and hence are bad. But who is not aware how small a portion of the facts these are, and how great is the set of secondary and tertiary changes set in motion by these primary ones, of which we know nothing accurately, but which, in the question of the *chronic* advantages or disadvantages of the beverage, become the most important elements? Dr. Richardson, in an article against alcohol of which our author quotes a part, makes a great point of the waste of energy it produces by accelerating the heart-beats; and goes into a sensational calculation of the amount of work in foot-pounds which one may thus throw away. But is not exercise good? and do we not throw away in exercise an immense amount of work in quickened heart-beats? It is very likely that Dr. Smith's thesis against alcohol is true in the main, though his indiscriminate laudation of tea is undoubtedly false. But in either case, most of the reasoning from physiological analysis of the effects is crude, shallow, and really unworthy of the physiology of to-day.

A good instance to enforce our own point of view is to be found in the chapter on milk, in which observations are quoted to show that children fed on "condensed milk" though they grow very fat and look uncommonly healthy, are yet slow in learn-

ing to walk, and show no power to resist disease. Now, condensed milk only differs from ordinary milk by the addition of sugar. We know nothing of the effects of sugar which should make us expect beforehand such a result from the use of the milk. Indeed, on Dr. Smith's principles, it ought to be a most beneficial addition, for its power to increase the respiration is extraordinarily high.

But the vice we speak of is characteristic, not so much of the present author as of the mode of treating such questions which still prevails nearly everywhere, and which is certainly but a half-way house towards the true one.

— It is perhaps not too extravagant praise of Helmholtz, now Professor of Physics in Berlin, to say that he is the greatest scientific genius now living. He has touched no subject without breaking new ground in it. The whole science of acoustics may be said to have been renovated by him. His great work on physiological optics will always be a model of the profound and thorough way in which one man may exhaust a subject. Though not professedly entering into psychology proper, the elaborate study he has made therein of our visual perceptions forms perhaps the most really important contribution to psychological science of our generation. One hardly knows which to admire most in this work,—the mathematical originality, the ingenuity of mechanical contrivance and experiment, the genius for patient observation and subtle interpretation, or the power of large constructive thought which gives unity to the whole. He is, perhaps, most popularly known by his invention of the ophthalmoscope, that instrument for seeing into the interior of the eye, which has transformed oculistic medicine. He was the first to study muscular contraction by means of recording instruments, and the first to measure the velocity of the nervous current. When we add that his other scattered investigations in physiology, electricity, and mathematics would fill a long list, and that he is one of the four independent discoverers of the principle of conservation of energy, we need say nothing more to justify our opinion that this translation of his popular essays is an important addition to English scientific literature. Two of the essays are *résumés* of his researches on sound and vision, two on the correlation of forces, two on the general relations of physical science, one on

glaciers, and one — a very interesting one — on Goethe as a scientific investigator.

We have not space for any detailed account of the separate papers. We will merely note, in passing, how the author's study of the eye, made with no reference to the theory of evolution, corroborates that theory, and discredits the old Bridge-water-treatise doctrine of the eye being the most perfect of optical contrivances. "It is not too much to say," he writes, "that if an optician wanted to sell me an instrument which had all these defects, I should think myself justified in blaming his carelessness in the strongest terms, and giving him back his instrument." He then explains that "*as our intelligence uses the eye and interprets its faulty data, it is quite sufficient to its function.*" A sensible man will not cut firewood with a "razor," and a more perfect eye would be a superfluity.

It is interesting in this day of philosophic disintegration to know the general philosophic attitude of such a man as Helmholtz. He is very sober and reserved in his utterances. But in his paper

on Goethe there, is a passage which we may quote. After showing how Goethe, the poet, sought in nature the direct and transparent sensible expression of the spiritual, and so went astray, he goes on: "The natural philosopher, on the other hand, tries to discover the levers, the cords, the pulleys which work behind the scenes, and shift them. Of course, the sight of the machinery spoils the "beautiful show," and therefore the poet would gladly talk it out of existence, and, ignoring cords and pulleys as the chimeras of a pedant's brain, he would have us believe that the scenes shift themselves or are governed by the idea of the drama. . . . But we cannot triumph over the machinery of matter by ignoring it; we can triumph over it only by subordinating it to the aims of our moral intelligence. We must familiarize ourselves with its levers and pulleys, fatal though it be to poetic contemplation, in order to govern them after our own will; and therein lies the complete justification of physical investigation, and its vast importance to the advance of human civilization."

POLITICS.

WE have deferred hitherto saying anything about the rising, as it is called, of the farmers against the Western railroads, in the hope of being able to get from the various conventions and their platforms some idea as to the political intentions of the movers in the matter. The movement has now gone on long enough to give the spectators a clear notion of its origin and causes, and the public are in a position to judge of its merits. Of course nothing is more common in the history of politics than the adoption, by bodies of men organized for a given purpose, of a new and unexpected policy. The Granges, Patrons of Husbandry, and Farmers' Associations may adopt some plan at some future time which will give a wholly different look to their movement. We speak of it as it is now.

There seems to be in the public mind a grave misapprehension of the character of the operation known in the West as farm-

ing, which has done a good deal to create irrational sympathy for the farmers. The Western farmer is, as a rule, a man who has emigrated from the East in pursuit of wealth; and, so far from representing the sacred cause of oppressed labor, he is himself in nine cases out of ten an employer of labor, or, in other words, a capitalist. He is just as necessary to the world as the man who drives his reaping-machine for him, or as the man who transports his grain to market for him, but not more so. He is very far from being a yeoman, and in fact very much nearer being a speculator. His quiet farm is an establishment, containing from a few hundred to a few thousand acres, which he leases or owns, the funds not being generally a handful of gold dollars, the hard-earned savings of his father's lifetime; on the contrary, his funds are to a great extent credits, the Western farmer being a borrower quite as much as the Western railroad. He is not,

as a rule, any more God-fearing or law-fearing than any of the rest of us. He is not bound to his farm by strong local affection and old traditional feeling; on the contrary, he would as lief farm a thousand acres in one place as another, provided he can make enough from the soil to pay interest on his outstanding paper, and obtain a fair profit himself. He is, in short, a gentleman who goes into the business of producing grain from the earth for the same reason that other gentlemen embark their funds in the production of iron and coal from the earth, and still other gentlemen manufacture cotton and flax into cloth. He is as much entitled to pursue this occupation as they are theirs; but there is no more reason for sympathizing with him in his hard lot when he is unsuccessful in money-making than there is for sympathizing with one of the shareholders in a Lowell mill or a Pennsylvania coal or iron mine when his hands are on strike. Sometimes they make, and sometimes they lose money; and whether they make or lose is a question depending partly on prudence, partly on chance, partly on the state of the market, partly on the condition of the weather; in fact, on precisely the same causes which determine the profits of the railroads themselves.

There is the best possible evidence — the evidence of men who have seen it with their own eyes — that within the past year or two the farmers have been producing too largely, or, as we might almost say, speculating for a rise on a falling market. Two years ago there was already a glut. Along some of the lines leading to the Atlantic coast there were stacked thousands of bushels of grain, waiting for a market. In other places farmers had begun to burn their grain for fuel. Meanwhile the situation of the railroads was not much better. When it is said that the average net earnings of all the railroads in the country is 5.20 per cent on the actual cost, and 3.91 per cent on their capital stock, the reply may possibly be made that this does not represent the state of the case in Illinois; indeed it does not, because in Illinois there are only four railroads paying regular dividends at all, and only one as much as seven per cent. This seems to show that if, as the farmers assert, the railroads have been making such enormous profits during the last few years, they must have been frightfully defrauding their stock and bond holders, and it is these oppressed capitalists who ought to make common cause with the

down-trodden agricultural population. No such movement has yet been heard of, though, speaking seriously, there is much antecedent probability that whatever railroad directors have enriched themselves unlawfully during the past few years have done so through robbery of those who placed them in their position of trust, and gave them their opportunity for fraud, rather than through oppression of those whose voluntary contributions support the roads. For freight, though truly enough in one sense a transportation tax, is in another sense something quite different from any tax; it can be collected only so long as the producer or shipper chooses to pay it. If he find it unprofitable, he will not pay it; he will either change his business or his residence, and thus still further diminish the income of the railroads. This fact is probably better known and more keenly appreciated by the railroad-men who assess and levy the transportation tax than by any one else in the country. The first thing any railroad has to do is to calculate at what rate freight will be shipped, and at what price it will not be shipped. On the other hand, if a body of directors wish to commit frauds, there is always stock and there are always bonds to do it with. How many railroads have we seen within the past few years, with thousands of dollars' worth of stock of a nominal value in the market, on which no one ever dreamed of receiving a dividend, but which was used solely for the purpose of managing the roads! No attempt is made in the case of these roads to collect freight enough to pay dividends. The freight is collected as it can be; the idea that any sensible fraudulent director would endeavor to increase his freight rates to a point which he knows to be exorbitant, when it is perfectly open to him to issue a notice of the usual kind, announcing that, owing to circumstances connected with the purchase of some new line, or the lease of some old line, or the building of locomotives, or for some other time-honored reason, it has been deemed advisable not to declare any dividend for the past six months, is utterly monstrous. If we take the most fraudulently managed road in the country, — the Erie, — we shall see how plain this is. The Erie Railway has some \$100,000,000 stock in the market, issued in great part by Fisk and Gould. No serious attempt has been made to pay dividends on this, except in one case, even

since the "reform directors" took possession; they, it is true, declared a dividend of three and one half per cent. A dividend of three and one half per cent on the earnings of eight or ten years, however, may safely be considered as tantamount to no dividend at all; so we may safely say that the Erie Railway pays no dividends. It must be obvious from this that the managers of the line have not been obliged to make any attempt at an exorbitant increase of freight rates for the purpose of paying dividends. Somebody undoubtedly has been defrauded; but it is also an undoubted fact that those who were defrauded were the old stockholders, at home and abroad. It was these old stockholders, too, who felt themselves defrauded, and who formed committees and passed resolutions, and employed counsel, and ejected the corrupt management. We heard nothing in those days of the oppression of the farmers in the interior of New York and farther west. It will be admitted that the Erie frauds may well serve as the type of any frauds that have been committed in railroad management throughout the country during the last few years; and we see that the people defrauded by them, or at any rate the people who thought themselves defrauded, were not the people who paid the transportation tax.

Very little can be said in favor of the railroad management of the country. Railroads are managed according to a system which enables directors to make enormous fortunes, at the expense of those whose interests they are bound in honor and equity to protect; and if the object of the farmers' movement were to secure the greater responsibility of directors, or to bring to justice directors already known to have engaged in frauds, we should cordially sympathize with it. But, as we have seen, the movement is directed against that already oppressed class, the very stockholders who are now said to be so swindled by trustees. What is to become of the 5.20 per cent on the cost, and the 3.91 per cent on the stock, now paid to these unfortunates, if they are to be subjected on the one hand to "raids" from directors, and on the other to "raids" from the State legislatures is easy to see.

Besides the stockholders and the farmers there is another class of people whose interests are closely connected with the management of the railroads. In all the discussion which has been going on about the

Granges, the Transportation, and reasonable rates of freights, very little has been heard about the rights of passengers. The Illinois law, if we remember right, does include passenger fares, but this branch of the subject attracts hardly any attention. If there is any class which railroads have an opportunity to impose upon, however, it is the travelling public. There is no class, certainly, to whose personal convenience railroads have paid less heed. They have been shut up in ill-ventilated cars, they have been seated in uncomfortable seats; they have been delayed, hustled, wounded and killed in great numbers. For this maltreatment many suits at law have been brought, and usual damages recovered. We have never heard, however, of any loud complaints on the part of the travelling public that the fares charged by the railroads were unjust. There have been suggestions that laborers' trains might be run at low rates; but these suggestions, even, did not come from the laborers, but from official students of the railroad question. This strange apathy on the part of the travelling public we can only explain in one way: that of a general belief that the roads understand the business of establishing rates of fare better than any one else; they know what rates passengers will pay, and what rates they will not pay. The control of the roads over the passengers is much more close than any which they can ever establish over the farmers. They depend far more on freight than on travel, and, besides, this cause of the producers is one easily made a common cause; mass-meetings and associations of passengers, like the Granges and Farmers' Associations, are very unlikely things. Before the roads seriously impose on either passengers or farmers, however, they will first squeeze their own stockholders' purses dry.

In order to understand the farmers' movement thoroughly, it is necessary to take into consideration, not merely their supposed grievances, but also the means they have taken to remedy them. Their resolutions have been multitudinous, but their actual operations can easily be enumerated. First, they have formed themselves into various organizations known as Granges, Patrons of Husbandry, and by other names (it is wholly immaterial for our present purpose what distinctions as to objects and methods there may be among them), and have announced their determination, first, that railroad

charters must be controlled by State laws ; second, that freight charges must be determined by the State itself, and not by the railroads ; third, that they must be determined on the *pro-rata* principle ; in the fourth place, they have carried the contest into the legislature of one State, and secured the passage of a law establishing a freight schedule in accordance with their views ; fifth, they have elected a judge of the Supreme Court in the same State, who announces that he will decide in any case arising before him that the railroad charters are subordinate in all cases to State law, and that the freight law of Illinois is constitutional.

The proposition that railroad charters must be controlled by State law seems fair enough, until we know what it means. When we find that it means the control of the charters by State law in the teeth of the Constitution of the United States guaranteeing the inviolability of contracts, we see that the proposition strikes a direct blow at all constitutional rights ; for even if, by elaborate regulations, the technical objections can be overridden, the fundamental objection remains. A charter is a contract between the company and the State, and if the State has reserved no right of regulation, the company has under the contract full powers within the limits of what is reasonable. This has been decided over and over again by the Supreme Court of the United States, and fifty inferior courts. If at this day it is to be disregarded by some transparent hocus-pocus of a board of railroad commissioners, we may as well give up all idea of having any law regarded that conflicts with the interest of the majority for the time being.

The determination of freight charges by the State on the *pro-rata* principle has been tried in Illinois, and has proved a complete failure. The law was hardly passed when loud complaints were made on every side. Its effect was a general increase of rates.

The election of Judge Craig to take the place of Judge Lawrence on the Supreme bench of Illinois has been so widely commented on in the press that it is hardly necessary to say anything here. That Judge Craig was elected for the express purpose of deciding cases against what he knew to be law, and that this is an attack upon the independence of the judiciary quite as dangerous as the election of men like Barnard or Cardozo in New York, — so much is generally admitted. Whether Judge Craig

had or had not already pledged himself in advance to the railroads seems to be still in doubt.

To sum up what we have said : the farmers' movement declares itself a movement on the part of an oppressed class to redress its wrongs by honest reform of the abuses of which it complains. It is in reality a quarrel between producers and carriers as to profits. It is characterized by a great deal of ignorance ; for it attempts to saddle the railroads with the blame properly belonging to the farmers themselves for their imprudent over-production ; and besides this, it mistakes the misfortunes which their imprudence has brought upon them for the result of impositions which have really been for the most part practised on the people with whom they are quarrelling ; it also displays the same ignorance in the development of the monstrous idea that a modern State legislature is a body competent to manage the complex business of a railroad ; and it has manifested a profound contempt for law, justice, and honesty in its openly avowed declaration of an intention to intimidate the judiciary into unjust and illegal decisions.

These are all the facts from which at present we can make inferences as to the future of the farmers' movement, and the question which has been agitating many people's minds during the summer, — whether the new party of which we have heard so much for the last few years, is to find its foundation in this movement. It seems to us perfectly safe to say that, unless some violent change takes place, the farmers' rising will come to little or nothing. The foundation of a party depends upon other things than the assemblage in public places of large numbers of men, excited by a temporary depression of business, for the purpose of denouncing monopolies, "salary-grabs," and iniquity of all sorts. No great party has ever been formed without some definite policy and some definite practical method of attaining that policy. The Republican party desired to exclude slavery from the Territories, and the means were very simple, for they consisted of gaining the control of Congress. The Democratic party was founded on a theory of government which, though erroneous, was popular, had been elaborately thought and written about for a generation or more, until its ideas had permeated every mind, and, indeed, become part of the mental constitu-

tion of the age. On the other hand, the Labor party, as it calls itself, has never been able distinctly to let the world know either what it wants or how it wishes to attain what it wants. One labor-reformer desires to throw all the possessions of the capitalists into a common fund and divide it *per capita*; another wishes all "industrial corporations which refuse to adopt the co-operative principle at once abolished"; another wants his trade made into an hereditary caste. A few years ago we heard a great deal about the Labor party. It was rising in its might, and very soon it would have control of the country. It has done nothing of the kind, however, and will probably in the future do less than in the past. To take another instance, the Prohibitionists, who have indeed a definite aim, have never been able to discover any means of securing it. They have had, year after year, local triumphs in one State or another, and there was at one time some talk of a national Prohibitory party. The movement, however, makes no effect on national politics, because it is impracticable.

The farmers are in the same position. They are filled with a vague dissatisfaction with the present state of affairs, and a vague notion, derived principally from reading newspaper editorials on railroad frauds, that the railroads are to blame for it. They accordingly set to work to remedy their troubles by attacking the judiciary for having rendered a perfectly just decision, and then turning to the legislature, they secure the passage of a law which aggravates all their evils. More than this, they propose to hand over to this same legislature the absolute control of railroad management,—a business which any one can see no legislature knows anything about. Under these circumstances, we can only regret the apparent probability that the farmers' movement will come to nothing. Even if it should obtain a temporary control of some of the Western States, its chances would not be improved, for it has undertaken to accomplish what it cannot accomplish. Its action may lead to a great deal of anarchy and confusion, may injure the business of some roads and build up that of others, but it cannot make the production of wheat profitable where it is unprofitable, nor is it likely to attract very deep interest in that part of the community which,

being at a distance from the scene of action, looks on impartially.

That this should be so is undoubtedly a pity. Any party which could really bring forward an intelligible scheme of railroad management would establish distinct claims upon the gratitude of the country. But it is a thousand times better to leave such matters to be governed by the laws of trade, and managed by those who have made them a special study than that they should fall into ignorant and incompetent hands, for the sake of wholly unlikely reforms which the change may by some magic produce.

The Prohibitory movement, the Labor-Reform movement, and the Woman-Suffrage movement have all three been marked by one peculiarity, which has often been noticed,—the prevalent feeling that all evils can be cured by legislation. It is not very difficult to see how this fallacy sprang up. The legislature having been looked upon down to the middle of this century as the body which stood between the people and the oppressors of the people,—kings, emperors, and other autocrats,—a habit of mind was generated which made it natural to continue to look in the same direction. Popular bodies had meantime become time-serving, ignorant, and corrupt; but to these facts no sort of attention was paid. Any demagogue who discovered a crying evil anywhere in the social order was certain to assure his constituents that, if they would only send him once more to Congress or the legislature, he would certainly repeal it. The people were willing enough to believe his promises, forgetting that reformers of the popular kind, that is, agitators, are very indifferent to methods, provided the noise goes on. The foes of what is known as rum were assured that the legislature should pass a law which would drive every rum-seller out of every State. The Labor Reformers were promised a legislative enactment which should make them all capitalists; and the Suffrage Reformers were assured that the physical, mental, and moral equality of man and woman should be soon made a palpable fact by its insertion in the statute-book. It is pretty evident to most people these promises were specious. The farmers will find, in the same way, that legislation is no panacea for natural evils; it merely aggravates them.